

CHALLENGE OF
THE UNKNOWN

EXPLORING THE PSYCHIC WORLD

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Exploring the Psychic World

BY
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WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY
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VIKING ALBUM

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TO FLORENCE SUTRO ANSPACHER

My mind takes refuge in your spacious love,
Returns to you as does a homing dove
And grows new wings of courage. Dear, your heart
Is measurer of my time, your pulse records
My nights and days; and, as a pliant glove
Is to the hand, your warmth is to my purposes.

from ANNIVERSARY ODE



Introduction

PSYCHIC RESEARCH IS ONLY ABOUT SIXTY YEARS OLD. BEFORE A few serious English investigators coined the term, in the last century, few attempts were made to apply the scientific method to the study of premonitions, apparitions, trance states in which mediums passed on to the living messages that purported to come from the dead, telepathy, clairvoyance, and what is now called "extrasensory perception." The investigators who founded the British Society for Psychic Research were bold men and women, and they had to endure much ridicule and even some doubt as to their sanity. Despite all their precautions some of them were the victims of deception, but on the whole, they left an impressive record of observations which commands more and more respect as we understand more about the working of the mind.

It is unfortunate that the history of extrasensory perception, pre-cognition, and other psychic phenomena is shot through and through with fraud. But this is also true of all early science, especially of medicine, chemistry, and astronomy. It was not easy for serious physicians to believe that charlatans like Mesmer had made any important contribution to the understanding of the relation of mind to body, or, for that matter, to accept the therapeutic benefits that followed the application of D'Arsonval or Tesla currents in some afflictions. Nor was it easy for the chemist to sort out of the half-quackish obscurantism of the alchemists findings of scientific value, or for the astronomer to cast aside astrology. If it took centuries for medicine, chemistry, and astronomy to develop into sciences, it was because of the difficulty of shaking off a belief in magic. No intelligent person sees today anything magical in extrasensory perception, or even in

what are supposed to be communications from the dead. The phenomena recorded in the proceedings of the societies for psychic research may arouse incredulity, but the motives and sincerity of the investigators are no longer questioned. Fraud is still possible when rooms must be darkened for the benefit of mediums who speak through trumpets, or who profess to manipulate ectoplasm. With such spiritualistic performances this book is not primarily concerned. It is the record left by men like Swedenborg, Linnaeus, Goethe, and Mark Twain—and other famous men of unquestionable honesty—with which Dr. Anspacher is concerned as well as with experiments which were as carefully controlled as those of Dr. J. B. Rhine, or which were not attempts at deception. This record cannot be dismissed as of no scientific significance. A problem is presented which has not yet been solved. Are the methods of physical science those that should be adopted in psychic research? Control, of course, is always necessary, and so is the objective appraisal of the results. But have we the right to assume that mind is only a manifestation of energy of some kind and hence inseparable from matter, in this case the body?

It is because he can think only in terms of matter and energy that the physicist is given to offhand judgments of what has been discovered by careful experimenters like Dr. Rhine. At first the physicist sees in telepathy, for example, a possible counterpart of radio communication. Accordingly, he assumes that, if what he beholds is not some trickery, waves are sent out by the agent to the percipient. Committed as he is to measurement he applies the inverse square law, which means that if a signal has a certain strength at one hundred feet from the source, it will be not half, but only one quarter, as strong at two hundred feet. For lack of measuring instruments, a lack that raises doubts in his mind about the whole performance, he must rely on what the recipient tells him. And what does the recipient report? That the effect is just as strong at two thousand miles as it is at two hundred feet. When it comes to such phenomena as those recorded by J. W. Dunne—phenomena, incidentally, which have not been questioned—the case for something like radio communication breaks down completely. What kind of mental radio set is it which not only

ignores space but time, which dredges up something from the past and which receives information before it is sent out by the transmitter, information of events which are to happen and which do happen? And then there is the directness of communication: No code need be translated into dots and dashes and back again into ordinary language. Thought seems to be transmitted and received directly in telepathy and as an image in extrasensory perception.

The attempt to fit these phenomena into the pattern of physics has failed utterly. To conclude, as many physicists do, that success must be attributed to chance coincidence or to conscious or unconscious deception is not the way of science. Chance coincidence certainly does not explain Dr. Rhine's results, as able mathematicians have conceded, and deception, voluntary or involuntary, is ruled out by rigorous control. The conclusion is forced upon us that we are using the wrong time-space framework in judging psychic phenomena. Anyone who reads Weyl's *Space, Time and Matter* must be impressed with the possibilities of a time-space continuum in which we stumble on events. The explanation of extrasensory perception certainly does not lie in looking for mental waves and measuring them.

This demand for a time-space framework suitable for events which cannot be fitted into workaday time and space is not outrageous. Nuclear physicists need it as badly as do psychic researchers. Electrons now leap from orbit to orbit in atoms with so utter a disregard of time and space that they have to be treated statistically. A more recondite method assumes that a single electron needs three dimensions in which to move, two electrons need six, three need nine. This complexity leads one critic to remark that it is not the electron but the mathematical physicist who needs all these dimensions. Mad as the reasoning may seem to the mathematically uninformed, it is forced on the physicist by logical necessity. Consider to what lengths physics has been driven by the failure of the Michelson-Morley experiment to detect an ether and by the discovery of the X-rays and radioactivity. Out of the Michelson-Morley failure came an entirely new cosmology based on Einstein's time-space continuum, and out of the discovery of X-rays and radioactivity came a revolutionary conception of the atom. Relativity and the electron theory of matter made it necessary

to discard the mechanistic conception of the universe. The cosmos is reduced to particles ruled not by what were once called the "laws of nature" (now known to be merely expressions of statistical averages) but by chance. All this may be of importance in psychic research, because it indicates a trend of thinking which may bridge the gap that yawns between physics and psychics.

Since the physicist has himself destroyed the mechanistic universe and since he no longer believes in an absolute time and an absolute space it is possible that he may yet come to the rescue of psychic research. His ruminations on matter and energy have a bearing not because he has discovered anything that is applicable to the study of the conscious and unconscious but because he has been forced to become a philosopher. He has had to ask himself the searching question: What is reality? He looks for reality in his equations and ends by staring at symbols.

Since there is no way of getting at reality through electrons, protons, atoms, and fields of energy he has reached the conclusion that there is certainly something "out there" that we call grass, houses, and animals, but that what we think we see is only an inference. Hume and Berkeley did as well without the assistance of electrons, neutrons, and intricate mathematics.

The point that I am trying to make is this: Because of the limitations that it has imposed on itself physical science can never bring us any closer to reality than we have been. The only reality that we shall ever know must come directly as a spiritual experience and not through a knowledge of particles and fields of energy. The fierce faith of the martyr willing to die at the stake, the sense of communing with something higher than himself that Beethoven must have had when he composed his last sonatas and symphonies, the rare rapture of a poet at one with nature, the exaltation that lifts a mystic out of himself, the intuitions, premonitions, and telepathic messages that compel us to act contrary to all reason, yet correctly, as the event often proves, the vivid dreams that are later verified: these are probably the only reality that we shall ever know. Men like Professor Alfred North Whitehead who are both scientists and philosophers have hinted as much. To Whitehead the description of a bucolic

scene by a sensitive poet is more "real" and hence more scientific than anything the chemist may tell us about the composition of leaves and rocks, or the physicist about solid and gaseous states. Eddington has made the point that if a physicist is asked to tell us about an elephant weighing two thousand pounds and sliding down a grassy slope he abstracts the two thousand pounds, sends the mass down an inclined plane which makes a certain angle with the horizontal, and then tells us how much energy in foot pounds was expended. In the process the elephant is lost.

Newton once stated that if the mathematical method did not succeed in explaining the motions of the stars in their courses some other method must be tried; and so it is in psychic research. The physical method has produced nothing of importance. But what other method shall we try? As yet there is no answer, only hope that a mind as daring as that of Einstein or Schroedinger will find it. Physicists themselves have lost faith in the impersonality of the scientific method now that they have learned from Heisenberg's Principle of Uncertainty that the experimenter cannot be separated from the experiment. It may be that a psychological Darwin is needed to see relationships in the thousands of cases of psychic experiences to which physicists are blind. In any event we need a volume like Dr. Anspacher's and his comments to acquaint us with the nature of the problem—probably the most formidable of all problems, concerned as it is with the mind.

WALDEMAR KAEMPFERT

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Preface

I FANCY THAT THE NINETEENTH AND TWENTIETH CENTURIES will ultimately be called the centuries of science. Never before this period in man's history has there been such immense progress in the scientific conquest of external nature, nor such amazing advance in the scientific explanation of the depths of human personality.

This book concerns itself with one aspect of this scientific progress: psychical research. I am not personally qualified to be a specialist in any single segment of psychical investigation; as, for example, Dr. J. B. Rhine, who has become by long discipline an unquestioned authority on extrasensory perception, or Whately Carington, who speaks authoritatively on telepathy, or von Schrenck-Notzing and Gustave Gélet, in the field of materialization. I wish, however, to articulate here the important findings and cardinal conclusions of the many researchers who have specialized in the various segmentated departments of this vast subject and to organize their conclusions into some kind of a coherent overall statement.

This book was accordingly designed to be a sort of popular philosophical discussion of the entire domain of psychics. My aim was not in any sense conclusive. Quite the contrary: my purpose was to be provocative and orientative.

I am indebted to my old teacher in philosophy, Professor James Harvey Hyslop, one of the most inspiring men I have ever known, for my initiation into psychical research and the igniting of my youthful interest in the subject. That interest has continued unabated for nearly fifty years; psychical research in its many fascinating aspects and ramifications has been my avocation and a sort of secret wild oat

for the greater part of my life, notwithstanding the many adventures in other careers that have been mine.

It is utterly impossible for me to give due and special credit to the numerous writers on all the aspects of this subject whom I have studied with avidity, since the early days of Hudson's *Law of Psychic Phenomena* and F. W. H. Myers' comprehensive two volumes on *Human Personality and Its Survival of Bodily Death*, which still remains something of a Bible in the tradition of psychical research.

Apart from my own investigations and personal experiences with psychic manifestations, I am deeply indebted to all the giants in the field mentioned in the body of this book. These are the outstanding names on the roster of accomplishment. They have provided the furniture of my mind on this subject. But in addition to the work of these men, there is the immense amount of carefully observed material published in the various bulletins, journals, and proceedings of the several societies for psychical research here and abroad. This has also entered into the fabric of my thinking on the various special facets of psychics. With the passing of years, one's mind grows in compendious bulk and one digests, appropriates, and assimilates many theories and attitudes whose origin one no longer remembers. When one is profoundly interested in a subject, one's mind becomes a magpie or an Autolycus, whom Shakespeare characterizes as a snapper-up of unconsidered trifles. So, if I have neglected to give credit to any fellow laborer in the field whose fruit I have unwittingly appropriated, I now make full apology for such trespass. My only justification lies in the hope that I may have brought something to somebody who otherwise might not have been interested.

Goethe says in his Prologue to Faust: "*Wer Vieles bringt wird Manchem Etwas bringen*," which, being translated, reads: "He who brings much will bring something for everybody." I hope that the "cloud of witnesses" I have summoned will bring some measure of light to everyone whose interest can possibly be aroused in this arresting as well as important subject of inquiry.

No acknowledgment of my indebtedness would be complete without mention of Joseph Auslander and Audrey Wurdeman for their friendly, spirited, and expert help in the final revision and editing

of this book. Both of them are distinguished poets, full of the high tradition of literature. Their suggestions and co-operation throughout, and particularly in the chapter "Psychic Manifestations in Art and Literature," were invaluable to me.

LOUIS K. ANSPACHER

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PART ONE

Techniques of Approach

I

Exploring the Unknown

*Something hidden. Go and find it. Go and look behind the *Ranges*.
Something lost behind the *Ranges*. Lost and waiting for you. Go!*

—RUDYARD KIPLING: "The Explorer"

IN ITS AGELONG ADVENTURE OF DISCOVERY, THE SPIRIT OF MANKIND has commonly been divided between curiosity and apathy. One part of us is fascinated by the unknown. Another part says: "*Cui bono?*" (What is the use?) Thoreau was in the habit of dismissing the unknown by saying: "One world at a time, if you please." And for most of us that one world of immediate and practical affairs is sufficiently burdened with difficulties, anxieties, and uncertainties. We do not wish to venture further.

But curiosity is one of the primary impulses in human nature. It repeatedly activates our inertia. The lure and fascination of the unknown have led men to explore the vast reaches of the cosmos, both seen and unseen; and the results of these adventurous enterprises have enabled men to build for themselves a unique and comfortable practical world in the midst of the terrifying immensities of the natural universe that surrounds them.

One must admit, however, that the highhearted quest of knowledge for the sake of knowledge itself does not meet with much response today, in our practical and pragmatic world. We are prone to concentrate our attention and our energies upon things that are immediately useful. Yet, with the history of many sciences behind us, how is it possible to say what things are destined to be ultimately useful?

When Benjamin Franklin sent a kite up in the air during a storm and syphoned electricity from a thundercloud, who could foresee in that event the electrification of the entire civilized world only a century and a half later?

In 1791, the great Luigi Galvani was a professor of physics at the University of Bologna. He had married Lucia Galeozgi, the daughter of his master. Lucia Galvani was ill with tuberculosis. The doctor ordered a broth made of frogs' legs for the patient, which the devoted Galvani insisted upon cooking for her himself. He tells us that he had cut up the frogs and had suspended their legs on an iron balustrade by means of little copper hooks which he used in his physical experiments. Galvani was astonished to notice that the frogs' legs twitched convulsively every time they chanced to touch the iron of the balcony. Fascinated by this grotesque phenomenon, he began to explore and, in the course of his investigations, discovered a new form of electric current, which, in his honor, is called galvanic; and the whole field he opened up is still called galvanism.

The name Galvani may mean nothing to Mrs. Housewife anywhere in the world; but every time she bakes a cake, or uses galvanized kitchenware, she pays unconscious tribute to Galvani's irrepressible curiosity. At the time, however, the savants and the public jeered at Galvani; so much so that this unhappy husband and harassed scientist wrote in 1792: "I am attacked by two opposite parties, the learned and the ignorant. Both laugh at me and call me 'the frogs' dancing master'; but yet I know that I have discovered one of the forces of nature."

What a masterpiece of understatement! Volta, coming after Galvani, invented his famous cell which generated a current without the use of frogs' legs, but Galvani's discovery laid the foundation upon which Volta and Faraday subsequently built. And this fundamental discovery of Galvani led not only to the storage battery, which now supplies the spark that practically runs every automobile in the world today, and, incidentally, built the commercial city of Detroit; but upon this foundation are built the immense superstructures of modern electrical engineering and the whole art and process of generating, distributing, and utilizing electricity in all public utilities, with their tremendous equipments of dynamos, motors, telephones, telegraphs, and accessories—all out of frogs' legs! How then can anyone say in advance what discovery, or what quest, will eventually prove to be useful?

The open-minded, philosophic Arthur Balfour, when he was President of the Royal Philosophical Society of England, provided a hearing for a certain Dr. Hertz, a German physicist who claimed that he had discovered a new wave, or vibration, in the ether. That was only a few short years ago; yet the Hertzian wave, in which Balfour was interested for the sake of abstract knowledge itself, leads logically to the radio, which now carries a whisper around the world. At the time neither Hertz nor Balfour realized that, in the Hertzian wave, a new means of world-wide communication had been discovered. The Hertzian wave was indeed the real "wave of the future."

We could multiply such illustrations from every department of science. The discovery of penicillin is a very recent case in point. It was entirely accidental. But the sudden and unexplained phenomenon of the destruction of bacteria fell like a seed upon fertile ground in the mind of a scientist whose training, imagination, and experience qualified him to utilize it.

There is a profound analogy between inspiration in art and anticipation in science. Both are igniting and imperious manifestations of the unconscious, commanding us not to stop, but to go forward and explore.

The discovery of new knowledge for its own sake is a thrilling event in itself, regardless of the discovery's future usefulness. We profoundly believe that to lay bare the secret of some reality which will later release the human spirit into vaster fields of experience and understanding constitutes the greatest usefulness of man himself here on earth.

The distinguished mathematician A. N. Whitehead, in *An Introduction to Mathematics*, writes these succinct words, which constitute a sublime credo of faith for any explorer into the unknown: "The really profound changes in human life all have their ultimate origin in knowledge pursued for its own sake."

The compass was not introduced into Europe until the end of the twelfth century, more than three thousand years after its first use in China. The importance which the science of electromagnetism has since assumed in every department of civilized life is not due to the superior practical bias of Europeans, but to the fact that in the West

electrical and magnetic phenomena were studied by men who were dominated by abstract and theoretical interests. In other words, these questing, searching explorers were primarily interested in the pursuit of knowledge for its own sake.

When Michael Faraday was experimenting with inductive electricity, he was visited by the great Gladstone, who asked him: "What is the use of this discovery of induction?" Faraday is said to have answered: "What is the use of a baby? It grows to be a man; and some day you will be able to tax it." Inductive electricity today is at the basis of modern electric motorization and is utilized in every telephone all over the world. We cannot yet boast of equally practical results from the explorations in the unfamiliar field that we call psychics. The discoveries and results of psychic exploration are intangible, imponderable, and often elusive, but no less valuable. Even now our experience in psychics promises to modify our whole sense of existence, to supply a new sanction for our ethics, and possibly to provide a new preamble of faith for valid religious experience. In fact, the results of psychic exploration may alter our actual total relation to the cosmos, seen and unseen, and may change our understanding and our estimate of life as a whole. The conclusions of psychics may even shift the entire emphasis of our civilization from economics to ethics, from having to being.

William E. Gladstone, whose early resistance to psychical research is a matter of history, toward the end of his life went on record as follows: "Psychical research is the most important work in the world today—by far the *most* important."

The American philosopher John Fiske asks these poignant questions: "Are man's highest spiritual qualities, into the production of which all his creative energy has gone, to disappear with the rest? Has all this work been done for nothing? Is it all ephemeral? All a bubble that bursts? A vision that fades? For aught that practical science can tell us, it may be so. But I can see no good reason for believing any such thing. On such a view, the riddle of the universe becomes a riddle without a meaning." *

We have heard from the statesman. We have heard from the philosopher. Let us now listen for a moment to a characteristic ut-

terance of a modern scientist. E. Walter Maunder writes: "It seems impossible to believe that life, so rare a fruit of the universe—I mean intelligent life, conscious life, to which the long course of evolution has been so manifestly leading up through long ages should have no better destiny than a final and hopeless extinction; that this earth and all the efforts and aspirations of the long generations of men should have no worthier end than to swing, throughout the eternal ages, an empty frozen heap of dust, circling around the extinct cinder that was once its sun!"

The human mind recoils aghast at such a collapse of every aspiring hope. It rejects this gospel of despair. It reels backward from such an apocalypse of destiny.

But Maunder writes further: "If we look backward, we seem to discern clear signs of progress. If we look forward, we discern nothing but the veil. Science is but organized experience; and experience of the future, we have none." *

It is at this point that psychical research takes up the challenge. Where every other science stops, psychical research begins. Its hope is not too audacious and its confidence is not fanatical.

Most sciences are old, hundreds or thousands of years old; whereas psychical research began to be scientific, in the modern sense, only in the year 1882. Of course, psychical phenomena have been continuous in man's experience down the ages; but man has not heretofore applied to his examination of psychical phenomena the scientific techniques in observation or experiment; and, though history is full of evidence of psychical manifestation, it is not always evidence of such a nature as would be admissible or acceptable to modern science.

It was only yesterday (1882) that Professor Henry Sidgwick of Oxford, in his first presidential address, before the newly organized British Society for Psychical Research, used these words: "We are all agreed that the present state of things is a scandal to the enlightened age in which we live. It is a scandal that the dispute as to the reality of these marvelous phenomena (of which it is quite impossible to exaggerate the scientific importance), if only a tenth part of what has been alleged by generally credible witnesses be true—I say that

* E. Walter Maunder: *The Civilization of Our Day*. Sampson Low, Mar-

it is a scandal that the dispute as to the reality of these phenomena should still be going on. It is a scandal that so many competent witnesses should have declared their belief in them; that so many others should be profoundly interested in having the question determined; and yet that the educated world as a body should still be simply in the attitude of incredulity."

Then, later, Professor Schiller of the same great university called psychical research "The Dreyfus case of science." Schiller meant that psychical research was discredited, dismissed, ignominiously cashiered, and broken from the ranks of science without a hearing. Psychical research might well lament with Job: "I am beforehand condemned."

Even today, many educated people who have a sincere interest in psychics fear the ridicule of their contemporaries. Their position was well stated by Immanuel Kant, who investigated Swedenborg. Kant did not want to be called "the frogs' dancing master"; so he wrote this very cautious preface to his conclusions, which substantiated and validated Swedenborg's incredible mediumistic powers: "Philosophy . . . is often much embarrassed when she encounters on her march certain facts she dares not doubt, yet will not believe, for fear of ridicule."

Kant continues: "This is the case with ghost stories. In short, there is no reproach to which philosophy is so sensitive as that of credulity, or the suspicion of any connection with vulgar superstitions. That is why ghost stories are always listened to and well received in private, but pitilessly disavowed in public. . . ."

Then Kant concludes by saying: "For my own part, ignorant as I am of the way in which the human spirit enters the world, and the ways in which it goes out of it, I dare not deny the truth of many of such narratives that are in circulation. By a reserve, however, which to some may appear singular, I permit myself to hold in doubt each case in particular, and yet believe in them when they all are taken together."

Surely that is a fine and fair statement. In exploring the unknown, psychics has no simple compass for a guide, but we have evidence of the existence of a mysterious something that endures beyond the timidity of our five senses, evidence that has been cumulative down

the ages. Like Kant, we say: "I permit myself to hold in doubt each case in particular, and yet believe in them when they all are taken together." Unquestionably, something is there.

The astronomer Camille Flammarion luminously remarks that most of the stars that make up the Milky Way are smaller than stars of the sixth magnitude. Nevertheless, taken all together, the whole is perfectly visible and is one of the most beautiful and glorious things in the starry heavens. Similarly, the evidence in psychical research is cumulative, impressive, and significant. Since 1882, many scientific and philosophic minds have boldly and unreservedly committed themselves to the study of psychics. Alfred Russel Wallace (the codiscoverer with Darwin of the law of natural selection as part of the theory of evolution), Professor Barrett, Sir William Crookes, Sir Oliver Lodge, William James, Josiah Royce, Professor Hyslop, Galton, Arthur Balfour, F. W. H. Myers, Henry Sidgwick, Edmund Gurney, Binet, Janet, Hodgson, Lombroso, Morselli, Zöllner, Botazzi, Bozzano, von Schrenck-Notzing, Professor Bergson, Emil Fabre, Professor and Madame Curie, Charles Richet, Gustave Gélet, Charcot, Ochorowicz, Maeterlinck, Carrel, William McDougall, and many others too numerous to mention have devoted themselves to the great enterprise of exploring the psychical unknown and liberating psychical investigation from the maze of confusion, error, charlatany, coincidence, accident, illusion, self-delusion, and hallucination which, for so many years, clouded and perverted this important subject of inquiry.

All these men are recognized pundits of official science. And many of them began, like Professor Hyslop, by being utterly incredulous and skeptical about psychic phenomena.

In the early years of his teaching at Columbia University, an anonymous round-robin protest was directed against Professor Hyslop, who at the time lectured in the Department of Philosophy. Many of the students in that department were also students at the various theological schools in and around New York City and were taking courses in philosophy in order to qualify themselves for higher degrees. Some of the contemporary theologians and ministers protested against Hyslop, because they felt that he was too skeptical to

teach philosophy to men who were to devote their lives to the establishment and continuance of religious faith.

In the main most of the scientists and philosophers who have committed themselves to psychical research agree about the facts. They differ mainly in their explanations of the facts. The difficulty that confronts anyone who wishes to induct people into psychical research is that we humans are affectionately obdurate. We must be accustomed to a phenomenon before we will accept it. For most of us, the pleasure of recognition is frequently far greater than the pleasure of acquiring any new knowledge.

This fact also accounts for the incredible financial success of some theatrical productions that explore nothing in human nature and are shopworn in plot, dialogue, and characterization, such as *Life with Father* and *Abie's Irish Rose*—which present nothing vital, new, or arresting, but appeal to our pleasurable sense of nostalgic recognition. People want to know what they already know. Perhaps that is one of the reasons why, as we grow older and our arteries grow harder, many of us instinctively become conservative.

Augustus Thomas, the playwright, was profoundly interested in psychical research. As a young man he managed Washington Irving Bishop, a very well-known telepathic medium. Some years ago I had been asked to investigate a certain Dr. Sahler, who ran a sanatorium in Kingston, New York, and who used hypnosis to very good therapeutic effect. The committee that was gathered to observe Dr. Sahler's methods and technique included Augustus Thomas, Bainbridge Colby (later Secretary of State), and the distinguished sculptor Ruckstuhl. After the investigation we talked late into the night. It was very difficult for some of our committee, who had never seen hypnotism, to accept that phenomenon; although Dr. Sahler gave every evidence of valid hypnotic power. Then it was that Augustus Thomas told me this story about his remarkably successful play, *The Witching Hour*. He said: "I knew a great deal about telepathy, because I had been with Washington Irving Bishop and had seen so many evidences of his remarkable gift. I thought of the play *The Witching Hour* and wrote a great part of it almost twenty-five years before I produced it. The play concerns telepathy; and I had to wait until the common

audience was sufficiently familiar with the word telepathy and the phenomenon that I dealt with in the play before I dared produce it."

To repeat: People want to know what they *already* know; and they must be familiar with a phenomenon before they will believe in it.

Humanity is indeed resistant to the invasion of new ideas; and, unless we have had personal experience of psychic phenomena, we are very apt to dismiss them with the word "impossible." We must, however, beware of the word "impossible." Progress has made "impossible" the badge of all the scientific Bourbons, who learn nothing and forget nothing.

Professor Charles Richet points out that the history of all the sciences warns us that the simplest discoveries have been immediately and automatically rejected, as being impossible, or incompatible with the science of the day.¹ For example, the orthodox authority, the great Magendie, denied the possibility of medical anesthesia. His *ipse dixit* delayed the use of ether and chloroform for years. Magendie was not alone in his opposition to the use of anesthetics. Indeed, not until Queen Victoria was delivered of a child with the aid of chloroform did English physicians accept anesthetics generally. Queen Victoria deliberately asked for chloroform, in order to put the stamp of her official approval upon the use of anesthetics to alleviate woman's suffering. It took all the authority of Victoria's immense influence to overcome the orthodox objection, founded upon the religious bias that God meant woman to suffer in childbirth. Indeed, the Bible says specifically of women: "In sorrow shalt thou bring forth children."

Pasteur had a most discouraging time at the beginning of his career. The action of microbes, which is the very foundation of bacteriology, was contested by all the orthodox scientists of all the academies. Only the practical wine growers and vinegar merchants, who dealt in ferments, supported Pasteur!

The immense change of accent and climate of opinion that came with Galileo's confirmation of the Copernican theory that the earth ~~revolved~~ about the sun and not vice versa, as was previously supposed, had sad results for this great man. His discoveries and

¹ See Charles Richet: *Thirty Years of Psychical Research, passim.*

confirmations were received with hostility. The heliocentric theory superseded the geocentric theory, and reduced this planet to an insignificant grain of dust revolving in stellar space. The current Catholic theology was committed to Aristotelian science and looked upon Galileo's geocentric theory as heresy. It was because of this that he was imprisoned and forced to suffer the Inquisition, until he officially went through the motions of a recantation.

Edison's representative exhibited the phonograph before the French Academy of Sciences to no avail. Officialdom would not accept it, until one of the members recorded and reproduced his own voice. Indeed, Bouillaud, to his dying day, declared that the telephone was only ventriloquism and that the phonograph was a fraudulent trick. The success of Alexander Bell's invention of the telephone might have been delayed many years longer, if it had not been for a rather whimsical episode in the life of Dom Pedro, the Emperor of Brazil. Bell was trying to demonstrate the working of his telephone at the Centennial Fair. Nobody paid any attention to him. It was almost impossible to get any public or publicity. One night, when Bell was at the lowest ebb of desperation, Dom Pedro, with his cortege, arrived at the fair. The emperor was charming, willful, and slightly intoxicated. He was caught by Bell, who tried to explain to him the working of the invention. Though Dom Pedro understood almost nothing of the explanation, Bell pushed him into a booth and put a receiver to his ear. Bell then said: "You talk and I will talk." And the inventor ran quickly to another telephone. A few moments later Dom Pedro, sobered up by the strange voice he had heard and amazed at the miracle, exclaimed: "My God! It talks!" The gentlemen of the press who were following in the trail of the genial emperor wrote the story; and, for the first time, attention and publicity were directed to the telephone.

Richez tells us that Lavoisier, the greatest physicist of his day, declared that "Stones cannot fall *from* the sky; because there are no stones in the sky." Yet, at certain times of the year, the earth has always been showered with periodic swarms of meteorites or aerolites. Any museum of natural history is stocked with evidence of this fact.

The circulation of the blood was cautiously admitted only after forty years of sterile and acrimonious discussion. Harvey said that no physician over forty would accept his discovery.

We do not have to go so far afield. A highly successful Swedish landscape gardener and engineer, by the name of Forsberg, who laid out Prospect Park in Brooklyn, conceived the first idea of a subway and laid the project before the aldermen of the City of New York. In spite of the fact that underground tubes had been successfully built and operated in London as early as 1825 and that a tunnel under the English Channel had been seriously discussed as early as Napoleon's time, the aldermen denounced the idea as impossible and insane. Forsberg lost his prestige as an engineer and his clientele. The constant characterization of his idea as preposterous and ridiculous, and of himself as insane, preyed upon his mind to such an extent that he actually did end up in an insane asylum.

If someone had told us a short generation ago, before the invention of radio, that our living room could be flooded with music, only we couldn't hear it, some of us would have smiled deprecatingly and others would have slipped out to get a doctor and lead the teller gently to the nearest lunatic asylum before he became violent. Most of us would have said: "Impossible!" And yet today any moron with a radio can tune in and discover that the room *is* full of music.

In other words, every one of those impossibles has become a milestone on the road of scientific progress. Likewise in exploring the unknown in psychics: we are met at every step in scientific psychical research by someone's exclamation of "Impossible!" or "I don't believe that these phenomena are valid," or "You don't really believe that stuff!" But the accumulated observations of trained scientists are beginning to avail in validating the phenomena, even though we cannot as yet explain them.

William James gives expression to the essential spirit of scientific scrutiny when he writes in his *Memoirs and Studies*: "It is hard to believe that the creator has really put any big array of phenomena into the world merely to defy and mock our scientific tendencies." But James adds this warning: "So it is my deeper belief that we psychic researchers have been too precipitate with our hopes; and that

we must expect to mark progress not by quarter centuries but by half centuries or whole centuries." So let us not be too precipitate and too hasty. We cannot dismiss the facts, nor should we jump too hastily to our conclusions.

Let us also remember the great statement of Sir William Thomson, Lord Kelvin, one of the most profound scientific minds that England ever produced. He once said: "Science is forced, by the eternal law of honour, to look squarely at any problem which appears frankly before it." The great Huxley, agnostic though he was, prayed: "God give me strength to face a fact, though it slay me."

So, let us not, on the one hand, be "too precipitate with our hopes" and anticipate too much by overloading our research with too much expectation; and, on the other hand, let us not dismiss the unusual and deprecate the importance of the trivial, the anomalous, or the exceptional. That is too easy. Science is forced by the eternal law of honor to look squarely at them.

We cannot, for instance, deal with psychic manifestations by blinking at them furtively or observing them slantwise and shamefacedly out of the corner of our eyes. Such an attitude would distort the perspective and compromise the validity of even the most robust scientific phenomena. How much more are the fragile and ephemeral phenomena of psychics to be faced squarely and honestly.

Nor can we dismiss such manifestations by calling them names: illusion, delusion, or insane and senile hallucination! On the contrary, honest and honorable science insists that even hallucination, if it *be* hallucination, must have a cause. It must be caused by something. The exceptional occurrence is often the most important.

And let us not take refuge in the glib dismissal of "coincidence." Coincidence is not an explanation of anything. It is the *despair* of an explanation. And we must also remember that when well-observed incidents multiply, coincidence disappears.

It is also easy to say "Impossible!" and discard any singular occurrence.

Let us turn once again to Camille Flammarion for the ringing refutation.

"We are naturally disposed to deny anything that seems impos-

sible, anything we know nothing about, or what we cannot understand. If we read in Herodotus or Pliny that a woman had a breast on her left thigh, and therewith suckled her infant, we laugh heartily at such nonsense. And yet a similar fact was established before the Academy of Science in Paris, at its meeting June 28, 1827. If anybody tells us that a man after his autopsy was found to contain a child in his interior, and we are informed further that this child was his twin brother, inclosed before birth in his organism, that the child grew old, and even had a beard, we look upon the story as a mere fable. Yet I myself saw not long ago a still-born infant fifty-six years of age. Larcher, a translator of Herodotus, writes thus: 'To say that Roxana bore a child with no head is an absurd assertion, capable in itself of destroying the authority of Ctesias.' Now all medical dictionaries tell us in our own day of headless infants. These instances, and many others like them, suggest wisdom and prudence. It is only the ignorant who can venture to deny things without misgiving."²

These fantastic facts, if they teach nothing else, should teach us this: that the longer we live, the more cautious we must become in our skepticism, the more careful and reticent must we become in what we dismiss as impossible. In nature many more things are possible than we are likely to admit.

Many people justify their apathetic attitude to the facts of psychical research by another kind of dismissal. They say that in order that such facts may be scientifically admitted, we must be able to reproduce them at will, as in the case of other scientific facts. Such a dismissal of scientific fact sounds as reasonable as Houdini's famous challenge. This expert magician, at an important time in his career, turned to the investigation and exposure of fraudulent mediumistic personalities. He became very successful in this enterprise, and doubtless performed a fine service in saving a credulous public from being imposed upon by unscrupulous people, who cashed in upon the all too willing and sentimental credulity of their victims. This was all very fine. But Houdini, flushed with his rather amazing success, issued a challenge in which he undertook to forfeit ten thousand dollars to charity in case he failed; and he maintained that there was

² Flammarion: *The Unknown*. Harper & Brothers.

nothing that these so-called psychic or mediumistic personalities could do that *he* personally would not engage to accomplish by professional magic. This sounded very fair and honest, but, in reality, it was a deceptive challenge. There was a catch in it. The Society for Psychical Research asked Houdini to add four simple words: "under the same conditions," which would have made that challenge a valid confrontation of native psychic gift with magic. Houdini refused.

In exploring the unknown in psychics, we encounter another difficulty, a difficulty that seems insuperable until we realize that there are two kinds of science, both of them equally respected.

One kind of science we may call experimental science. This is laboratory science in its strictest sense. Chemistry is perhaps the best illustration, because in experimental, laboratory science we can control all the conditions. In chemistry we can isolate an element; we can scrutinize it in a test tube; we can observe it in a spectroscope; we can control the heat, the light, the air-pressure, and other factors; we can reduce to a minimum all possible effects in a disturbing environment. We can apply one known reagent after another to that chemical problem in the test tube and study the reactions in terms of cause and effect. In a word, we can create ideal conditions.

But there is another kind of science, equally respectable, in which the object of investigation and the conditions of analysis are not susceptible to laboratory control. Astronomy belongs to this kind of science: observational as opposed to laboratory science. In observational science we cannot *control* conditions. We can only *observe* what happens. We cannot reproduce astronomical or meteorological phenomena in a laboratory at will, and yet we do not dismiss these sciences. No, we observe and study them. Even biology is as yet an observational science.

The whole tendency in scientific progress is to turn observational science into laboratory science, that is, to control conditions for experimentation. In psychical research, we do our best to provide an incorruptible environment; we do our best to eliminate the possibility of fraud and trickery. But we cannot apply an antiseptic bath to the jungle of the unconscious in the agent himself. Most psychic manifestation is an expression of the unconscious, wherein the conscious

mind is in abeyance, the moral censor asleep, and the veto power and fastidious integrity of the civilized mind are suspended.

Psychic science is in the main an observational science; and to dismiss the whole domain of psychic facts meticulously observed, when they do happen, by saying: "I will not believe them, unless by experiment in a laboratory you can reproduce them for me," is tantamount to saying: "I will not believe in the effects of lightning, until you can reproduce them at will," or, "I will not admit the aurora borealis, until I see one made before me." Or, "I am perfectly open-minded. Make for me an aerolite. Make for me a comet with a fiery tail, or an eclipse; or else I will not believe in them."

In an observational science, it is extremely difficult, sometimes impossible, to control conditions. Take the phenomenon of lightning as an illustration. We know that we can make a pretty good pretense of manufacturing lightning, as Steinmetz did, many years ago, in the laboratories of the General Electric Company at Schenectady. Steinmetz could direct his miniature thunderbolt and make a pathway for it, but no physicist or electrician can yet explain or duplicate the freaks of *real* lightning, because we do not know and cannot control all the conditions of real lightning; and yet we cannot dismiss the astounding and scientific observations on what real lightning has been known to do.

A bolt of lightning strikes a man who is out in an open field. In this case it does him no harm whatever, except to tear off his shoes and fling them twenty yards away. The shoes are recovered and it is found that every nail is in some way miraculously pulled out of the soles.

Lightning is sometimes very rude. A flash of lightning strips a young peasant girl of all her clothes and leaves her lying naked on the ground. All her clothes are afterward discovered hanging in a tree some distance away. For obvious reasons we should hesitate even to try to reproduce that phenomenon in a laboratory. We do not know the ambient conditions. We can only observe the stupefying effects.

A bolt of lightning kills a laborer at the very moment he is putting a piece of bread into his mouth. The laborer remains fixed in the same position. Nobody knows what has happened to him. His

friends think the poor fellow has been scared stiff with fright. One of his fellow laborers then comes up and shakes him. The man who has been struck by lightning crumbles to ashes! He was cremated, but his clothes were not even scorched!

Laboratory bolts of lightning are just as freakish as natural bolts of lightning; but no physicist dares to aim a laboratory bolt at a human being for the purpose of controlled experimentation.

One may well ask why the peasant girl's life was saved and her clothes were torn off, while the laborer was killed and his clothes remained intact. We cannot answer. Progressive observation may sometimes give us an inkling of *how* such weird events occur, but there are countless natural conditions that remain beyond our understanding and control.

Sometimes the freaks and caprices of real lightning take humorous forms, as in this case, reported in the *New York Sun*, August 25, 1944:

LIGHTNING RINGS UP FARE

A conductor in Mobile, Alabama, is out seven cents today. During yesterday's thunder storm the passengers of the car became alarmed when a flash of lightning penetrated the car. No one was injured and the car was undamaged. On examination, however, it was found that the lightning flash had rung up an extra fare and the conductor found himself seven cents short at the end of the run.

At one time a bolt of lightning strikes a man. He blazes like a sheaf of straw and burns to death. At another time a flash of lightning reduces a woman's hands to ashes and yet leaves her gloves intact.

Lightning has been observed to melt and fuse the links in a heavy iron chain, exactly as a blast furnace would do, but more swiftly. It has also killed a hunter without discharging the gun he held in his hand.

A boy climbs up a tree to get an egg from a bird's nest. He reaches the nest and has the egg in his hand. At that moment the tree is struck by lightning. The egg disappears, but its exact photograph appears, spots and all, on the chest of the boy who had it in his hand!

A man is overtaken by a storm. He has a purse in his pocket. This purse contains gold and silver coins, in different compartments. The man does not know the lightning has struck him, until he takes out his purse. Then he finds that the gold coins have all disappeared! He thinks that possibly he has been robbed, until he looks into the other compartment of his purse, and there, to his amazement, he discovers that all the silver coins have been suddenly and miraculously gold-plated!⁸

You may well ask what occurred and how or why this happened. All we can do is observe what happened and set it down with considerable awe and mystification.

The effects and lack of effect of lightning present peculiarities that are far more mysterious, capricious, and unexplainable than many of the events that confront us in exploring the unknown in psychics. But our acceptance or rejection of these curious occurrences may be determined if we remember the valid distinction between experimental and observational science.

Psychical laboratories are being established and test conditions instituted in order to eliminate fraud or collusion. Nevertheless, we must be very modest and tentative in our claims and declarations: First, because there are always conditions that we cannot completely control; second, because we cannot as yet be sure that we know all the conditions which enter into psychic manifestation. Here is a hypothetical case. You are invited to visit the Mount Wilson Observatory in California. Among those present when you arrive are Millikan, Einstein, and Shapley. August company, indeed! The two astronomical experts Humaston and Hubbell are also there. You are invited to have a look at the nebula called Coma Berenices, which is fifty million light years away. Astronomically, this moment is the climax of thousands of years of accumulated observation and mathematical computation. You enjoy the advantage of all the technical knowledge of all the greatest astronomers, who have studied the stars ever since the time when the Chaldean shepherds first observed their orbits and their periodicities; and now the moment has come. Everything is ready. The telescope is adjusted. The minutest calculations have been

⁸ For these and similar cases, see Flammarion's *The Unknown*.

made. All possible conditions have been provided for and against. This observation will test the accuracy of countless forecasts and exact reckonings. You put your eye to the telescope. You are on the tiptoe of expectation, but you see nothing. What is the matter? A cloud, no larger than a man's hand, has unpredictably drifted between you and your view of the nebula, and all the wisdom of the ages, the accurate observations and compiled calculations of all former astronomers, and all the vast equipment of modern technical instruments, with their incredibly exact machinery of observation, avail nothing, because a bit of vapor wandereth where it listeth!

As a matter of common sense, you do not dismiss the whole business by saying that Coma Berenices is not there. Nor do you slander the honesty of the experts. You wait and try again.

The astronomers know that Coma Berenices is still there, and the telescope and the experts are still there. Although Coma Berenices is rushing away from this earth at a speed of recession somewhere between four and seven thousand miles a second, we can all wait for better conditions. But in exploring the unknown in psychics, we often wait and try again and again, and get nothing.

Psychic manifestation is a little like the phenomena of lightning. We all accept lightning as a natural phenomenon, but very few of us have been privileged to observe its more extraordinary and terrifying manifestations at first hand. Most of us have heard weird tales of strange and unaccountable psychic occurrences, which we either listen to with a mixture of polite skepticism and superstition or reject altogether. Then, if we decide to investigate further, we are frequently disappointed in the results, because they are neither significant nor satisfactory. In psychical research we must thankfully accept what we get with open hands and open mind. We rarely get what we want. We are obliged to be satisfied and do our best in understanding what we get. Sometimes we get nothing. Sometimes we get fragmentary and incoherent trivia, and sometimes, like Saul, the son of Kish, we go out in search of our father's asses, and find a kingdom!

There are other skeptical people who maintain that there can be no validity whatever in any psychical phenomena, for the very good reason that they themselves have never had any psychical experience.

They constantly ask: "Why doesn't this thing happen to me?" Discussing the more recondite psychical manifestations with such a person is like trying to explain the beauties and subtleties of orchestral music to someone who is congenitally deaf, or to reveal the mystery of poetry to someone who is poetically blind; but poetry exists, notwithstanding the fact that very few human beings have the poetic gift. A good joke is a good joke even if it is wasted on someone who is totally devoid of a sense of humor.

Most people at some time in their lives have had some kind of psychical experience. But to those who would deprecate and invalidate all psychic phenomena because they themselves have had none, one might point out that in an ordinary concert grand piano there are eighty-eight strings. At any reasonable distance from the piano, if the tuning fork sounding the A is struck, the A string in the piano will vibrate sympathetically. In a kind of *Alice in Wonderland* fantasy, can we not imagine the other eighty-seven strings refusing to believe in the existence of the tuning fork, because they themselves do not vibrate?

Notwithstanding all the difficulties which we have suggested, and which do exist, there remains a stubborn mass of well-observed phenomena that cannot be either denied or dismissed, nor explained by invoking coincidence and chance. There is a mind working somewhere. Otherwise, we might as well imagine that a million alphabets were thrown up into the air at random; and then by coincidence or chance this jumble of letters fell into the sequential glory of words that make the play *Hamlet*.

It has been urged upon us by superscientific materialists and mechanists that we should not underestimate or underrate probability. They quote Eddington, who once amplified a remark of the French mathematician Borel. Borel stated that if a number of monkeys were given time enough, they would ultimately produce all the volumes in the British Museum, not to mention *Hamlet*, merely by striking keys at random on a typewriter! Needless to say we reserve judgment on this arboreal conjecture until we hear further from the monkeys or from the monkeys' keepers.

There are some further difficulties in the way of exploring the

psychic unknown and investigating the hidden forces that strangely manifest themselves. Sometimes we ourselves make hurdles. We all have patterns of reality in our minds. We all have a sort of sentiment of rationality, and if a phenomenon does not conform to our sentiment of rationality we are likely to reject it, saying: "This does not spell common sense according to my speller."

Thus, many of us are committed to the idea that any evidence of a future life, or of a world beyond this world, must be highly philosophical or spiritual in its content; and hence we reject the maze of triviality that often clouds and confuses or dilutes the kind of evidence we receive. Yet very often one really evidential detail, one truly supernormal item of fact, will be buried in a welter of extrinsic and irrelevant folderol, like a needle in a haystack; and it takes great patience and long discipline to find the needle.

In every other science, training and discipline in the appraisal of evidence are considered essential; but, heaven help us, not in psychics! In the field of psychics, every Tom, Dick, or Harry imagines himself capable of passing accurate and scientific judgment. The authoritative ignorance of the unqualified observers, who sit in the bleachers, call the play, and kill the umpire, constitutes one of the greatest obstacles and dangers that the serious investigator must confront.

Even some of the psychical researchers themselves, with all their training, their discipline, and their good will, manifest queer prejudices and predilections. Consider the case of Andrew Lang, a distinguished scholar, and, in the main, a most cautious and penetrating critic, a devoted explorer in the areas of the psychical unknown. He had spent years in the study of everything he could find relating to Jeanne d'Arc. He completely vindicated the psychical character of the Maid's visions and voices and he believed in them utterly, but he thought it rather vulgar to experiment with the American medium, Mrs. Piper, and to study her phenomena. Lang simply could not become interested in Mrs. Piper; yet, Mrs. Piper was one of the few great mediumistic personalities of modern times. Her amazing psychic powers were never doubted by any qualified observer,

phenomena were never compromised or diluted or adulterated with fraud.

Then, too, it is very difficult for most of us to hold our judgment in abeyance while we examine a psychical fact impersonally and objectively, and so, even the best of us are inclined to make snap judgments. But snap judgments, either pro or con, are likely to express only our wishful thinking. They are not of the nature of proof on any theme.

This whole matter of proof, moreover, depends upon whom the proof is to satisfy. The layman frequently asks: "Is there any positive proof of the continuing existence of personality after death?" The proper answer is that there is a great deal of evidence; but absolute proof of the survival of personality is a different thing. It is a grave question to decide just how much evidence is necessary for final proof of anything. Logicians tell us that you can never prove a negative proposition anyway. Immortality is essentially a negative proposition. It is the denial of death. To the hard-boiled skeptic, set against the persuasions of valid evidence, it will be difficult to prove survival, no matter how much and how overwhelming the evidence offered. While, for the person who wants to believe in survival, the person in whose mind faith has already made a channel, very little evidence will suffice to prove the fact; for he will piece out incomplete and even scanty evidence with his own will to believe. We must guard ourselves constantly against illusion and against co-operating in an innocent conspiracy with delusion. Both illusion and delusion wear many beguiling masks. Honest research in the wonderland of psychics is, of course, inconclusive; as every science that is mainly exploratory and observational is always, and must be, by its very nature, inconclusive. But the conclusions of psychical research are particularly tentative, because it is so young a science; and, because, at best, the materials for further exploration are not always available. In the domain of psychic exploration, we must wait patiently for the occurrence. We cannot command it.

The findings and conclusions at which we have arrived to date seem to crystallize around two nodes, or to radiate from two foci of interest, which, correspondingly, make the two theories or schools

which divide the interpretation of the evidence in modern psychics. There is the "animistic" school on the one hand and the "spiritistic" school on the other. Fundamental psychical facts are, in the main, accepted by those investigators who are qualified to appraise their importance and assess their reality as evidence. The division comes in the theories advanced to explain the accepted facts.

The present problem may perhaps be stated in these terms: Either we are obliged to posit and accept an almost omniscient telepathic faculty as the mysterious and inexplicable gift possessed by certain privileged and supernormal persons, which is the animistic explanation, in which case telepathy becomes the maid of all work in psychics; or else there must be some kind of survival of human personal consciousness after death, which is the spiritistic hypothesis. Both the animistic and spiritistic explanations are equally wonderful, staggering, mysterious, and inexplicable; and both the spiritists and the animists have their ardent and resolute champions.

We must, however, remember that there is a paralyzing tyranny in words and that naming or calling a phenomenon spiritistic or animistic no more explains it than refusing to accept a phenomenon, or *not* being able to explain it, dismisses the phenomenon. Both of these schools claim to have developed beyond the stage of exploratory hypothesis, and each maintains that it can explain the phenomena. It is interesting to record that the English researchers incline to the spiritistic hypothesis, whereas the French researchers incline more to the animistic explanation.

Whatever theory we may ultimately embrace as a compass to guide us in this exploration, we are obliged to accept one conclusion: Our physical bodies and our normal five senses have been developed for adaptation to our physical, our earthly, environment; but there is an accumulating sum of evidence that points to something else. Indubitably, we are in possession of other senses, like the telepathic sense, which at times emerges cryptically from the unconscious depths of our personalities. And these profounder senses seem to indicate our adaptability to another kind of environment, a superphysical, supersensuous, immaterial, or, if you choose to call it so, spiritual environment.

Nature, as we know it, does not give us useless senses. The existence of these supersenses in us points to the corresponding existence of a supersensuous world, or to another dimension of this world, to a world to which these strange and recondite faculties in us have access, a world which to us is still in the region of the unknown.

Lamartine has well said:

*Croire tout découvert est une erreur profonde,
C'est prendre l'horizon pour les bornes du monde.*

In other words, to believe that everything has been discovered is as profound an error as to mistake the horizon for the limits of the world.

For exploration into this unknown we need all of the scientific curiosity and the scientific disciplines of steadfastness, open-mindedness, meticulous observation, and courage. We need courage to face down error and fraud if these appear, and to suffer ridicule for triviality, if need be.

In memorable lines, in his poem "Ulysses," Tennyson gave high expression to the steadfast courage of every explorer; and these lines have a peculiar significance for the explorer in the vast regions of the psychical unknown.

How dull it is to pause, to make an end,
To rust unburnished, not to shine in use!
As though to breathe were life. Life piled on life
Were all too little, and of one to me
Little remains; but every hour is saved
From that eternal silence, something more,
A bringer of new things; and vile it were
For some three suns to store and hoard myself,
And this gray spirit yearning in desire
To follow knowledge, like a sinking star,
Beyond the utmost bound of human thought.

That is what we have to do: To follow knowledge, like a sinking star, beyond the utmost bound of all our former thought.

II

Appearance and Reality

Are we not Spirits, that are shaped into a body, into an Appearance; and that fade away again into air and invisibility? Ah, Heaven, it is mysterious, it is awful to consider that we not only carry a future ghost within us; but are, in very deed, ghosts!

—THOMAS CARLYLE: *Sartor Resartus*,
"Natural Supernaturalism"

LONG, LONG AGO, IN THE DARK BACKWARD ABYSM OF TIME, SOME contemplative ancestor, made vulnerable by the gift of pain or wonder, shaken with sorrow or stabbed with beauty, suddenly realized that things are not as they seem. And in that miraculous moment a poet or a philosopher was born.

If he felt first and thought afterward, he became a poet. If he thought first and felt afterward, he became a philosopher. In the large analysis that is the only question: which comes first, feeling or thought?

In their highest and profoundest reaches, art and philosophy have the same subject matter: man in his relation to the whole universe, seen and unseen, apparent and real. Art is man's emotional response to this total universe, stated in terms of the imagination. Philosophy is man's intellectual response, stated in terms of the reason.

A poet seeks for beauty and incidentally finds truth. A philosopher seeks for truth and incidentally finds beauty, that is, if he is great enough.

Religion utilizes both avenues of approach to the entire cosmos; and religion states its conclusions in terms of faith. A religious seer or prophet also discerns the inner, spiritual reality behind the apparent material world.

The scientist also penetrates behind the apparent. He discovers laws where most people see only isolated facts; and, by the power of

his disciplined perception, he relates these isolated facts one to another, and gives them order, scope, direction, and grandeur.

It must be obvious to any reflective person that if all things were as they appear to be, that is, if appearance were identical with reality, there would be no art, no science, no religion, and no philosophy. It would be a very dull world indeed. Everything would be patent and on the surface, so that he who runs might read.

Such an incoherent jumble of data—what William James called “the blooming welter”—assails the senses, bewilders the attention, and assaults the mind to such a degree that man must select, arrange, evaluate, and interpret this phantasmagoria, if he is to exist and survive as a rational creature. As Carlyle once said of Tennyson: “Alfred is always carrying a bit of chaos around in his pocket and turning it into cosmos.” To an insane person everything that happens is of equal validity. It means everything and nothing at one and the same time. In other words, nothing has any meaning; the world is opaque; there is no point of relevance or reference.

In this grab bag, this hugger-mugger miscellany, there would be no art, because art is an interpretation of life. And if the things of life were really, actually as they appear to be, there would be nothing to interpret. Everything would be obvious. There would be no revealed religion, because there would be nothing for the penetrating seer to penetrate and to reveal. There would be no science and philosophy for the same reason. Everything would be clear and evident, but without significance. The apparent would be the real, and life would degenerate into a tale told by an idiot, full of sound and fury, signifying nothing.

But appearance has been so many times and in so many aspects proven to be different from reality that the skeptical philosopher, whose name is legion, despairs of ever reaching reality itself. Reality is such a clever, such a protean, master of disguise.

The upsetting discovery that things in their reality are different from things in their appearance was the fundamental shock that startled the earliest philosopher into reflection. That shock continues as the tantalizing and perplexing foundation of philosophical speculation today. Things are not as they seem.

Appearance and reality: These are the two mightiest and most provocative words in the whole lexicon of human perplexity.

Common sense, whatever that may be, has clung to and been confounded with appearance, but science and philosophy have always tried to discover the reality behind appearance. Science and philosophy have always been obliged to correct the illusions, the vagaries, and the absurdities of common sense. All of our progress beyond the narrowing confinements and limitations of the factual lies in correcting the illusions of common sense.

Copernicus warned us long ago that we should distrust appearances. Descartes taught that we ought to seek for truth in entire liberty of mind, freed from all preconceived notions and ideas of common sense. Sir Humphry Davy wrote: "Events are of most use to us when they *contradict*, rather than when they support the established theories" (of common sense).

Common sense clings obstinately and pragmatically to the apparent. It is a little frightened of the real. A classic illustration of this timidity of the common-sense mind can be found in a famous episode in the life of Galileo. After this courageous astronomer had demonstrated to his own satisfaction that the earth revolves around the sun, he invited some of his distinguished, die-hard contemporaries to look through his telescope and see the proof for themselves. He pointed his telescope at Jupiter and was prepared to show how the relation of this great planet to its satellites corroborated his revolutionary discovery. Everything was ready for this irrefutable revelation, except the minds of his friends, who refused to look through the telescope for fear of being convinced.. They were unwilling to budge from the comfortable but erroneous anchorage of common sense.

Reality is uncompromising and impersonal. Illusions and appearance are often flattering, personal, and pleasant. That is why a philosopher is such an uncomfortable and disturbing neighbor. He is such an insufferable nuisance, this philosopher, because he is always bent upon discovering and revealing a new and upsetting reality, at a time when we are most complacent in the warm enjoyment of the illusions of appearance.

Just when humanity had got itself nicely settled in the notion

man was specially created in the image of God, and was only a little lower than the angels, along came the outrageous Darwin, who destroyed our flattering illusion and told us who our ancestors really were. It is emphatically deflating to visit the portrait gallery of our biological ancestors.

The reality of evolution, which makes us cousins to the anthropoid ape, disturbed much of our biological vanity, but we promptly busied ourselves again until we discovered another flattering illusion. We made a vigorous, unanthropoidal effort to justify and rationalize our feeling of superiority. Between 1859, when *The Origin of Species* was first published, and 1896, we grew comfortable in another flattering illusion. We said: "Oh yes, evolution may apply to the body; but there is the mind and there is the soul." Then we continued with characteristic Victorian complacency along the same lines of thinking, untroubled by any foreign theories of transmigration, and, bent on enjoying our roast beef without any cannibalistic qualms, we added: "Granted the human body derives from a collateral of the anthropoid ape, but it is the mind or the soul that makes the difference. The human mind, the soul, is the reality, which we emphatically do not share with animals." That was another fine, serviceable rationalization, which made us very comfortable again.

Then along comes genetic psychology, which insinuates that we humans may appear to be a little—just a little—different from animals in the small conscious part of our minds; but that, in reality, we carry the whole of our ancestral menagerie around with us, deep in our unconscious, which, psychologists claim, is by far the dominating and important part of our intellectual apparatus. One more unpleasant and disturbing reality for us to digest! To make matters worse, before we could get a comfortable rationalization that would give us back our familiar and shallow certainties, something happened in Germany, something far more important and profoundly humiliating to our egoism than any political *Weltanschauung*. Nothing less than the Elberfeld horses!

Like all fundamental departures from dogma and the amiable patterns of belief, as, for example, evolution, miracles, the actual existence of Jesus, the entire body of Christian tradition, the author-

ship of the plays attributed to Shakespeare, the theory of relativity, the fantastic predictions of Jules Verne, interplanetary communication, a radar echo bouncing back at us from the moon—all of them contrary to common sense—the phenomena of these Elberfeld horses aroused violent and acrimonious controversy. When all of the dust of fanatical argument subsided, there still remained an irreducible minimum of psychical facts about these horses, scrupulously observed and attested to by some of the most unbiased scientific minds in the world. To mention only a few: Edinger of Frankfort, Sarasin of Basle, Ostwald of Berlin, Beredka of the Pasteur Institute, Mackenzie of Genoa, Ferrari of Bologna, Clarapède of Geneva, and last but not least, Maurice Maeterlinck. It might be said of most of them that they came to scoff and remained to pray.

A study of these remarkable animals provides another upsetting and disturbing reality, a reality that seems to obliterate the last apparent barrier between human and animal intelligence. These incredible horses seem to prove that some animals are capable of a kind of psychical ignition which, for a moment, illuminates their brute darkness and brings them uncannily close to the human mathematical prodigies.

Professor Clarapède of the University of Geneva, one of the many highly qualified scientists who studied the horses, says in his report: "These horses are the most sensational event that has ever happened in the psychological world."

Scientific committees and psychological experts from all the countries of the world, philosophers, savants, trained observers by the score, came to Elberfeld to investigate the horses. The many reports about them are endorsed with the signatures of men of incorruptible scientific integrity. These reports, in the main, agree on the facts. They differ only in the interpretation of the facts.

But let us return to our horses.¹ Wilhelm von Osten, a crotchety old resident of Berlin, was obsessed by a conviction that animals could think. He began experimenting with horses, and, in 1900, he became the owner of a Russian stallion named Kluge Hans (Clever Hans).

¹ Cf. Krall's *Denkende Thiere* (Thinking Animals).

Von Osten applied himself to the education of Kluge Hans with what Maeterlinck calls not patience but rather a "frenzied obstinacy."

This was the method of von Osten's procedure. Hans would be brought to a table, on which von Osten would place first one, then two, then several small bowling pins. Von Osten would then kneel beside Hans and shout the corresponding numbers of the objects, making Hans strike as many blows with his hoof as there were pins on the table. Gradually the pins were replaced by figures written on a blackboard. Then the astonishing thing happened! Something in Hans' brain, something ignited by the gleam of a momentary psychic flash, leaped the gap between the concrete pins on the table and the abstract symbols for them, the figures on the blackboard! This horse could cross the abyss that separates things from thoughts. Before long the horse was capable of counting and solving simple problems in arithmetic by means of the figures.

This leap in the dark from things to thoughts is an analogy of what must happen before mankind can make any progress whatsoever. It is the plunge across the chasm that yawns between instinct and foresight, between automatic response and memory. Before this triumphant transit from things to thoughts, from data to ideas, from concrete to abstract was achieved, all that we are ultimately to call mind functioned in a sort of somnambulistic wandering through a wilderness of unrelated things. Once across this abyss, all that science, philosophy, religion, and poetry mean, all the civilized values of life, lie within our grasp.

Hans was taught to read a little. He could distinguish between harmonious and dissonant chords in music. He had an extraordinary memory and could tell the date of each day of the current week. Professor Clarapède tells us that Kluge Hans could "do all the things that an intelligent school boy of fourteen is able to perform."

Official German science was, however, outraged by this first unusual performance of a horse. It was too disturbing. Herr Oskar Pfungst, of the Berlin Psychological Laboratory, drew up a crushing indictment, accusing von Osten of fraud. But, Pfungst notwithstanding, fraud, trickery, and collusion are now dismissed. We realize that

these charges were inane and childish avoidances of the staggering psychical problems presented.

Lonely and embittered, von Osten died, and, for a time, it looked as if his lifework had been obliterated by a petty official who told the people what they wanted to be told.

However, there was one man who had often helped von Osten in training Kluge Hans, and who realized the value of his work with animals. This man was Karl Krall, a wealthy manufacturer of jewelry, who lived in Elberfeld. In his will von Osten left Kluge Hans to Krall, and the latter quietly carried on.

In Krall the official scientific Bourbons met a real adversary. Unlike von Osten, Krall knew his way about, and was sufficiently fortified with wealth, courage, and a true scientific passion and conviction that enabled him to take on all comers. The charge of personal profit, which is the badge of all charlatany, could not be pinned upon his lapel. Quite the contrary: he spent his time and fortune lavishly and cheerfully in the pursuit of psychical knowledge.

He was the rare type of disinterested scientific pioneer. Indeed, Krall was a sort of Galileo. We can imagine him looking over the first Bourbonized report of the official German scientists, which read: "To allow that horses can calculate like men is subversive of the evolutional theory." That is actually what they said, and we see in that statement the good old comfortable pattern. These obstructionists were exactly like the contemporaries of Galileo, who refused to look through the telescope for fear of being convinced. The horse was a living telescope. The case is, indeed, very close to Galileo's case; of the original twenty-four professors who signed the first official damning statement only two of them had ever laid eyes on Kluge Hans!

Krall set to work. He bought two Arabian stallions, Muhamed and Zarif. Instead of working with the same "frenzied obstinacy" as von Osten, Krall relied on the slower method of persuasive affection and faith. His affection for his stallions almost humanized them. Where old von Osten was a disciplinary pedagogue, a Prussian drill sergeant, and an old-fashioned teacher, Krall was a modern teacher. He knew how to seduce the interest of his pupils; he did not drive, he led.

Within a fortnight Muhamed was doing simple addition and subtraction; four days later multiplication and division. And in four months' time, this prodigy of a stallion knew how to extract square and cube roots! Soon after this, he learned to read and spell.

The question now arises: How did the horse express himself?

Imagine a platform upon which the horse stands. Before him is a blackboard. The mathematical problem is chalked up on the blackboard. We will suppose the answer is twenty-three. Promptly come two blows of the horse's left hoof, three blows of the right hoof. The left hoof is for tens, the right hoof is for units.

But how did Muhamed read and spell? Krall constructed a chart of all the letters, vowels, and diphthongs of the language. This chart is composed of forty-nine squares and in each square is a letter. For instance, the letter L is in the fourth square to the right and the third square down from the top of the chart. So, if the horse wanted to use the letter L, he struck four blows with his right hoof and three blows with his left. His memory of that alphabetical chart was bewilderingly accurate. It was almost automatic, and he spelled out words with a facility that sometimes sounded like a gallop.

Muhamed was a star performer, but Zarif was a close second. The horses themselves seemed to have invented a phonetic system of spelling, a sort of shorthand, which enabled them to dispense with useless vowels.

For example, Muhamed liked sugar. The German word is *Zucker*, which was phonetically rapped out Z-K-R. The German word for horse is *Pferd*, which these stallions spelled P-F-R-D. Each investigator was given this chart of letters, and when the horses were "talking," the poor professors had a breathless time keeping up with the hail of blows. Sometimes the horses appeared to take a comic pleasure in bewildering humans with their speed; and Muhamed, particularly, would wait with magnificent condescension for the observer to catch up with him.

In addition to Muhamed and Zarif, Krall acquired Hänschen, an impish little Shetland pony. He also bought Berto, an imposing black stallion, who was totally blind. In the case of Berto this is important to remember: No visual signals could be exchanged.

Krall welcomed any tests and any test conditions. The horses worked equally well, whether or not Krall or the groom, Albert, were present.

Krall left Maeterlinck alone with Muhamed. Maeterlinck, whose keen observation of animals is amply and scientifically demonstrated in such indispensable books as *The Life of the Bee* and *The Life of the White Ant*, was nonplussed. Maeterlinck, who had met the great ones of the earth, was never so embarrassed as when he found himself alone with Muhamed. Suddenly Maeterlinck volunteered: "Ah, Muhamed, I am stopping at the Weidenhof" (the name of his hotel). That, thought Maeterlinck, was something to talk about. It was like that conversational blessing the weather. Maeterlinck repeated the name Weidenhof and Muhamed bowed as if to say: "Is that so?" and then spelled out Weidenhof for him, using both vowels in the first syllable, so as to make sure that Maeterlinck would understand. Maeterlinck writes of that first manifestation: "I felt a breath from the abyss upon my face. I could not have been more astonished if I had suddenly heard a voice of the dead."

If authoritative testimony means anything, these horses proved themselves first-class calculators. Fractions and roots did not bother them at all. And they did these most difficult mathematical problems with a sort of joyous carelessness. They took all these problems in their stride. The problem was hardly chalked up on the blackboard before the eager hoof began to strike. They behaved exactly like human mathematical prodigies, in no respect different from Vito Mangiamele, Zerah Colburn, Benny Blythe, Bishop Whately, Gauss, Ampère, or Dahse.

Hänschen, the little Shetland pony, was mischievous and enjoyed playing pranks. He was not so expert a mathematician as Muhamed or Zarif; but his waggishness was disconcertingly human. Maeterlinck was present on one occasion when Krall was giving Hänschen a lesson. The pony grew tired of arithmetic, and ended the study period with a practical joke. As Krall leaned forward to write a problem on the blackboard, Hänschen also leaned forward and playfully caught his teacher by the seat of his trousers. Hänschen was given a good tongue lashing and returned to his stall without his customary carrot.

One day Zarif was brought into the classroom, where Krall was preparing to give him his usual lesson in mathematics. Zarif promptly pranced up on the platform, whinnied with all the excitement of suppressed gossip, and began gleefully rapping out a sentence. Krall, from long experience, had learned to take these unsolicited messages seriously, and wrote the letters on the blackboard just as they came. When the horse was finished, the sentence read: "*Albert hat Hänschen geschlagen.*" ("Albert has beaten Hänschen.") "*Wirklich?*" ("Is that so?") asked Krall. Zarif nodded "Yes"—and it was true!

At another time, Krall wrote down this sentence at Zarif's dictation: "*Hänschen hat Kama gebissen*" ("Hänschen has bitten Kama"), which was also true. Kama was a small elephant.

Krall, who lived in the midst of these miracles, seemed to regard them as quite natural. And yet to us, these reports read like a new and more fabulous *Arabian Nights*.

At another time, Zarif stopped in the middle of a lesson. Krall asked him: "What is the matter?" and the horse spelled out: "*Bin müde, Bein tut weh!*" ("I'm tired, my leg hurts.")

On one occasion Krall and his collaborator, Dr. Scholler, thought they would try to teach Muhamed to express himself in vocal speech. The stallion was most gentle and co-operative. He made a heart-breaking effort to reproduce the sound of a human voice. Suddenly he stopped and rapped out in his strange phonetic spelling: "*Ich hab' kein gut' stim.*" ("I haven't a good voice.")

On still another occasion, before witnesses and with every conceivable test against collusion, Muhamed was shown the photograph of a young girl whom he had never seen. Krall asked, "What is this?"

Muhamed answered, "A girl."

KRALL: Why is it a girl?

MUHAMED: Because she has long hair.

KRALL: And what has she not?

MUHAMED: *Schnurrbart.* ("Mustache.")

Then Krall produced the photo of a man with no mustache and asked, "What is this?"

MUHAMED: A man.

KRALL: Why is it a man?

MUHAMED: Because he has short hair.

Amusing if you like, but from behind this appearance of triviality a disturbing reality emerges and confronts us. Another tremendous gap has been crossed. Muhamed has shown an ability to make inferences, right or wrong, from his own observations. He can arrive at conclusions derived from the data of his own experience.

We are in a land of magic and enchantment in these stables. The thing that bewilders us is, not what these extraordinary animals were taught, but the mental leaps, the mental gaps they bridged of their own accord—their shorthand phonetic spelling, their voluntary tattle-tale sentences, their crossing of the abyss between the world of concrete things and the world of abstract symbols. These animals had, so to speak, earned the right to pronounce the fundamentally human fiat: "I think, therefore I am!"

Nor is this all. The records show that Krall was not obliged to carry his lessons in mathematics beyond the square root of 144, which is just elementary 12 times 12. From that point, Muhamed took his career, so to speak, in his own hands, or rather hoofs. The stallion learned cube root and even fourth root by himself! In other words, as soon as the first hurdle was passed, the progress became astonishingly rapid.

Krall's loving and devoted patience seemed able to draw the animal out of the darkly enchanted, so-called instinctive circle in which we used to think that nature had imprisoned the horse. Once out of that circle, the horse's progress was miraculous.

Maeterlinck was never a mathematician. In his professed ignorance of mathematics, he wrote large numbers on the blackboard at random. Although he was not aware of it, some of these numbers were what mathematicians call surds, quantities or numbers for which there are no square, cube, or fourth roots. For example, the number 7 has no square or cube or fourth root. Muhamed took a glance at one of these large random numbers. He lifted his hoof, paused, looked at Maeterlinck, and shook his head. Muhamed had immediately perceived that the problem was insoluble. It was a surd. Since Maeterlinck was quite alone with the horse and was utterly unaware of the existence of surds, there can be no question of telepathy.

The distinguished investigator, Dr. Hamel, among many other tests, asked Muhamed the fourth root of 7,890,481. He himself had not calculated the answer. The number 7,890,481 was chalked upon the blackboard along with the symbol for the fourth root, which is a vinculum with a 4 in it. Muhamed promptly rapped out the number 53. Then Dr. Hamel referred to the card index, where the mathematicians had registered their exact calculations, and discovered that Muhamed was right.

The extraction of the fourth root of any number of six figures—and there were seven figures in this case—calls for eighteen exact multiplications, ten exact subtractions, and three exact divisions. The horse performed thirty-one operations in the five or six seconds between the careless glance at the blackboard and the prompt reply with his hoof!

We may say with Maeterlinck: "We seek in vain for explanations; and nothing delivers us from the burden of this mystery."

Apparently animals are so different from human beings, but after sober consideration of such astonishing evidence as the foregoing, witnessed and endorsed by scientists of unimpeachable integrity, can we say that animals are so very different from us? ²

Professor Bozzano has written an astounding article in the *Annales des Sciences Psychiques* wherein he has collated sixty-nine cases of telepathy, presentiments, and hallucinations of sight and hearing in which the principal actors are cats, dogs, and horses.

After this rather cursory glance at a few of the animals, let us take a look at the amazing world of the insects. Entomologists say that this planet belongs to the insects, not to man; that man is the interloper.

The ideal philosophy envisions a unified and organized world, in which there is no hiatus from stage to stage in the ascending scale of life. Ideal evolution envisions even the most palpable changes in the biological scheme as the summary of an infinite series of small increments of adaptation. Where the links are missing, the now absent organisms would seem either not to have had survival value in the evolutional struggle, or else to have been absorbed and com-

² For a complete and most illuminating account, see Maeterlinck: *The Unknown Guest*.

bined in the adaptive process of other more fortunate organisms. This, of course, is the view of the monists and pantheists. In this large conception of the universe, we cannot ascertain the initial or the vanishing point in any phase of existence with dogmatic definiteness. The hylozoic speculations of the old Greek philosophers, once dismissed as mythology, are now attaining scientific respectability. One cannot today say with assurance that any stick or stone is inanimate matter. By the same token, we dare not too loudly assert that anything that was once alive is ever completely dead.

A similar problem confronts us in the realm of consciousness. The sanest philosophical opinion would appear to indicate that here also nature does not indulge in violent acrobatics. *Natura non facit saltum*. At the risk of inviting the slings and arrows of outraged biologists—plucked from their well-stocked arsenal of sports, freaks, mutations, permutations, and spontaneous variations—the ideal view of nature remains one in which an orderly, practical, progressive evolution is steadily maintained in the march upward from lower to higher. According to this view, some form of rudimentary, primordial, or potential consciousness would seem to be dispersed over the whole of nature. The scale runs the gamut from the vast, vague irritability of the so-called inanimate world, through the lower forms of awareness, perception, and response in the plant world, on and up through instinct, with all its miraculous automatisms in the lower animal and insect worlds, through consciousness in the higher animals, up to self-consciousness and superconsciousness in man.

When we study what insects accomplish by so-called instinct, we realize that insects have architects, geometers, mechanicians, technicians, engineers, weavers, physicists, chemists, and surgeons among them, who have anticipated many of our human inventions. The bombardier beetle beat us to poison gas and tear gas. The termite beat us to central heating, millions of years before we ever thought of it. The cerceris does not need a refrigerator. This insect has a lancet and knows exactly how to paralyze its victims without killing them, thus insuring an adequate supply of preserved fresh meat for itself and its offspring for an indefinite period.⁸

⁸ See Fabre's *Collected Works on Insect Life*.

Termites can alter the sex of the next generation at will. That is more than we can do. The termites can breed male warriors as they need them. That is also more than we can do. God be thanked, that is a secret denied to militaristic man, with his undisciplined propensities for slaughter.

These termite warriors grow weapons and armorplate only on the fronts of their bodies. They dare not turn their undefended and defenseless backs upon an enemy. Therefore, the termite warrior cannot be a coward. These are the real and natural Samurai among the ants. They are hatched out, bred, and specially privileged as a caste.

The mason bee and the wasp are expert architects. The beehive, the anthill, and the termitary are as marvelously organized as any highly developed civilized human society. The bees and the ants know how to deal with panics and depressions. They regulate their food supply and apparently know the difference between a surplus and a deficit economy.⁴

Instinct is apparently mechanical and automatic. It is supposed to be below intelligence; but is it really? Or is instinct the highest form of intelligence that the basic psychodynamism has evolved? May not instinct bespeak a more perfect adaptation to environment than the groping and blundering intelligence has yet achieved?

The answer lies somewhere between yes and no. Instinct is unfailingly successful as long as the environment, to which instinct is the contracting partner, remains fixed and familiar. If the environment undergoes a radical change, instinct may become a blind drive, as in the case of the short-flighted migratory birds, who drown by millions every year in the Mediterranean; or, it may become a suicidal rendezvous with some lost Atlantis, as in the case of the lemmings.

It would seem logical to accept the view that intellect is not primary in life. Intellect is developed in the original psychodynamism, the original *élan vital*, in order to help the animal meet and adapt itself to its environment. So we can listen humbly to Clarapède and Bergson, who both maintain that the intellect is only a makeshift, an instrument, which betrays the fact that the organism is not adapted to its environment. These philosophers maintain that the intellect is

⁴ Cf. Maurice Maeterlinck: *Life of the Bee* and *Life of the White Ant*.

a mode of expression which reveals a state of inadequacy. Where instinct suffices, intelligence is either rudimentary, atrophied, or non-existent. That may be the disturbing reality behind all the apparent accomplishments of our boasted civilization, a thought that should make us humble and modest.

It is also possible that progress is inherent in the deviations of maladjustment and maladaptation. The whole intellect, not merely the little conscious part of the mind, but the whole of our human intellectual equipment, may be a means of enabling man to surpass himself, to pull himself up by his own bootstraps. Evolutionists tell us that we were originally marine animals. Possibly if all marine life had been perfectly adapted to a water environment, there might never have been that first queer fish who deviated from his kind, flopped out of the water, and began the tradition of land animals.

At any rate, observation of the Elberfeld horses compels us to the conclusion that there is not really much difference between the subliminal unconscious faculty in man and in animals. The subliminal mind of Muhamed behaved exactly like that of a psychic medium in a state of trance. Muhamed possessed certain supernormal faculties not usually found among horses, exactly as a mediumistic personality possesses certain faculties not usually found among human beings. We observe the same disconcerting irrelevance, triviality, and freakishness in both of them. The blows of the horses' hoofs remind us uncannily of table rappings.

The best opinion maintains that animals live far more continuously in the unconscious than do human beings. Krall may have been able to provoke in the horses a psychic flash and a means of communicating to us, in our own vocabulary of conscious symbols, something of their profoundly weird and slumbering intuition.

In our perplexity, we can at least hazard this reflection: Some animals, particularly the horse, the cat, and the dog, which from time immemorial have lived on intimate terms with man, and yet are apparently so different from man, can be led to reveal that in reality they share with us something of the same intellectual faculties and attributes which, for so long, we considered exclusively human. At

least the line that separates human from animal intelligence can no longer be drawn so hard and fast.

The late Sir Jagadis Chandra Bose, of the University of Calcutta, spent years of his life demonstrating that plants have nervous systems and are, in reality, not very different from animals notwithstanding their apparent difference. Plants eat, drink, rest, become fatigued, react to stimuli, respond to heat and cold, and have a pulse and rhythm of life. Plants can go on a spree, get drunk, or become anesthetized. They are aware of light and darkness. Some of them, particularly those of the mimosa family and the Venus's-flytrap, have developed a sense of touch incredibly more acute than we humans possess. In short, plants live and die pretty much as do all other living things on this globe.

Professor Bose also did an immense amount of research on the fatigue of metals and other so-called inanimate bodies, because the line between the organic and inorganic wonderlands is also growing very faint indeed. Bose's graphs of fatigued metals are indistinguishable from those of fatigued muscles.

The development of modern physics and the modern theory of matter can be studied in the works of Rutherford, Bohr, Dirac, de Broglie, Schrödinger, Heisenberg, Sommerfeld, Eddington, and Millikan. The work of all of these men seems to point indubitably to the conclusion that the essence of so-called matter is nonmaterial, and that there is no longer a sharp distinction between matter and energy; that one can be converted into the other. Eddington consistently maintains the unreality of the physical world. After the physicist has tried to explain the constituents of an atom—electrons, protons, neutrons—all that remains in his hands is a set of equations. Somehow reality has slipped through his fingers. If the Greeks had their gods, who ruled over the "elements," we today have our Greek mathematical symbols, and these symbols explain no more than did the gods.

The reasonable conclusion would seem to be that matter is only one of the many apparently heterogeneous manifestations of the one underlying reality, which is an immaterial psychodynamism, a force,

a dynamic, with some primary psychic or conscious element implicit or potential in it. This psychodynamism is perhaps unconscious in inorganic life, gropingly sensitive and dimly conscious in plant life, instinctive or subconscious in the lower animals, conscious in the higher animals, and self-conscious in man. And beyond that—what?

Instead of proving the persistence of life, the scientist of the future may be called upon to prove that there is something in nature that is really dead and inert.

This exploratory hypothesis of a psychodynamism fundamental to all cosmic phenomena satisfies our sentiment of rationality and, at the same time, gives us a heightened awareness of the interrelation and continuity of all things and all events.

We are leaping across all gaps. Modern science is very close to old mysticism. As William James once expressed it: "The leaves of the trees whisper and talk to one another; and the trees themselves seem to be separate and independent enough; but their roots are planted in a common soil and they frequently touch and interlace in a region hidden from the mortal eye." It is all wonderland and every revelation of cosmic energy is miraculous. We do not ordinarily feel that it is miraculous, because the shock of the miraculous is softened on the cushion of the familiar. And it is fortunate that it is so; else we would explode in wonder all the time.

Any modern philosopher or scientist who is not committed to hard-and-fast patterns is perfectly willing to accept the reality of another world, a metetherial, supersensuous world, coexistent with our tangible world, and extending beyond it in all directions; although this supersensuous world is not apparent to the ordinary physical senses at all. The existence of such a world is demanded by the grand postulate of continuity. There is, for example, the spectrum. Light appears to be white, but in reality it is a mixture of the seven rainbow colors of the spectrum: red, orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo, and violet. The spectrum does not end with these seven colors, nor with the twenty-one secondary colors, nor with their innumerable gradations. It apparently ends there, as far as our unaided senses are concerned, but years ago we discovered that beyond the red end of the spectrum there are other rays: heat rays, neither visible nor apparent, but really

there; and that beyond the violet end of the spectrum, there are actinic and chemical rays, not apparent, but also really there, which enable us to take real and accurate photographs in apparent darkness. Photographs can also be made with infrared rays by the heat of a sadiron which is hot but not glowing. In nature there is no end, and nothing stops. All is continuous.

In his book *Evolution of Matter*, Gustav Le Bon states that under certain conditions, in a physical laboratory, he has caused matter to disappear utterly as matter, and resolve itself into a form of energy. Only a few years ago that was considered marvelous. Today we explode the atom. Think of matter and energy being interchangeable! And think of the implications of such continuity!

We can see a homely illustration of this in the three ordinary conditions of water. Normally water is a liquid. As ice, water is a solid. And as steam or vapor, it is readily available energy. As vapor, water is actually invisible, but in reality, it is there; and, under proper conditions, this invisible vapor condenses and materializes again and becomes water as we know it. The clouds of so-called steam that we see rising from a teakettle or blowing out from a locomotive are in reality not steam at all, but vapor cooled by contact with the air, exactly as on a cold, wintry day the ordinarily invisible water vapor in our breath is condensed into a visible plume.

The existence of matter proves only that some form of energy has slowed down and become mass. Bergson calls matter a dam. Lead, as a metal, is the corpse that is left when radium has lost its radioactivity. So who shall say what invisibilities are not real, and who can maintain that reality must always be apparent?

No mystic of the Middle Ages spoke of spirit in more fantastic terms than those in which the modern physicist speaks of matter.

Strangely enough, during these recent years, wherein we have observed the dematerialization of matter, there come to us many scientifically observed cases of what we might call the materialization of spirit. The evidence for the materialization of something is indubitable and incontrovertible, and it occurs sometimes when no medium is present.

In the face of the carefully observed and scrupulously documented

body of data assembled by Sidgwick and Gurney in their impressive *Phantasms of the Living and the Dead*, to dismiss such phenomena as mere hallucination is a cowardly evasion and an admission of either ignorance or prejudice. These phenomena are manifestations of some unknown psychic force inside us or in the wonderland outside us.

We find many people reluctant to accept ectoplasm and materialization. With tolerant condescension, they may accept phantasms, but not materializations. They have got to draw the line somewhere. These people do not realize that all these manifestations are continuous and that, logically as well as scientifically, it is only a matter of degree, depending upon the psychic power involved. We have indisputable records of every kind of manifestation. They graduate from vague impressions, or apparitions of some kind of transparent presence, to phantasms that are more and more opaque, and from them, to phantasms that are seen and recorded by only one person, to phantasms seen by several. There are phantasms of varying degrees of density and of sufficient solidity to interfere with light. There are some phantasms that completely occlude light, obstruct the vision, and cast a shadow. There are recorded materializations so solid that they have been touched and photographed by several cameras simultaneously at different angles, and even by stereoscopic cameras.

These constitute a cloud of witnesses indeed. With all the strength of our scientific skepticism, we are bound to confess that we have looked through Galileo's telescope; and the cumulative mass of scientific evidence attests to the fact that these uncanny materializations do really happen. We have also been able to photograph the materializations in process of formation. We even have movies of the different stages of ectoplasm in the cases of Marthe Eva and Stanislawa Tomcyk. We can follow the manifestation from its first stage of amorphous exudate until it develops into the final well-formed materialization. And we have observed all these stages under test conditions which exclude all reasonable possibility of fraud.

It would be comparatively easy to secrete a completely finished fabrication somewhere on the person, and then suddenly produce it by legerdemain. However, we guard against this deception by strip-

ping the medium and having qualified physicians and gynecologists examine every cavity and orifice of the medium's body. The medium is then practically sewed up in a tricot before the séance begins.

Moreover, it is extremely difficult to deceive the microscopic eye of a high-powered camera, registering the successive stages of development of this mysterious substance, as it transforms itself without any intervention on the part of the controlled medium or the observer. The photographs, taken under test conditions arranged by Gustav Gélet and von Schrenck-Notzing are as startling and arresting as they are inexplicable. We seem here to see something of the mysterious, primal transformations of the creative process itself.⁵

The only way that we can accommodate our baffled minds to these bizarre and grotesque materializations is to realize that, after all, everything that lives is a materialization. We plant a little acorn in the ground and a mighty oak materializes. All life creates itself and reproduces itself endlessly by materialization. All creation, all birth, is materialization of some sort. The only perplexing element in psychic materialization is the time element. Ordinary materializations take more time than psychic materializations require. And when ordinary, everyday things get born they usually stay born and occupy space and time for a fairly predictable period. They are not in the habit of disappearing into nowhere, or, as in the case of mediumistic materializations, being born for a little while and actually retreating before our astonished eyes, along a miraculous lifeline or umbilical cord, back into the maternity of the medium that gave them birth.

At this point we are bound to ask: What is time? What is space? What is body? Kant and Einstein, along with most modern philosophers, tell us that the real world, the noumenal as opposed to the phenomenal world, is a world that exists independently of our apparent space-time-matter frame of perception. They tell us of a superdimensional world wherein space, time, and even matter (as we know them) do not matter at all!

⁵ See *Phenomena of Materialization* by Baron von Schrenck-Notzing; *From the Unconscious to the Conscious* by Gustav Gélet; chapter on "Materialization and Ectoplasms" in *Thirty Years of Psychical Research* by Charles Richet. This part of Richet's book provides a great deal of valuable material.

In a superdimensional, supersensuous world even the name does not matter. The only underlying and abiding reality may be this *élan vital*, this elemental, fundamental psychodynamic energy, which manifests itself in all the world of phenomenal appearance.

Ever since Plato, philosophers have been telling us that this noumenal world is the only permanent reality; and that all else is transitory appearance.⁶

Platonism is philosophy's most aggressive challenge to our common sense and to our common senses. Psychical research, like physics, mathematics, and chemistry, also brings its accumulating evidence, tending to prove the reality and existence of this supersensuous world.

Psychic phenomena are fragmentary, as the phenomena of any observational science must be fragmentary, until we piece together the picture puzzle. Astronomy, meteorology, zoology, and paleontology are also observational, fragmentary sciences, not laboratory or experimental sciences. Yet in paleontology, from a few fossilized and fragmentary remains—a tooth or a claw—by induction and deduction, supplementing and complementing each other, we build up the entire structure of an extinct animal, never seen by civilized man. As we look at them in our museums today, they come alive and appear as incredible as the monsters of mythology or nightmare. And with the help of geology, out of these fragmentary remains, these runes of planetary memory, we build up a whole world of unseen and pre-existent life on this planet. The past is as intangible as the future.

It may outrage common sense to think of a lizard over eighty feet in length that could stand up on its hind legs and its massive tail and feed on the tops of very tall trees. Yet that is precisely what some of the giant saurians, like the dinosaur and the brontosaurus, did in past ages. The assembled skeletons of these fossilized monsters that inhabited parts of our own America shortly after the Carboniferous Age can be seen in any modern museum of natural history.

Perhaps—and this is a bold "perhaps"—psychical research, with

⁶ For a glowing and eloquent presentation of this whole problem of appearance and reality, see Eddington: *New Pathways of Science*; also his *Nature of the Physical World*.

the help of science and philosophy, out of its own fragmentary material in psychical phenomena, will ultimately be able, by the same daring marriage of induction and deduction, to build up and piece together evidence for the continuance of life, in a world of super-dimensional energy; a world where death will be only appearance and immortality will be the reality.⁷

The importance of such a conception cannot be overestimated. It would be pivotal for humanity. From time to time these great central or pivotal ideas have been vouchsafed to us. For instance, the whole science of mechanics is dependent upon the fact and the law of inertia. The theory of inertia was a pivotal theory. If the theory of inertia were not pragmatically true, we should have only biology instead of mechanics. Our whole scientific civilization, the stability of our manufacturing processes, and our railroads could not have existed but for the discovery of the law of inertia.

The law of universal gravitation, discovered by Newton, is also pivotal. It is the foundation of our whole modern astronomy, and also of modern mechanical engineering.

The law of supply and demand is pivotal. The discovery of that fundamental law by Adam Smith was necessary before we could erect any science of economics.

The discovery that the earth was round was also a pivotal discovery. Fortified by his faith in that discovery, Columbus made his epochal voyage to the New World.

Darwin's formulation of the laws of evolution and natural selection was likewise pivotal. His simplifying principles organized the whole of confused contemporary biology.

All pivotal discoveries are like revelations. Whether or not we subsequently abandon their guidance, they organize, synthesize, unify, and simplify the incoherent world of appearance by revealing a central or underlying reality.

The history of philosophy is the *Odyssey* of the human mind, traversing worlds of appearances in the great adventure of discovering reality. All of the different special sciences—astronomy, geology, biology, chemistry, physics, mathematics, psychology, and the rest—

⁷ Cf. Dunne: *Experiment with Time and The Serial Universe*.

are like so many continents and wonderlands. The human mind has touched them all.

The psychic wonderland within us, by which we have some contact with the psychic wonderland outside us, is the last continent to be explored.

We instinctively trust our common senses. We naturally, automatically look outwards. This tendency is self-preservative and biologically right. Babies and children instinctively manifest it, because our first job is adaptation to a strange and often hostile environment. Accordingly, it takes a long time for humans to learn to look within, to become conscious and aware of their own mental processes. We do not introspect naturally. As far as that is concerned, we do not think naturally either. That is why thinking is a rather painful process until we learn how to play with our minds. We feel naturally, and most people use their intellects to justify their feelings.

One might even go further and say that most of us are in reality doing nothing but justifying our feelings when we are apparently thinking. Indeed the greater part of our moral, ritual, and social convention was invented just in order to relieve us from the necessity of thinking. Good form, common sense, conventional attitudes of saving our own faces or our neighbors' faces, habit clichés, manners of speech and intercourse—these are polite patterns. They are crystallizations of the all-too-human instinct for living as comfortably as possible in a generally accepted world of appearance. But the accumulating, apparently trivial, often fragmentary evidence of psychology and psychical research may ultimately provide us with another one of these disturbing, fundamental and pivotal discoveries—the discovery of another abiding and august reality behind, above, and below the confused and incoherent appearance of life.

Perhaps psychical research, the youngster of the sciences, will present us with the greatest revelation; namely, that a supersensuous or spiritual world exists, that some of us have supersenses that leap the gap, supersenses that bring us into fragmentary but valid contact with that world, and also that deep in our unconscious, deep in our psyche, there is something of the personal ego that persists and survives as part of that abiding psychodynamism and psychodynamic energy.

Birth is a leaping of the gap. Why should not death be also a leaping of the gap?

Scientific proof for the survival of personality would certainly give the world the greatest, the most pivotal shock of revelation it has ever known. It would provide us with an entirely new and august sense of human destiny. Such a revelation would furnish a new interpretation of human effort and heighten its meaning. It would provide a new goal for human striving.

Physical science is a tremendous and awe-inspiring achievement; but it is idle to say that physical science has contributed much to the spiritual life of man, or enriched his spiritual experience. With all its conquests and its constantly increasing knowledge of man's place in nature, physical science has only been able to add more material things to the possession and comfort and enjoyment of more people.

Carlyle, Emerson, and Hyslop all maintain that physical science, with all its magnificent achievements, has rather diminished man's sense of his high destiny. Emerson said: "Things are in the saddle and are riding us." Physical science has made man himself rather unimportant in the cosmos.

Applied science, says Hyslop, has enabled us to support a larger population than could be sustained without its discoveries and inventions. In the view of physical science we may well ask: What is man that thou (or the cosmos) art mindful of him?

To those who may ask: "What is the good of psychical research?" one may then answer the following: If the tentative speculations of this new science could be completely verified, psychical research would bring a new faith into the world to take the place of the vast sense of fear, frustration, and futility that, like a shadow, darkens the goal of all civilized human effort. The whole basis of life would be changed from satisfaction in economic well-being to blessedness in being aware, really spiritually aware, that though we need bread to live, man does not live by bread alone. And this would add a sense of real and abiding significance to our apparently futile hopes and faltering aspirations.

At one time religion was able to do this. But for most of the modern Western world that period is past.

With his enormous scientific and philosophical equipment, Goethe realized, as did Spinoza, that the whole of this apparent universe is in reality only the living garment of divinity. It is "*Der Gottheit lebendiges Kleid.*"

The speculations of modern science converge toward the conclusion that this tremendous material world that impinges with such arresting importance upon our senses is only the apparent world. It is the outer shell and the announcer of another world, a real world of psychodynamic, superdimensional energy, only one of whose appearances and manifestations is matter as we know it.

The great poets, philosophers, and prophets of the world have always had a sense of this. They have all maintained with Plato, Aristotle, Spinoza, Hume, Berkeley, and Kant that the external, physical world of appearance is not the real world. Many great seers in the past have had this revealing vision.

It may well be that exact science is the form that revelation is taking in modern times. And, strangely enough, exact science is saying the same thing.

Modern science, physical and psychical, looks out upon the phenomenal world of appearance and penetrates courageously to the reality behind appearance.

In its own vocabulary, modern science says in the spirit of Job: "All these wonders are but the whisper of God's garment. What will ye say when ye are confronted with the thunder of His presence?"

III

The Evidential Value of the Trivial

*Flower in the crannied wall,
I pluck you out of the crannies,
I hold you here, root and all, in my hand,
Little flower—but IF I could understand
What you are, root and all, and all in all,
I should know what God and man is.*

—TENNYSON: "Flower in the Crannied Wall"

IN OUR APPROACH TO THE SUBJECT MATTER OF THIS CHAPTER we can be as open-minded as a parachute and descend lightly upon the question, or we can be a sledge hammer and rivet our convictions with dogmatic assertiveness. But, in the last analysis, the question of how much evidence is necessary for final proof of anything, even of immortality, is a highly personal one depending upon the patterns in which our mind is set. These patterns include our will to believe and our habitual or customary attitudes to life.

For example, to a resistant, hard-boiled pragmatist, or a materialistic and skeptical go-getter, who believes that he must get it now because he is going to be a long time dead, all the accumulated evidence in the world will not provide proof that will persuade him. On the other hand, to an idealistic or religious type of mind, whose early education has created a pattern of faith or a channel of belief for his customary reflections on that subject, very little evidence will suffice, and very little evidence will be necessary to fortify him in a conviction that he is almost willing to accept anyway. Actually, there are two questions involved: first, the personality or character of the investigator; second, the quality of the evidence itself. It is such as to be acceptable to the ordinary man, who is supposed to be open-minded, but who seldom is?

Our egos are always either hurdles or quicksands. It is very diffi-

cult to get ourselves and our wishes out of the way. We are all rather like the very self-centered movie star who spends the whole evening talking about herself and her temperament and how great she is; and then finally, as a proof of her impersonality and objectivity, says: "Oh dear, now do please let us change the subject. You know, I really do not want to talk about myself. Tell me, what did you think of my last picture?"

In the deepest sense, discussing the evidence is often like discussing our last picture of ourselves.

Inverting Saint Paul's formula for faith as the evidence of things unseen and the substance of things hoped for, the cautious investigator will begin to assemble evidence by having faith in things unseen and nourishing hope in the substance of them. Then, as Huxley advised, follow the facts whither and wherever they may lead.

Over and above test conditions, which are only a technique to guard against delusion and self-delusion, we must remember certain other things that may be helpful. Evidence is only a body of fact that needs to be interpreted; and no fact stands alone. A fact is a factor and is related to other facts.

Evidence in psychical research usually comes like the fragmentated jumble of pieces in a picture puzzle, a puzzle that we must piece together into some coherent and cogent meaning. Truth is not an absolute or final thing. Truth is always an approximation; truth represents an immediate approach to that opinion which our sentiment of rationality tells us will ultimately prevail.

We must guard against utilizing our reason for the purpose of justifying our prejudices for or against. Reason, in its highest employment, ought not to be the flattering mirror of our wishes, but a finely meshed, inflexible sieve, which permits only the valid fact to pass through; and it is out of these refinements of fact that the disciplined servant of truth collates the essential data of his generalizations.

It requires great experience and great humility to appraise psychical evidence; though everybody thinks that in this department of inquiry he is fully qualified to pass judgment. Vulgar curiosity or arrogant contempt all too easily become pontifical in this field. Psy-

chical evidence is seldom clean-cut and definitive. But often the very stone that the builders rejected becomes the keystone to support the arch of evidence.

Above all things, we must abandon the idea that there is anything supernatural in psychics. Nothing is or can be supernatural, because nothing is beyond nature. Some persons, like mediums, are supernormal in that they manifest powers not usually possessed by the ordinary common-sense man or woman. For that matter, genius is also supernormal, though in another way.¹

This seems to be a proper place to introduce the subject of mediumship. There is no doubt that most so-called mediums are charlatans; and the exposure of mediums as charlatans seems to compromise the validity of psychical research, unless we remember that much of the great body and much of the great tradition of psychical research stands utterly independent of mediumistic phenomena. Very frequently the most important evidence appears and the most significant phenomena occur when no professional medium whatsoever is involved. Professional mediums are the show windows of psychics; as such, it may be well to say something about them.

We shall confine ourselves as strictly as possible to the accepted classical cases of mediumship. We shall rather studiously avoid a discussion of contemporary mediums, whose manifestations have not yet stood the test of time. Any discussion of modern living mediums is likely to arouse a hornets' nest of controversy, which would obscure the whole issue. Inevitably there comes more heat than light on the subject.

It is difficult to generalize. Psychic manifestation flows through unanticipated, unpredictable channels. It has very little relation to the character, education, or mentality of the medium himself. At the one extreme, a yokel or an ignoramus or a lout may be the conduit through which some kind of psychic energy communicates itself; at the other extreme stands Socrates, the greatest philosopher of his time in Greece, or Swedenborg, the outstanding mathematician and physicist of his day, who fathered a currently vigorous religion, or Stainton Moses, an eminently respectable professor at London Uni-

¹ See Chapter IV: "Psychic Manifestation in Art and Literature."

versity. Many professional mediums are merely shrewd morons, innocent of any systematic education. And there is a reason for that.

All psychic power, of whatsoever nature it may be, is a manifestation of the unconscious mind. Education is a discipline of that small emergent apex which we call the conscious mind. And the conscious mind does not avail us much in psychics. If then, as we now know, psychic power derives largely from the unconscious, the uneducated person may be the better fitted to be a conduit for these recondite and mysterious unknown powers, for the simple reason that education sometimes gets in the way. Jeanne d'Arc was a peasant girl. Eusapia Paladino had very little education. Mrs. Piper, the most powerful mediumistic personality developed here in America, whose psychic manifestations were never diluted or compromised with fraud, was a very good and estimable woman of fine character; yet she had very little formal or intellectual education. Her psychic faculty was entirely in her unconscious, and functioned most successfully in a state of trance when her conscious faculties were completely in abeyance.

These observations may also serve to explain why savages, barbarous, and semibarbarous people possess psychic faculties that are lost to the race as civilization progresses. Savages live more in their instincts and in their unconscious processes than do civilized people.

Nature is a capricious and moody mother. At one time she is lavishly extravagant, as with the eggs of the fish where millions are spawned but few are hatched. At another time she is economical and penurious, as in cases of rudimentary organs and other vestigial anachronisms, such as the vermiform appendix, or the third eyelid, or the coccyx, or as in cases of functional atrophy.

As soon as man began to find his way about consciously and to make his immediate environment reasonably safe, nature began to economize; and man very quickly lost the instinctive and unconscious acuteness of those primitive senses which were his protection and means of survival in a savage and menacing world. It is commonly supposed that telepathy, clairvoyance, and clairaudience are supersenses developed into the personality by evolutionary progress. In view of the foregoing considerations, however, we may rather

suppose that originally all human beings were gifted with such mysterious and apparently supernatural faculties. However, not being immediately utilizable in the economy of nature, as civilization moved forward these faculties fell further and further back. Accordingly, the mediumistic person may be considered not as one who has developed new and more highly spiritualized senses which the rest of us have not yet attained, but rather as a person in whom these original senses are still functioning with pristine vigor and have not been allowed to atrophy.

Most powerful mediums are trance mediums: which means that they voluntarily put themselves into a condition in which the conscious mind is in abeyance, and the unconscious mind emerges dominant. Materializations and ectoplasm, telekinesis, clairvoyance, clairaudience and telepathy, automatic speech and automatic writing, generally occur when the medium is more or less in this state of trance, a state of varying intensities from mild auto- or hetero-hypnosis to complete coma or catalepsy.

We may even regard telepathy as the normal and primitive means of communication of our unconscious minds. It is quite conceivable that all of us were telepathic, as animals seem to be, until we developed conscious speech, whereupon our telepathic faculty atrophied because we did not need to utilize it. So again, in the overall economy of nature, what we do not use, we lose.

Realizing that psychic gifts are manifestations of the unconscious, we can readily see why mediums are frequently tricky. In their psychic state they relapse into that primal, puckish, jungle mind, the shrewd, instinctive, animal mind. Actually, our unconscious mind has very little sense of honor, of honesty, or of scientific rectitude. These are qualities that are developed through the educational disciplines of the conscious mind. Accordingly, in all psychic investigation with mediums, we do our best to establish rigid test conditions. The important mediums, like Mrs. Piper, always insist upon the most stringent test conditions. They seem to know that their unconscious is not to be completely trusted. The most reliable type of medium usually says: "Watch me carefully," and co-operates in establishing the best conditions.

There is an old maxim of the law which reads: "*Falsus in uno, falsus in toto.*" Which means that if a witness is discovered to be untrustworthy and false in one statement, he is likely to be discredited in the whole of his communication. That maxim may be all right in legal procedure, but when we investigate mediums we find that on one occasion the medium may be completely fraudulent; and yet, on another occasion, that same medium may be perfectly valid. For example, when Paladino was being investigated day after day for a whole month on Rambaud Island in the Mediterranean, by three highly qualified scientists, when she was completely isolated and surrounded by the most rigorous and stringent test conditions, when her psychic powers and manifestations were microscopically scrutinized by trained observers, she resorted to no fraud, tricks, or charlatany whatsoever. Deception was impossible under those test conditions. Yet when Paladino came to New York and started to parade her psychic gifts for money, she utilized the most flagrant trickery and was promptly exposed. It was most unfortunate, because, to the common mind, her exposure in New York seemed to invalidate all her former valid manifestations.

It might be stated as a proposition that mediums tend to become fraudulent as soon as they regularly undertake to exhibit and sell their gifts. The best of them have only a thin and uncertain tenure on their psychic faculty. In that respect, mediumship is very like the poetic gift. A man may have written many poems; but, if someone were to put a pistol to his head and demand of him: "You're a poet; now write me a great poem!" the poet would be obliged to say: "Shoot; because I cannot do it now."

Or a man may have made many speeches in his life. When an audience is assembled, no matter what the conditions are, or how tired the speaker may be, he can usually fall back on long training and depend upon a speaker's technique and acquired forensic skills. He may not give an inspired performance, but he can at least acquit himself creditably and honestly. When, on the contrary, the sitters are assembled for a séance, and conditions are not right or the medium's psychic gift does not work, the professional medium feels obliged to deliver something; and, in the absence of valid power, he

has usually nothing to fall back upon but a well-tried repertory of deception and tricks. And, most frequently, that is the time he is discovered. Or, if he is not discovered and gets away with it, then, encouraged by this fraudulent success, he often slips, with incredible rapidity, into the habit of helping out his often valid and genuine phenomena by resorting to more and more dilutions of deception.

It is disheartening to realize how rapidly even the best-intentioned of mediums acquire the vulgar habit of facile success, how quickly they develop a repertory of deception; and the pity of it is that these false shows are generally more dramatic and better contrived to amaze and gratify the expectations of the groundlings than are the less startling but genuine manifestations. With what ease does incorruptibility put on corruption!

Why, one may ask, are there so few real mediums? In the first place, true and valid psychic power seems to be an inherited gift, like a talent for acting or music. The faculty seems to run in families, though it first appears as a sort of biological sport or variation. For example, in the famous Schneider family of Braunau in Austria, a family which had been estimably normal as far as one could discover, four of the six surviving sons exhibited psychic power to a remarkable degree; and, indeed, two of the sons, Willi and Rudi, under rigid test conditions, made psychic history. It is to the Rudi Schneider mediumship that the renowned Nobel Prize winner, Thomas Mann, paid such vivid tribute in his essay "An Evening with the Occult."

Unfortunately, during the Middle Ages, anything unusual or queer in the personality, any departure from normal behavior patterns, was taken as evidence of witchcraft, which was construed as being in league with the devil. And the biblical injunction: "Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live" gave humanity, so easily provoked to fanaticism, an authoritative but inhuman reason for killing off thousands of veritable psychic sensitives. The history and fate of Jeanne d'Arc furnish an outstanding, lurid illustration of the extremes to which superstitious humanity can be seduced. There might be many more veritable psychics today, if we had not piously murdered their ancestors centuries ago.

Even as it is, there are more people with undeveloped psychic

powers than we imagine. Before he died, Professor Hyslop recounted the lamentable case of a remarkable young lady who lived in New York. She was very wealthy and rather fortunately placed socially. Hyslop said that with very little training she might have become one of the most important and valuable psychic personalities. But her parents strenuously objected. They would not hear of it! They did not want their daughter to have any traffic with spooks. They feared for her social future, if it should become known that she was in any way peculiar or different. In a word, they abominated their daughter's rare psychic gift, as if it had been a dreadful inheritance or a disgraceful disease. There are many cases of incipient psychic power in children; but its early manifestations are frequently frowned upon by parents, and the child is often punished for lying when it is reporting what may be valid psychical phenomena. In this way, it is perfectly conceivable that an authentic psychic gift may be jeopardized or lost.

There are some questions commonly asked which concern apparently trivial matters; but, until we know more definitely about the conditions for psychic manifestations, it is difficult indeed to say what things are trivial. Certain stipulations that seem so trivial may turn out to be very important and necessary in contributing to the ambient conditions.

Take, for example, the question of darkness. There are some powerful mediumistic personalities that can work in ordinary light. But the fact is that most mediums prefer utter Egyptian darkness, or at most a dim red light. There is a reason for this. Many skeptics exclaim: "Why must they do it in the dark?" These skeptics forget that many things occur only in the dark. The germination of most plant life occurs in the dark of the soil; though, when the plant emerges, it needs the sunlight. The fecundation of all animal life occurs in the darkness of the womb. All foetal development takes place in the dark, though after the animal is born it needs the light. The most powerful actinic rays in physics are found in the relative "darkness" of the ultraviolet end of the spectrum. The most potent heat rays lie beyond the visible red at the other end of the spectrum. The radio wave travels much more quickly through the dark than through the light, because the ultraviolet rays of the sun ionize the

air. The development of photographic plates cannot be accomplished in ordinary light.

Common daylight frequently has dangerous and explosive effects in chemistry. For instance, an atom of hydrogen and an atom of chlorine will lie next to each other, like good peaceful neighbors, in the dark. But just allow the tiniest trace of light to reach them, and a violent detonation results. Then, instead of having two gases, hydrogen and chlorine, you produce a liquid: hydrochloric acid, one of the most powerful acids known to chemistry.

In a psychical séance, darkness may be a condition precedent for the emergence of psychic manifestation. It has already been pointed out that all psychic phenomena are manifestations of the unconscious. Any psychologist will tell you that the easiest way to lull the incessant and distracting activity of the conscious mind is to put out the light. We are likely to close our eyes when we listen to music. If the conscious mind is engaged by seeing various objects, and the attention strained by concentrating on this man's frown or that woman's hat, the unconscious activity is in that proportion inhibited. So, subdued light or absolute darkness has its value as a condition for the emergence and functioning of the unconscious.

The mental attitude of the sitters, trivial as it may appear, is another condition. If the sitters are willing and co-operative, they may help, and frequently do help, psychic manifestation. If the sitters are resistant or aggressively skeptical, they hinder. In psychic investigation we should have an open-minded, receptive attitude. We may be agnostic; but we should not be aggressively opposed.

Mediums are usually very sensitively telepathic. They sense an enemy. It is difficult for any of us to do our best in an atmosphere of cynical suspicion.

A speaker appears before an audience. If the audience welcomes him with their applause, it warms him up. Applause is only an audience's friendly way of shaking hands and saying: "We are with you, old man. We are glad to see you. We trust you. Come on and strut your stuff." Under these circumstances, they get everything the speaker has to give. But if the speaker walks on the same stage and finds himself confronted by a hostile audience, a handcuffed and

frozen-faced crowd, he will do his best, to be sure; but the audience is providing hurdles for him. They are making it difficult for him, and the easy flow of communication is dammed at the footlights by the wall of their resistance.

On the other hand, we must not overload with too much importance the trivial things that mediums occasionally or even regularly do in order to invite the emergence of their psychical gift. Some will want a bowl of water in the middle of the room. Some trumpet mediums will want two, and others three, trumpets. Some do not want any trumpets at all. Some will want you to sit in a circle; others, some other way. Some will want music, prayers, or hymns. Others will want casual conversation around them. Some will object to a sitter crossing his legs; and others do not bother about legs at all. Some will insist upon having someone there with whom they have sat before; and others will make no stipulations whatsoever. All these things are part of the conditions of a séance. They may, each one of them, be perverted to base uses. For example, under the cover of darkness, many surreptitious things may be accomplished. And under the noise of singing hymns, many pious frauds may be secretively consummated. We simply must do the best we can to be co-operative, and yet not be imposed upon.

Many of the things that mediums do are part of what we might call their technique for the release of their gift. Psychic gifts are like any other gifts; and we do not always know why we do certain idiosyncratic things in order to encourage their manifestations. Even great genius often resorts to rather trivial abracadabra for the release of its powers. The pages of Lombroso and Max Nordau teem with illustrations of this. For example, Strindberg could only create in a sort of neurotic frenzy. Goethe could only write when he was utterly calm. Schiller apparently could only compose in the sweet, sickening, pungent atmosphere of rotting apples. De Quincey could write best when under the influence of laudanum; Rossetti, under the influence of morphine. Michelangelo did his best after long and tedious prayers. Milton required the Bible to be read to him before he began to write. Byron wrote most of his long poems in a state of hangover, the morning after he had exhaustively indulged in wine, woman, and song.

The famous American playwright Augustus Thomas was obliged to work out a completely detailed scenario before his creativeness would flow. On the contrary, Frances Hodgson Burnett did her best work without any plan at all. She confessed that she wrote best when she did not know at the top of the page what would emerge at the bottom. Mrs. Burnett's writing was almost automatic. Daniel Webster's eloquence was usually released by indulgence in a substantial bottle, which apparently overcame the inhibitions of his interfering, critical mind. It is said that the superb William James himself was compelled to go through the trifling ceremony of sharpening exactly thirteen pencils before he sat down to write. It was an insignificant and trivial ceremony for a great release. Keats was obliged to indulge in a ritual of purification, namely, to take a bath and don fresh linen, before he could compose.

In the old days of opera, those behind the scenes used to marvel at Lilli Lehmann's regular quarrels with the stage hands, until they realized that that was her way of starting her engines and warming up her machinery to release that glorious voice of hers. Then she would go on and sing like an angel.

Gertrude Atherton was once asked why she never stayed put in any one place. She replied that she always had to move when she began a new book. She said that everything in the old place was associated with the old book.

Fortunetellers often have bewildering methods of shuffling and laying out cards. What they do with cards is also an eccentric and trivial mechanical technique of release, which at times sets free a valid telepathic or clairvoyant gift.

Above all things, we should never listen to a mediumistic personality's explanation of the facts or phenomena that he transmits. We should simply appraise and assess the phenomena. The medium's explanation of the phenomena is usually superstitious, pathetically childish, trivial, and utterly unscientific. The reason for this is that, in his explanation, his conscious mind enters; and that, to say the least, is not important with most mediums.

Now to add a few additional general comments before we get down to the question of the triviality of the evidence itself. You will

never get a *quod est demonstrandum* proof of anything in psychics. You will never arrive at what is known as proof by the method of mathematical certainty, or proof by the method of mathematics. But you never get that in any other science but mathematics and the sciences, like astronomy, that depend upon mathematics.

The evidence in psychical research is cumulative; and our conclusions are the result of convictions that crystallize themselves into clarity after we get a saturated solution of carefully observed, often trivial, data.

We have said that many people dismiss valid psychic occurrence by calling it coincidence. Coincidence is a careless grab bag. When well-observed incidents are often repeated, we must conclude that there is a law, a purpose, or an intention at work somewhere. For example, suppose Mr. A picks up his telephone to call Mrs. B just as she is about to telephone him. All right. The first and second times it may be coincidental. But when it gets to the fifteenth time, it is time for Mr. B to start worrying. He can justly conclude that Mrs. B and Mr. A are telepathic as well as telephonic affinities, to say the least!

Also, we must be careful not to be satisfied with merely naming a phenomenon. Naming a thing proves nothing but the existence of a vocabulary. For instance, even experienced researchers often say: "Oh, that is just telepathy," or "just clairvoyance!" dismissing the fact, when the phenomena of telepathy or clairvoyance in themselves are the very things that baffle us. These glib dismissals must be guarded against.

In another connection, we have already adverted to the fact that there are two schools in psychical research, the animistic and the spiritistic schools. The animistic school maintains that all psychic powers are an extension of the living, incarnate personality. They explain telepathy as an organic faculty of the living, whereas the spiritistic school maintains that even telepathy can be best explained by the intervention of disembodied personalities or discarnate spirits.

It is extremely difficult, in marginal phenomena, to say just where telepathy ends and something else begins. In mediumistic phenomena, it is equally difficult to say where the contribution of the medium's unconscious ends, and where the extrapersonal or the spiritistic be-

gins. And here is where the evidential value of the trivial is most important.

After witnessing the phenomena of a direct-voice medium, it is perfectly natural for many people to discuss the quality of the voices they have heard. One invariably will say: "Well, of course, I don't know; it may have been poor dear Aunt Lizzie. But the voice sounded pretty much like the medium's own voice. Don't you think so?" Why, of course, in many instances, in almost all of them, the voice is bound to sound somewhat like the medium's voice; because, whatever else he is, a medium is primarily a medium, and whatever entity communicates through that medium of communication is bound to use the medium's vocal apparatus to some extent. Snow is snow. But as soon as we make a snowball with our own hands, it is very likely to carry the personal imprint of our own fingers. Finally, let us come to grips with the real subject matter, the evidential value of the trivial.

Many people refuse to accept the accumulating evidence in psychical research, because they think the evidence concerns such trivial details. In the first published reports of his sittings with Mrs. Piper, Professor Hyslop expressed the conviction that through Mrs. Piper he had succeeded in getting into communication with his dead father. True enough, old Hyslop, the father, made reference to many trivial things like a Hyomei cure for catarrh, a gold-headed cane, and a church organ that had been given to a little local church somewhere in his native Ohio. Professor Hyslop took great pains and a long time to investigate and verify these trivia. He was jubilant over the results of the sittings and subsequent verifications.

Telepathy, of course, was ruled out because, in several instances, Professor Hyslop himself knew nothing, and could have known nothing, of the matters to which his father referred. We can accordingly imagine his dismay when the press and pulpit all over the country roared with Homeric laughter. Professor Hyslop's critics were unanimous in their mockery: "Look here, Professor Hyslop, if you manage to get your father on the long distance after all these years, has the old boy nothing better to talk about and nothing more important to communicate than a lot of triviality—a farrago of stuff

and nonsense about a long-lost gold-headed cane and a Hyomei cure for catarrh and a wheezy catarrhal organ in some forgotten little church somewhere in Ohio? Why does not old Hyslop tell us something of importance about the future life?" Quite apparently, the evidential value of the trivial never dawned upon these sneering critics. To begin with, life is made up of trivial things.

Then, to shed the cloak of the editorial "We," as a dramatist I know that characterizations on the stage are made up of crucial and evocative, pregnant and poignant, little things; and I told that to Professor Hyslop. So he conceived an experiment. He wanted to prove what things were evidential of personality and aided us in the recognition of personality. This is what he did. He stretched a telegraph wire between Schermerhorn Hall and the Engineering Building at Columbia University. Assisted by a telegraph operator, he stationed himself at one end of the wire in the Engineering Building. A group of friends and students, including myself, along with a second telegraph operator, were stationed at the other end in Schermerhorn Hall. We did not use a telephone, for the obvious reason that, since Professor Hyslop knew all of us, our voices would easily betray us.

We wanted to discover only one thing: what kind of communication would provide Professor Hyslop with indubitable evidence of any particular personality in the Schermerhorn Hall group; so that Professor Hyslop could say definitely: "That is X, or that is Y, or that is Z."

When it was my cue to speak, I spoke about the remarkable fact that Royce, a Hegelian, James, a pragmatist, and Münsterberg, a materialist, were all on the same faculty of philosophy at Harvard at the same time. Then I discussed Bergson and the position of the intuitionists in modern philosophy. All to no purpose. Professor Hyslop could not guess who it was at the other end of the wire. But then I telegraphed the following: "Coming up in the Amsterdam Avenue car, you and I discussed Bergson's *Creative Evolution*. The conductor was amused at our barbarous French. We both tried to pay the fare. Your dime dropped onto the mat." At this trivial communication, Professor Hyslop promptly telegraphed back "Anspacher."

In every case we found that it was the little, trivial things which

provided the recognizable evidence of personality, even among the living.

Now to return to the Piper communications.

The one thing that Professor Hyslop was trying to prove was the persistence of personality after death. If the communications through Mrs. Piper had been composed of vague generalities about the future life, what credibility or what evidential value would they have possessed? How could we know that it was old Father Hyslop speaking and not the entranced, bemused unconscious of Mrs. Piper herself, indulging in memories of her Sunday-school days, larded and interspersed with pompous platitudes from the Book of Revelations —such as fill the scribblings of most honest, albeit self-deluded, automatic writers?

As soon as it is announced that Saint Paul or Jesus, or Buddha or Franklin, or Swedenborg or Caesar, or any well-known and important personality, is taking the stage in a séance, or is guiding the pen of an automatic writer, a cautious investigator becomes immediately suspicious of the validity and verity of the communication. A truly scientific investigator wants nothing oracular, sibylline, or Delphic, or of uncommon knowledge. He wants no "important" revelations. He wants the things so trivial that they cannot be invented. He wants the things so casual that they are mostly overlooked and forgotten. Such trivial things discount expectant attention. He wants the details so commonplace and unimaginative that nobody's unconscious collaboration could provide them. He wants the little things so agonizingly personal that they have no relevance beyond the personality that is communicating. It is these very trivial, half-forgotten, and often heart-breaking details that supply the best evidence for the persistence of personality.

Let me illustrate. Suppose you are in an audience and that I am speaking to you. Suppose, further, that after leaving here, I get run down and killed by a car. Then suppose that you are all gathered together again, a few days later, in order to investigate a well-accredited mediumistic personality. Suppose also that, in the midst of other manifestations, a voice comes through and says: "This is Louis Anspacher." Now then, if that voice continues and says: "Look here,

my friends, I am on the other side. It was a leap in the dark, but I am all right now. Hyslop is here; so are Balfour and F. W. H. Myers and Hodgson and all our old friends, gathered here on the other side of the Styx to welcome me. Do not have any fear of death. The prize goes to him that overcometh. This is the life eternal. We have no bodies here as you have down there. But as soon as I think of being anyplace, somehow I get there. I have seen the Pearly Gates; and I have had a look at the *Book of Life*. Oh, I know a lot more than I ever did. This is the Great Adventure. I am afraid I will have to continue lecturing, because they apparently need philosophers and teachers up here, too, to instruct the earthbound spirits and send them on their way up the Golden Stairs to the next higher plane. Flowers do not fade here and the sun does not go down. We are all in the fourth dimension; and a lot of people are cavorting around like Valkyries on their astral or Jack-astral bodies."

Well, that kind of nonsense can be, and often is, reeled off by any fake medium. I can do it myself by the ream. And I would supposedly be telling you something "important" about conditions in the future life. But would it be important? It would be the kind of generalized bunk that would satisfy the critics of Hyslop and the harp-and-angel peddlers in the many pulpits. But what real evidence would you have that it was I speaking? None whatsoever.

Now suppose, however, that instead of musty and flatulent platitudes you heard this communication: "Hello, Ernest and hello, Helen: I am glad you are here. I was with you on January 12th. You remember, I asked for the amplifier because I had been lecturing at the Town Hall that morning, and my voice was a little tired. You asked me about Kathryn. I wore a brocade full-dress waistcoat that your very well-dressed, handsome Ernest always envied. And I joked about telephonic instead of telepathic affinities. It is funny how you hit upon subjects to lecture about. It was really you yourself who suggested the subject of the January 12th lecture. Do you remember, Helen, you invited me to dine at your home in the late fall with Dame Whitty and Ben Webster, whom I met years ago, when I was arranging for the production of some of my plays in London? That evening, after we spoke about plays, we talked about psychics, and

Ben Webster said something about the boresome unimportance of most psychic communications. And I said to him: 'Look here, Ben, the very unimportance, the very triviality of the evidence is in itself important; because any adroit medium can fake the so-called important things.' You remember, Helen, you were sitting on that beautiful, back-breaking Chinese davenport of yours, that I would never sit on. And you suddenly said: 'Now listen, Louis, that is the subject for a lecture you must deliver for us at Hyslop House.' And I said, promptly, 'Right you are. I will see my manager about a date.' Then Ernest came in with the cocktails and we got cheerful."

Now, all this is as trivial as you please, but it could not possibly be invented by a medium. It is veritable and evidential of me and of me only, and of the persistence of my stubborn personality.

You may say that it is all telepathy from the minds of our hypothetical Helen and Ernest. A medium is an incorrigible little magpie for telepathy. His unconscious is an Autolycus, a veritable snapper-up of unconsidered trifles.

But now let us add another trivial detail, the evidential value of which you yourself will decide. Suppose this time the voice begins the communication by saying: "Look here, I wanted to crash through to you tonight because Ernest is a lawyer and there is some difficulty in apprehending the hit-and-run taxi driver who ran me down and got away. So, Ernest, old boy, take your pencil. Now listen carefully, Ernest. The last thing I remember before I kicked out was one of those red-and-yellow cabs. I was knocked down by the left front fender. The driver didn't get out. He backed up and drove swiftly away. I couldn't see the driver, but, as I lay there in the street after I was hit, I had two good chances of seeing his license plate on the front of the car. And I saw the plate on the rear over the tail light as the car turned and dashed away. The number burned itself indelibly upon my mind. It is B.V.D. 387-462. Now, old friend, have you got that? Write down that number, B.V.D. 387-462. Go to the license bureau, get that driver, and put him where he can't kill anybody else."

Obviously, there is no platitude here whatsoever, or any "important" description of the state of grace in the future life. It is all

trivial. But if, with the help of that number, our hypothetical Ernest runs down that taxi driver and forces him to confess, it is down-right evidence that something of me is persisting, something that cannot be explained by telepathy; because, at that moment, nobody but me knows that trivial detail.

Strangely enough we have two well-accredited cases right in that same category: one in England, the other in Italy.

In this connection, it is well to remember that nature itself is not above the trivial, and that most important revelations of natural laws have come through the peephole of the most trifling circumstances.

Several thousand years ago, a forgotten shepherd in Magnesia, in northeastern Greece, picks up a piece of amber gum at the foot of a tree, and begins to polish this bit of amber against his rough sheep-skin cloak. He suddenly hears a little crackle, and notices that the bit of amber, when rubbed, attracts the hair of his shaggy cloak, bits of wool or straw, and other trifles. This was the first manifestation of frictional electricity in history; and all the laws of magnetism, even the very name magnetism itself, derive from the trivial experience of this Magnesian shepherd. And, incidentally, the Greek word for amber is "electron"!

One day, Galileo is sitting in a drowsy old church at Pisa. The padre is mumbling through a soporific mass. A shuffling old verger has just replenished the oil in the lamp swinging over the altar. And the lamp continues swinging with diminishing amplitude, until it comes to rest.

It was a trifling, a trivial occurrence. But to the alert mind of Galileo, awake in the dimness of that sleepy old church, there came a sudden revelation. Galileo, then and there, invented the pendulum clock and began his series of experiments on the laws of motion by controlling it in terms of time.

On another day, Newton is lying in the grass under the trees of an orchard in England. He is in an autumn reverie. He is at peace with the ripe world around him, when, suddenly, a ripe apple falls to the ground. That falling apple, trivial as it was, startled Newton's passive reverie into active and fertile speculation. It was that trivial suggestion that revealed to him the law of gravitation, which inspired

his volume on *Celestial Mechanics*, wherein he conceived of the planets as cosmic apples submitting to the pull of constant gravitation in their circular orbits. Whether or not that story is apocryphal, as some scientists aver, it still remains an illuminating illustration of the tremendous implications of the trivial.

One day, a young physician named Sigmund Freud is working in a clinic in Vienna with another physician by the name of Breuer. They are both bewildered by the strange symptoms of a talkative hysterical woman patient. The old treatment for hysteria was to use sedatives, usually bromides. This was a cure of symptoms and naturally never reached the root of the disease. These two young doctors may have run out of sedatives, or it may be that Freud is more curious than usual on this particular rainy afternoon. Possibly he is just tired. At any rate, Dr. Freud feels some trivial prompting to let this woman talk it out, whereas formerly the doctors have always tried to hush her up. Maybe this time he simply cannot stop her! Who can say? Anyway, on this occasion, when she gets tired of wagging her tongue, Freud prods her with more questions and notices suddenly that, as soon as he asks a leading question, there is an emotional explosion. But after the woman has talked out that explosive subject, she becomes relaxed and calm. The whole of the theory of complexes in the unconscious, and ultimately the whole of the Freudian psychoanalysis, derived from this case and a series of similar cases.

Of course, we must remember that Freud had studied with Charcot and other hypnotists of the Nancy School, which is the reason why his mind was sharpened for the hypnotic approach. It is also said that the early patients of Freud and Breuer were all hypnotized, or partially so. This in no way detracts from the pertinence of the illustration.

In modern psychoanalysis, trivial slips of the tongue often reveal tremendously important complexes buried in the unconscious.

There is on record a classic case, familiar to all serious students of psychoanalysis. Not so long ago, a brilliant young girl of excellent family, wealth, and social position insisted upon marrying a certain man of whom her parents violently disapproved. Shortly after her marriage, she developed a deep-seated melancholia which bordered

upon suicide. After many futile attempts on the part of her family and physicians to discover the reason for this change, as a last desperate resort, she was sent to a psychoanalyst, who, on discovering that she liked the theater, advised her to see as many plays as possible and discuss them with him while they were still fresh in her mind.

She fell in with this suggestion unenthusiastically, and apathetically reported to him on play after play. The analyst could get no further and was himself beginning to despair of ever plucking out the heart of her mystery, until one morning she reported that she had seen Wallace Eddinger in a new play the night before. The doctor asked her the name of the play. She replied, "*Officer 606*." Knowing that the real title of the play was *Officer 666*, the analyst instantly realized that that slip of the tongue on the part of his patient provided the peephole through which he could peer into the secret of her sick mind. For "606" is the pharmaceutical name for Salvarsan, a well-known specific in the treatment of syphilis. This trivial flash from the depths of her unconscious disclosed the entire sordid and mortifying cause of her wretched state. Her melancholia was a defense that her unconscious erected against the humiliation of confessing to her parents that their suspicions were justified and that the man she had insisted upon marrying was diseased.

If I may be pardoned a personal reference, some time ago I went up to see my old friend David Warfield. He asked me what I was doing. I answered that I was writing and lecturing on the fascinating subject of psychical research.

He laughed pleasantly and tolerantly and then chuckled: "Look here, Doctor, have I got to be nervous about you? I don't like to see an old friend become cuckoo in the coco. As far as I can see, it is all much ado about nothing. Everything I read about psychical research makes the whole business seem trivial."

I replied: "All right. But I don't think you realize the trivial beginning of David Belasco's interest in psychical plays, like *Case of Becky* and *The Return of Peter Grimm*, and, after all, Peter Grimm was one of your great roles." Then I told him the following story.

My wife, the actress Kathryn Kidder, had just returned from an

exhausting tour. She had been appearing in Flaubert's *Salammbô* and in Shakespeare's *Winter's Tale*. Though not dangerously ill, she was completely exhausted, and her doctor insisted that she should not leave her bed for a couple of weeks. We were at that time living at the Finney Farm at Croton on Hudson, New York. I had finished a new play which I was anxious to present to Mr. Belasco. I was, at that time, a relatively unknown dramatist, and it was very difficult to get an appointment with this leading producer in our American theater. Suddenly, word came from Mr. Belasco that he would listen to a reading of the play in his studio at the old Belasco Theater.

I left home with some misgivings about my wife who that day had been quite ill and nervous, but who, nevertheless, insisted that the appointment with Mr. Belasco was too important to be passed up. But, before leaving for the city, I was fortified by my wife's assurances that I was not to worry. She promised me that she would not leave her bed. Her theater maid, Tessie, was her devoted nurse and companion.

A few hours afterwards, while reading my play to Mr. Belasco, I suddenly stopped in the middle of an exciting scene, apologized for the interruption, and asked if I might use the telephone which was there before me on his library table. Belasco said: "Why of course!" I took the phone and rang up my home in Croton on Hudson, and Tessie promptly answered. The first thing I said to her, without asking any questions whatever, was: "Tessie, please tell Mrs. Anspacher to get right back into bed. I do not want to worry about her."

This was the most definite instance of clairvoyance that ever happened to me. Sitting in New York over thirty miles away, I very clearly saw my wife up, partially dressed, and walking about her room. The vision was so vivid that it disturbed my reading, and I could not continue. Needless to add, my clairvoyant vision was absolutely correct. She had become so fatigued lying in bed that she thought she would rest herself by getting up. And it was at that very moment that I received the clairvoyant invasion.

Mr. Belasco was amazed, as I had already told him that Miss Kidder was not well enough to come with me to the reading. He became very thoughtful. After the reading of the play was finished,

he inquired avidly for more information about the subject of psychical research, asking many questions about the mysterious faculties of the human personality.

Mr. Belasco's interest, vital as it was, remained academic until some years later, when he was almost prostrated by the death of his daughter, Mrs. Morris Gest. Then, suddenly, all of his interest in the question of psychics and immortality came alive with a personal and poignant intensity, as his moving and tender production of *The Return of Peter Grimm* revealed.

After seeing *The Return of Peter Grimm*, I spoke again with Mr. Belasco and complimented him on the play, the direction, the production, and the performance. I asked him then how he became sufficiently interested in psychical research to embark upon the production of a play about it. He smiled and said: "Some years ago you startled me. I witnessed a veritable case of telepathy, or clairvoyance, in you, when you interrupted your reading of an important scene in your play to verify a hunch you had about your wife. I have been interested ever since. And when my daughter died, that interest became the biggest thing in my life."

Now to come to some conclusions: First, in all psychic communication the trivial is portentous and evidential, because the very triviality of an occurrence often discounts expectant attention. When something happens that we cannot anticipate or do not expect, it is in that proportion significant and valid. F. W. H. Myers and Sir Oliver Lodge present some very arresting cases of what is known as "cross correspondence." For example, in Boston, a line in Latin, quoted from Vergil, is written in trance by a medium who knows no Latin. The line concerns a spear. The Latin word for spear is *telum*. At about the same time in England, three thousand miles away, a medium in trance draws a spear for no reason at all. The cases of "cross correspondence" are most arresting, because they seem to indicate that the same mind is operating through different personalities in different places at the same time.²

Second, trivial evidence is often crucial, because it is the only kind

² In this connection it might be well to look at Chapter VII of *Our Immortality* by Maurice Maeterlinck. This chapter deals with cross correspondence.

of evidence which can possibly lead us beyond telepathy between the living into the domain of possible communication with those who have passed over. In these communications we should not expect important descriptions of the future life. In reality, such descriptions are not important. We must bear in mind that our whole vocabulary is an earth-bound vocabulary, or, if you choose to call it so, a three-dimensional vocabulary. When we consider the difficulty of communication, it is marvelous that we get anything at all, no matter how trivial. Every word we use is jammed full of our earthly experience. Discarnate spirits, if there are such, may have no vocabulary to describe a world they have never before experienced. So possibly all they can do is say: "Hello, I am here."

A certain winged butterfly is developed from the crawling, factual cabbage worm. We know that. We see that transformation every spring in any garden. The butterfly lives above the earth. It functions in a different ambience and a different environment, an environment entirely alien from the earthbound worm that gave it birth. What can a liberated butterfly conceivably tell a worm; even admitting that it is a mediumistic worm, and a strangely articulate, talkative, and communicative butterfly. What can the butterfly say to the worm? Or the worm to the butterfly? How can the butterfly tell the worm of its metamorphosed body, of a body that can carry itself on wings? What vocabulary of mutual understanding can there be? How can the butterfly describe to the worm the new dimension of life in which it functions? The common-sense worm would very likely and excusably reply "Bunk!" to anything the gossipy butterfly might say. Ultimately, all that the butterfly could do would be to brush the worm with its wings or tap it on the head and say: "Look up. I am here. Do not look for me in the cocoon that was my grave, because something of me escaped from that and became this that I am now."

In its agitation, the fluttering butterfly might conceivably leave a trace of its powdery damask wings upon a very mundane cabbage leaf. Then some more observant or more sensitive worm might possibly exclaim: "What ho! Ectoplasm!" and be disturbed and perplexed.

Third, we must not dismiss a phenomenon, however trivial, be-

cause we cannot explain it. We have made electricity the messenger boy to the cosmos. Electricity has given man a new power and changed the face of our entire civilization, and yet no physicist can explain exactly what electricity is. Everything in life and nature is fundamentally miraculous. None of the ultimates in force, matter, or energy has yet been explained. This whole world is the perpetual unleashing of miracles. Time cannot wither nor custom stale its infinite variety.

Every sense we have developed in our long evolution reveals another world, or another dimension of life, to which this separate sense has access. It is perfectly possible, even probable, that the accumulated trivial evidence vouchsafed us in telepathy and through the psychic senses with which certain privileged persons are endowed will ultimately reveal another world, or another spiritual or etheric dimension of this world to which this psychic or this cryptesthetic sense has access.

In sixty-odd years, the little time during which psychical research has functioned as a science, sufficient evidence has accumulated to force us to choose between two horns of a dilemma. Either there must be almost omniscient telepathy on the one hand, or else there must be survival of some kind of personal consciousness after death. There is no other alternative. It is only an understanding of the evidential value of the trivial that will carry us beyond telepathy to the other alternative.

PART TWO

*Psychic Manifestations in
Art and Literature*

*... These our actors,
As I foretold you, were all spirits, and
Are melted into air, into thin air;
And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,
The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve;
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind. We are such stuff
As dreams are made on, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep.*

—SHAKESPEARE: *The Tempest*

AT THIS POINT IT MIGHT BE WELL TO MAKE SOME FEW SERVICEABLE distinctions between psychology and psychics. Apart from the controversial aspects of the two-and-seventy jarring sects that be-devil both sciences, we may say, for the most part, that psychology concerns itself primarily with the usual and normal manifestations of the human mental equipment: the physical brain and five senses, and their normal response to the usual physical environment. Psychology concerns itself secondarily with abnormalities, repressions, and maladjustments.

In contradistinction, psychics concerns itself primarily with the unusual and supernormal manifestations of the psyche or soul.

We shall devote this chapter to an investigation of the profound psychic unconscious, not the Freudian repressed subconscious; to a discussion of this wonderland of the human faculty, the psychic unconscious, and to some of the unusual and mysterious manifestations of hidden or latent powers in the human soul.

Hudson maintains that this profound psychic unconscious is what we mean by the soul, as distinct from the brain. On all questions of the soul, mankind has swung between the too credulous "yes" of the faithful believers and the too emphatic "no" of the skeptics. The modesty of the open-minded agnostic has been drowned out between the fanatical assertions of the one and the equally defiant denials of the other.

The materialistic skeptic of the nineteenth century, backed by modern scientific progress, has done so much for mankind that we are very likely to trust him in all his assertions. And when he denies the existence of a soul, this profoundest psychic unconscious, we are inclined to accept his negation as final authority.

Pascal supplies an answer to all the dogmatic certitudes of materialistic science. He said to the aggressive skeptics and scientists of his day: "When a man stands up and says there is no soul and fails to *prove* what he says; he utters as foolish a negation as though he had said that space contained no stars beyond the range of the most powerful telescope."

And the great English mystic and poet, William Blake, administers the *coup de grâce* to these Pharisees and Philistines: "When I look at the sun, you say to me 'What do you see? Do you not see a yellow disc the size of a guinea?' 'No! No! No!' I answer, 'I see an innumerable company of the heavenly host, crying Holy, Holy, Holy is the Lord God Almighty! I question not my corporeal eye any more than I would consult a window concerning what is to be seen outside. I look *through* my eyes, not *with* them.' "

The materialistic skeptic used to announce bluntly that there is no soul. He said there is a brain, and that the brain secretes thought exactly as the stomach secretes digestive juices. In other words, the brain thinks, exactly as the stomach digests. And we know that there are lots of people with brains who do not think, just as there are lots of people with lots of stomach and no digestion.¹

For such a skeptical rationalist, there is no soul. When he studies the function of the brain, he limits his psychology to what was known as the "content of consciousness." But modern psychology has abundantly demonstrated that the conscious mind is only a very small section of the mind. Modern psychology has proved that what we call the conscious mind is just the emergent apex, the upper stratum of an enormous and dominating unconscious. We all know the analogy of the iceberg. What we see of the iceberg is just about one eighth of its mass. Seven eighths of the iceberg are submerged. Likewise with the human faculty. The small bright, clever, reasoning,

¹ For William James' answer to this contention, see pp. 266 *et seq.*

conscious mind is only the visible surface manifestation of a profounder, subjacent, deeper unconscious, which we have now come to realize is the more important, dominant, and determining reservoir and wonderland of our faculties.

Of course, at this point, the old-fashioned materialistic skeptic gets into a perfect dither. He finds himself in the same predicament as the old-fashioned physicist. This old-fashioned physicist dealt with matter in three dimensions: up, down, and sidewise. Then along comes Einstein with his space-time continuum and brings in an otherwise. He welds the two apparent irreconcilables, space and time, into a unit, a new way of treating time and space as a matter of convenience and logical necessity. This marriage of expediency, without benefit of the Philistine clergy, has now become the accepted space-time frame of our external cognition.

The old-fashioned physicist centered his entire attention upon matter and energy, separated the two, and talked grandly of inertia. Einstein unified matter and energy in his mass-energy equivalence equation. Modern physics, among other dizzy speculations, says that matter is only a curvature of strain in the hyper-geometrical ether, a strain that broadcasts its effects as gravitation.

At this bewildering crossroads of sublunary speculation, we are suddenly pulled up short by another stop signal which reads: "Sharp curvature ahead! Road under repair! Proceed at your own risk!" We proceed with great caution, relying upon this newest road map for our speculative adventure, which tells us that, according to relativity, forces must be abolished as anthropomorphic conceptions, or rather as animistic conceptions. A stone falls because it has to follow the course of what is called a geodesic, a warping of space. The modern physicist regards matter and energy as one, in accordance with Einstein's simple algebraic equation: $e = mc^2$, in which "e" is energy in dynes, "m" is mass in grams and "c" is the velocity of light. We are assured that pretty much all of theoretical physics is contained in that equation. The ether has also been abolished. Its properties have been transferred to space. The visible, tangible world is only the external and visible sign of something invisible and intangible.

Under the leadership of Fitzgerald, Lorentz, Minkowski, Einstein,

Friedmann, Lemaître and Eddington, we are now investigating space. So, we see the old-fashioned physicist and all his dogmatic paraphernalia about three dimensional space and immutable matter are thrown out of court and discarded, except by the chemist and the engineer.² In the same way, the old-fashioned psychologist, with all his dogmatic conclusions about the relation of the physical brain and the conscious mind, is superseded. He is not refuted. He is just left behind and stranded. The swift currents of research have swept beyond him.

Within the last sixty-odd years, psychologists and psychic researchers have established the existence of this unconscious mind, continuous with but subjacent to the conscious mind. The unconscious mind has apparently very little dependence upon the brain and the five senses, functioning in space and time. And many of our conclusions about the conscious mind do not seem to apply to the unconscious, which in some unknown way seems to have contact with some more cryptic, more profound, and miraculous source of energy and intuition.

Evolution and the struggle for existence have laid an undue emphasis of importance upon the conscious mind. The conscious mind is bright, clever, definite, and rational. It is directly dependent upon the brain and the five senses, and, accordingly, works for adaptation to our physical environment. There has been a corresponding submergence or atrophy, perhaps, of the unconscious, that more innocent, more vague, more profound source of vision and intuitive knowledge. This is very important to remember in psychical research, because all psychic phenomena are related to the unconscious.

Modern psychology and psychical research are constantly providing arresting and increasing evidence of the existence of psychical forces and faculties deriving from this unconscious part of the mind. The point is that this psychic unconscious is like another dimension of the mind. It obliterates space and time as we know them. It deals with an environment that, for lack of a better or more definitive term, we call cosmic, spiritual, metetherial, or superphysical. It does

² The nineteenth-century physicist clung to the doctrine of the conservation of matter, which has been experimentally disproved in our day.

not deal with matter as we know it, nor through the senses as we know them.

Traditional psychology maintained, in accordance with the old Latin formula *Nihil in intellectu quod non prius fuerit in sensu*, that there is nothing in the intellect which has not come directly through the senses. Modern psychics says that is all right for the conscious mind; but, in the same breath, modern psychics furnishes irrefutable, unanswerable evidence to prove that the unconscious, the subliminal mind possesses avenues of knowledge—telepathic, telesthetic and phantasmal—that seem to be totally independent of the ordinary five senses as we know them.

Here is the report of a case analyzed by William James of Harvard. In this case, we will see that nothing whatever came or could come from the five senses. The story is substantially as follows: A certain young girl named Bertha disappeared from Enfield, New Hampshire, on October 31, 1898. Bertha had been seen to go as far as the Shaker Bridge, a well-known landmark, but had not been seen beyond. More than a hundred persons searched the woods and the shores of the lake and found nothing. Then a diver was engaged who searched the lake, especially near the bridge, and he found nothing.

Three nights later, between the 2nd and 3rd of November, a Mrs. Titus, at Lebanon, five miles from Enfield, dreamed that she saw Bertha's body in a certain place. She woke her husband and told him so. The next morning Mrs. Titus went to the Shaker Bridge and indicated to the diver "within an inch" where the body should be found, head downward so that only the India-rubber sole of one of her shoes could be seen. The diver, following Mrs. Titus' directions, discovered the body caught in the branches of a tree, six yards under the water which was very turbid. At this point the diver had something to say in the record: "I was much impressed. Corpses in the water don't frighten me; but I feared the woman on the bridge. How can a woman come five miles from Lebanon and tell me where the body was! It was in a deep hole, head downward, and in the dark I could hardly see it."

Now, Mrs. Titus had not left her home in Lebanon, five miles

away, and knew nothing definite about the situation, until a phantasmal invasion occurred in her sleep when her normal five senses were in abeyance.

This is a perfectly characteristic case of dream vision or cryptesthesia, wherein the ordinary conscious faculties are suspended. The records of the Society for Psychical Research are full of such well-attested and authenticated cases of phantasmal invasion or direct appeal to the unconscious, without the usual intermediary of the five senses and the conscious mind.

There was no professional medium involved in this case. But from the great number of similar occurrences, we may safely conclude that there is an amateur medium, to a greater or lesser degree, in all of us.

Some of these cases of cryptesthesia are so lucid and definite that the person seeing the vision is often accused of participation through previous knowledge.

To utilize an analogy without driving it too hard, we used to think that, in order to manipulate a telephone or telegraph instrument, it was always necessary to stretch an electric wire between the transmitter and the receiver. That tangible electric wire was like the usual equipment of the five senses. Then came wireless and the radio, which prove that the ordinary electric wire is not essential as a conduit.

In like manner, the unconscious mind apparently possesses faculties for picking currents or vibrations out of somewhere and dispenses with the usual conscious conduits and equipment of the five senses.

Within the last sixty-odd years we have been maturing a new scientific attitude to psychical facts. Where formerly we were content to accept coincidences, we are now discovering laws. Above all, we are getting rid of the word "supernatural." "Supernatural" is the laziest word in the vocabulary of ignorance, and the largest word in the vocabulary of superstition. We have already said that nothing is supernatural, because nothing can transcend the laws of nature. We are simply discovering that nature has more dimensions, and that the human faculty has more approaches and more senses than we formerly believed.

Some things may be supernormal, inasmuch as they may not usually occur to the ordinary unimaginative common-sense man. But then neither does genius occur to the ordinary man who functions perfectly in a clever, bright-eyed, shut-minded, shrewd Babbitry, and insensitive and satisfied mediocrity.

To return to William Blake, who called the world of ordinary men the vegetable world: "Imagination is the real and eternal world of which this vegetable universe is but a faint shadow and in which we shall live in our eternal or imaginative bodies when these vegetable mortal bodies are no more." In plain words, what the Rotarian aridity of this age cries out for is not more horse sense, but more winged-horse sense!

This deep unconscious is the veritable wonderland of modern psychics. The unconscious seems to be the mysterious summary and reservoir of race memory. This race memory seems to be transmitted biologically from generation to generation in the original chromosomes of the germ plasm.

This deep psychic unconscious is the dynamo from which radiate the majestic intuitions of religion and the flashing inspirations of artistic genius. This same unconscious is the fountain source of some of the grandest and most august inductions of exact science. Many of the profoundest generalizations of philosophy also derive from this same psychic reservoir.

This psychic unconscious in every way seems to transcend the activities of the conscious, or the five-senses mind, which usually acts as its check or critic. We all possess this psyche, this unconscious, but very few of us utilize it or discipline it. Most of us live entirely in the activities of our conscious minds. Our ancestors in the struggle for existence decided that for us. Our scientific and materialistic civilization emphasizes the importance of the rational, conscious mind, the mind of clever alertness, the competitive early-bird mind. That is why artistic, religious, and philosophical genius, the real genius, which needs great innocence and great reliance on the intuitions of the unconscious becomes rarer as materialistic and economic civilization advances. We become too clever, too sophisticated, too rational; and the psychic unconscious atrophies.

This unconscious has functioned ever since the dawn of history, and mighty testimonies to its manifestations have been sporadically vouchsafed the race. In the same contemplation, we realize that argon, tellurium, radium, ions, protons, electrons, neutrons, photons, mesotrons, cosmic rays, and radioactivity have always existed; but it remained for recent years to discover, isolate, and study them.

In the same way, these unknown faculties of the unconscious have always existed; but only recently have we scrutinized them scientifically and, by observation, removed them from the clouds of superstition, mysticism, error, hallucination, and coincidence that enveloped them. We cannot insist too often that to dismiss these researches into the supernormal by such glib phrases as collective delusion or insane credulity on the part of observers is to give the lie to all scientific method. To deprecate all these phenomena as fraud and charlatany is to impugn the scientific honesty and the disinterested accuracy of the most cautious, incorruptible, and serious-minded investigators of this scientific age.

The Society for Psychical Research was organized in England and America for the purpose of eliminating fraud and minimizing coincidence in psychic phenomena. It is, therefore, egregious folly to accuse reputable scientists of double-crossing themselves by being in a sort of covert, innocent partnership with fraud and coincidence—the very corruptions they were organized to combat, expose, and eradicate.

Nor can we close the doors of our mental hospitality and refuse to admit psychic phenomena by such an easy avoidance as: "Nobody is more easily deceived than a highly specialized expert whose authority in one field of inquiry qualifies him not at all for authority in another field of research." We have heard this very criticism levelled at such expert observers as Flammarion, Richet, and others. This criticism in substance says: "Flammarion may be highly qualified as an astronomer and Richet may be among the great ones as a physiologist; but they are suckers in psychics and fall for any shell-game." These pompous oracles, full of authoritative ignorance, forget that, after all, a mind trained in one observational science can

and will function as a trained mind in any other observational science.

This rather long orientation leads directly to the heart of this chapter: the psychic unconscious as it is manifested in literature and art. Let us together, as far as possible, penetrate into the secret and the mysterious processes of artistic genius. Let us investigate the psychics of genius. Let us discover what warrant and authority genius possesses for its visions. Let us inquire what sanction this rare creative spirit invokes that entitles it to say with Horace: "*Exegi monumentum aere perennius.*" ("I have erected a monument more durable than bronze") or with Shakespeare:

Your monument shall be my gentle verse,
Which eyes not yet created shall o'er-read;
And tongues to be your being shall rehearse,
When all the breathers of this world are dead.
You still shall live—such virtue hath my pen—
Where breath most breathes, even in the mouths of men

or with Goethe, who says:

"*Die Geisterwelt ist nicht verschlossen*" ("The world of spirits is not locked")

or with the forgotten poet James Montgomery:

"Tis not the whole of life to live,
Nor all of death to die.

How do these rare creative spirits know such things? What makes them so confident in their assertions? And why do we believe them?

All genius shares in some supersense of life. When our own sober-minded, homespun poet Whittier speaks of "the movements of the unfettered mind," what does he really mean? When is the mind unfettered? In other words, what is it in the mind of genius that procures our assent to propositions far beyond our own limited experience? What reservoir does creative genius tap? What contagion is there in the creative mind that touches depths of response in us?

Why do we, under the spell and leadership of genius, conclude intuitively that, in some way beyond the testimony of the senses, beauty and truth are two aspects of the same identical spiritual vision? What springs of spiritual pregnancy in us, in our individual psyche, does genius discover, unlock, and liberate?

What is the alchemy of the releasing word, of the poignant phrase in poetry? When Keats writes of

. . . magic casements opening on the foam
Of perilous seas in faery lands forlorn

what evocation is there in that mysterious, inevitable, ineluctable word "forlorn" that opens a window into the essential loneliness of our own souls? In Keats' releasing "forlorn," we catch a glimpse of the sundering seas, and we hear a cadence of the dark song that the sea sings everlastingly, as in the echoing sea shell of our own experience. What is the magic of the conjuring harmony in music that suddenly blinds our eyes? What is the sovereign gesture in the plastic arts? In other words, what inevitable revelation is there in beauty that tells us authoritatively that this is truth, and makes our assent reverberate in a thrill of grateful recognition?

Why does inspired art suddenly evoke and organize the whole of our incoherent experience, and impose upon life a new coherency and a new interpretation for our solace and our delight?

Goethe illuminates the entire function of the poet and, by the same token, of all art in these eloquent and incandescent lines from his drama *Torquato Tasso*:

*Sein Auge weilt auf dieser Erde kaum;
Sein Ohr vernimmt den Einklang der Natur;
Was die Geschichte reicht, das Leben gibt,
Sein Busen nimmt es gleich und willig auf.
Das weit' Zerstreute sammelt sein Gemüt,
Und sein Gefühl belebt das Unbelebte.
Oft adelt er was uns gemein erschien;
Und das Geschätzte wird von ihm zu Nichts.*

Mr. Joseph Auslander's translation expresses the true spirit of Goethe's lines:

His eye scarce skims the earth, his ear absorbs
The symphony of Nature; all Life's gifts
And the great deeds and dooms of history
His eager heart makes joyously his own,
All separateness assembles and makes whole;
And he breathes life into the very stones.
What we hold common, often he exalts,
Yet sees the cheapness in the things we prize.

What has already been said about the submerged psyche, the profound unconscious, may throw some light on this question. It can be shown that creative genius, in its moments of inspiration, works with the psychic unconscious, appeals to the psychic unconscious in us, and thereby releases our co-operation.

The Indian poet and mystic Tagore was once interviewed about his poetry and his creative method in art. Tagore said: "I believe that each one of us has two beings within him. One of these is quite above the other in intelligence and feeling. This is the unconscious self. The other being, the conscious self, is quite a stupid fellow. If this stupid, conscious self gets the ascendancy, nothing is accomplished. But if we can only take this stupid conscious fellow and hold him in subjection, and not let him interfere with our unconscious self, then we can reach heights seemingly unattainable." And he added: "After a poem is written, the stupid conscious fellow in me does not understand how it was accomplished." Most of the authentic poets who have taken occasion to record the creative process have that same experience. Take, for example, Keats in these poignant and revelatory lines from his "Ode to a Nightingale":

Away, away, for I will fly with thee,
Not charioted by Bacchus and his pards,
But on the viewless wings of Poesy,
Though the dull brain perplexes and retards.

In one of the noblest sonnets in the English language, the poet Wordsworth reminds us that "The world is too much with us." Wordsworth means that we live, most of us, too much in the strenuous solicitations of our senses and our reason. In other words, we

live too entirely in our conscious minds—the five-senses mind, the mind that looks outside—cabinned, cribbed, and confined in the dull brain that perplexes and retards. We rarely look within and have engagements with ourselves. We know the reason for that. Natural selection and the struggle for survival in our ancestors have made those fittest to survive who had the cleverest alertness and the quickest adaptability to external circumstances. That has gone on until we have emphasized superficiality and adaptability at the expense of prescience and profundity.

In an earlier chapter we have dealt with the response of animals to the unconscious. That is an adaptation to the natural environment. Through science and technology (even primitives have some science and some technology), man changes his environment. The changing is a conscious act. The more artificial the environment, the less need is there to draw on the unconscious. Hence this reliance on the trained, conscious mind is logical. What does a resident of the city of New York know of the dangers of the jungle? As for a savage, drop him suddenly in the midst of the traffic of Times Square and he would be terrified. In fact, his response to his "instincts" would probably spell death.

We live horizontally. We expand on the surface of our conscious faculties. We do not live vertically, probing deep and aspiring high in our unconscious.¹

¹ This unconscious does not help in the struggle for existence in our society as we know it. It rather hinders, as its interests are not immediate, practical, and utilizable. That is why genius is generally impractical. Genius works with the psychic unconscious. The point is that, to our materialistic civilization, our scientific civilization, artistic genius is classed among the expendables. We have developed the conscious at the expense of the profounder unconscious; but the psychic unconscious, when it is properly disciplined and controlled, is the inexhaustible source of what we call "inspiration" in the man of genius, and also the source of response in us.

Great and beautiful art puts us into the mood of revery, and in revery the unconscious is predominant and our psyche is invoked. Revery means a waking dream.

It is commonly said that the poet or artist is a dreamer, a visionary. That statement is profoundly, and in the narrowest scientific sense, true. There is a mass of autobiographical and confessional proof of the fact that creative genius draws constantly and habitually on the psychic unconscious reservoir.

Coleridge was an omnivorous reader with certain very definite leanings toward, and insatiable appetites for, the fantastic, the romantic, the bizarre, and the most utterly unreal banquets of literature, ancient and modern. His appetite increased by what it fed on. His mind was a veritable cave of Ali Baba, inhabited by genii, djinns, demons, witches, and monsters pilfered from the treasure house of the weird and wonderful. His imagination ran riot, hurtling all barriers of time and space, geography, history, philosophy, strange voyages, marvelous, if unaccredited, accounts of things that never were on land or sea. All these furnished a vocabulary for his mechanism of magical release and escape from a sick body and a mind harassed with unpaid bills and all the dreary obligations that beset a sensitive citizen trapped in a world of ledgers, sordid industry, smoke, grime, poverty, and the thousand natural shocks inherent in these.

Unfortunately for Coleridge, laudanum provided the only open sesame of escape from this wilderness of steam and stupidity into a fairy land of magic and enchantment.

One day, after quieting his jangled nerves with laudanum, this poet sat down to read. The book was *Purchas Hys Pilgrimes*. Just as he reached the passage wherein Purchas gives a most highly colored description of a fabulous Xanadu, Coleridge fell into a trancelike reverie. That passage was like the magnet under a sheet of iron filings. It made all the incoherent, unrelated loot in his disorderly, freebooting unconscious rush together into an iridescent pattern of almost unbelievable beauty which has cast a spell of enchantment over the hearts and minds of men ever since!

The poem was written almost automatically in trance, and without the correction of a single word, or alteration of a single phrase. And when Coleridge came to the lines:

For he on honey-dew hath fed,
And drunk the milk of Paradise

there occurred one of the most ghastly and irreparable interruptions in all our literature. It was his housekeeper knocking on the door of his study to announce "a person on business from Porlock"! That knock, like an atomic bomb, shattered the stately pleasure dome that Kubla Khan decreed in Xanadu, and in one instant irrecoverably annihilated one of the most majestic visions in all our literature. In this way did a little life-insurance peddler from Porlock enter and utterly destroy the sacred precincts of reverie.

After repeated and futile efforts to recover the mood and the vision, Coleridge found himself compelled to leave this magical fragment unfinished. It remains to this day a heart-breaking monument of a vision forever lost and of an inspired moment killed by commonplace.

This same story of the utilization of the unconscious might be told of the work of De Quincey, Poe, Dante Gabriel Rossetti, and others.

We know from psychology and psychical research that beneath our superficial conscious minds there is not only a stratum of incoherent dream and confusion (the Freudian unconscious); but, below that, there is a profound stratum of coherent mentation. We all have this profound unconscious, but it falls into atrophy and desuetude because most of us do not utilize it.

Some few fortunate individuals possess a disciplined faculty of drawing upon this deep source and reservoir of racial experience. They are the geniuses of the race. Their native wildness of personality has not been subdued to the clever uses of our competitive and sophisticated civilization.

Genius possesses the faculty of enlisting the harmonious co-operation of the conscious and the unconscious minds. Genius does not live only horizontally on the surface of the conscious mind. Genius also lives vertically. In other words, the mind of genius is open to inspirational uprushes from the subliminal, the unconscious mind, the psyche.

Lest this statement seem chimerical, let us provide some illustrations.

Let us study the life of Socrates, an indubitable genius. Socrates achieved the habit of calling upon this source of inspiration in his psyche. Socrates was the very founder of ethical science. In contrast to Coleridge, he was the permanent type of sanity, shrewdness, and physical robustness. He might be called "The Dining Gladiator of Old Athens." He could apparently drink deeper, talk longer, and walk farther than any man of his time. His physical health and endurance must have been amazing. We are told that in his late middle age he enlisted as a common soldier, a hoplite, which corresponds to our modern infantryman. Socrates, as a hoplite, was obliged to march under an equipment that weighed about eighty pounds. This armament included a shield, helmet, sword, spear, and heavy greaves. Under this load, he is said to have trudged his chore of almost twenty miles a day, and in the winter campaigns of northern Greece he went practically barefoot. We are told he never even sneezed.

There is a contemporary account of this warrior-philosopher at the battle of Delium. It was an ignominious rout for the Athenians; and, amid this demoralized horde of his companions throwing off their arms the better to run away, this sturdy, bandy-legged Silenus was observed calmly trudging, under the weight of his pack, and "glaring balefully about him like a pelican"!

Socrates was also the greatest moral genius of ancient Greece.

Upon the witness of the most practical men of his time who were his intimates, and upon the authority of the great Plato, who was his lifelong friend and pupil, Socrates was directed and guided in all the practical affairs of his life, as well as in his most recondite speculations, by an inner monitory voice. He called it his "Daemon." It matters little whether or not the man of genius himself confuses revelation from without with promptings from the psyche within his own personality. The point is that he gets them and has sufficient innocence of mind to receive them.

Without detracting in any way from the orthodox beliefs concerning the divinity of Christ, modern scientific research can easily dis-

cern, in all the words and deeds of the great Saviour, the indubitable evidence that Christ was, on his human side at least, what psychologists today would call a "sensitive" or a "psychic." Granting the divinity of Christ, nevertheless, on his human side, he indicated repeatedly that he had the faculty of enlisting the co-operation of his unconscious mind and relying upon its innocent collaboration in creating the grandest moral allegories in the history of the race. And how well Christ utilized this innocence of mind! How often he insisted that human beings should rid themselves of the petty sophistications of their little, rational, conscious minds, that divide mankind; in order to be receptive to the grandeur of his revelation that would unite them! Christ said: "Consider the lilies," having in mind their unconscious glory. At another time he said: "Be ye as little children," meaning that the child is the raw material of genius; in other words, genius as yet undisciplined and unequipped. Christ habitually deprecated the skeptical, empirical mind of maturity, which is so often inclined to cynicism. He preferred the unbiased innocence of childhood, as when he said: "Suffer the little children to come unto me."

The innocence of our unconscious, subliminal minds is the ground from which august intuitions spring. The great and moving convictions do not arise in the conscious intellect. No great aspiration, inspiration, vision or even human love has ever had its origin in that complicated bit of vivisectional machinery called the "conscious human reason." Reason can give us bread with which to survive in the struggle, but humanity has never been able to live by bread alone.

Rousseau once said that cold reason has never done anything illustrious; that there are reasons of which the head knows nothing. Wordsworth has forever transfixated the pompous pretensions of the head-knows-everything school with one sharp spear of a line:

They peep and botanize on their mother's grave.

Indeed, reason is at best a botanizing business, skilled in adaptation and knowing little of creation. Reason can pluck the petals from a glowing rose, seeking vainly to probe for the secret of beauty in the fast-withering spoils. But it takes more than reason to make a rose.

Luther, a typical as well as a sensible man of genius, never argued about his convictions. He did not debate them rationally; he simply said: "*Ich kann nicht anders*" ("I can't do otherwise"). Our profoundest convictions are those that we cannot argue about rationally, because they do not come from the reason; they come from another dimension of the mind. Our deepest convictions rise from the well of the unconscious.

The episode in the life of genius that crystallizes its often vague centrifugations into a sense of vocation and mission may be very insignificant indeed, as the last grain of alum dropped into a saturated solution is trifling; but it serves to crystallize and solidify what was fluid a moment before.

A frank and moving statement of such a dedicatory experience, overcoming all his vacillations and confirming him in his destiny, can be found in these lines from Walt Whitman:

As I ponder'd in silence,
Returning upon my poems, considering, lingering long,
A Phantom arose before me, with distrustful aspect,
Terrible in beauty, age and power;
The genius of the poets of old lands,
As to me directing like flame its eyes,
With finger pointing to many immortal songs,
And menacing voice, *What singest thou?* it said.*

The limitations of this volume preclude the possibility of dealing exhaustively with the multitudinous variety of psychic invasion which crowds the annals of creative genius. We must content ourselves with presenting a few outstanding and characteristic illustrations, and let these few illustrations speak for the many.

The following statement of Tennyson describes the mood in which creative energy in any of the arts seems to function. He writes: "A kind of waking trance I have frequently had, quite up from boyhood, when I have been all alone. . . . All at once, as it were, out of the intensity of the consciousness of the individuality, the individuality itself seemed to dissolve and fade away into boundless being; and this

* From: *Leaves of Grass* by Walt Whitman, copyright 1924 by Doubleday & Company, Inc.

is not a confused state, but the clearest of the clearest, the surest of the surest, utterly beyond words, when death was an almost laughable impossibility, the loss of personality seeming no extinction, but the only true life. I am ashamed of my feeble description. Have I not said the state was utterly beyond words?"

According to Dante's own radiant record that may still be read in his *Vita Nuova*, he first saw Beatrice Portinari at a family fiesta, when he was all of nine and she a little younger. Although she was surrounded by a numerous company of children and their elders, in the midst of carnival and merrymaking, Beatrice alone—thrice blessed—made an indelible impression on his intense mind. Of that first glimpse of her, he tells us that "her dress on that day . . . was of a most noble colour, a subdued and goodly crimson, girdled and adorned in such sort as best suited to her very tender age. . . . Her features were most delicate and perfectly proportioned, and, in addition to their beauty, full of such pure loveliness that many thought her almost an angel."

Nine years later, that second event occurred which was Dante's dedication to poetry. Beatrice, "clothed in purest white, between two gentle ladies who were of greater age," passed by him on the street, and "turned her eyes toward that place where I stood very timidly; and, by ineffable courtesy . . . saluted me with such virtue, that it seemed to me then that I saw all the bounds of bliss. . . . Since it was the first time that her words came to my ears, I took in such sweetness that, as it were, intoxicated, I turned away from the folk; and betaking myself to the solitude of my own chamber, I sat down to think of this most courteous lady. . . ."

Chance meetings, if you will. But destiny lies folded in such chances; and, as the little insignificant acorn exfoliates the grandeur of the oak, such moments are pregnant with portent. On Dante's own authority, implicated in that second moment was the inspiration that resulted in the *Divina Commedia*, the greatest poem of the Middle Ages, and the most panoramic poem ever conceived or written, because it expresses the sum total of the entire medieval view of life and the journey of the human soul through Earth, Hell, and Purgatory, until its final redemption, through love, in Paradise.

The second meeting reaffirmed the first. Beatrice's casual greeting was nothing less than the Angel of Annunciation, setting this famous introvert, Dante, apart from men and consecrating him in the assurance of his high destiny.

At practically the same time, in the city of Avignon, a fellow Florentine named Petrarch goes to early mass in the church of Sainte Claire. This famous extrovert, at the recent death of his adored mother, has decided to renounce the world. Mass is over and the crowd is moving away. Petrarch is still on his knees. As he raises his eyes to record his vow with a solemn glance at the altar, something gets in the way. It is two golden braids twisted, like a diadem, about a fine little head. Petrarch thinks he is seeing an angelic vision. He is lost in a rapture of reverie. The intensity of his gaze is such that it apparently makes the "angelic vision" uncomfortable. Thereupon the vision rises and turns upon Petrarch a look of mingled indignation, delight, pity, and mischief. In this capricious moment, the image of Laura burned itself indelibly into his soul—an image that was to haunt three hundred sonnets and turn a brilliant worldling into an anchorite of love. To the very end of his life, long after Laura's death, Petrarch carried in his heart the seal of that first dedicated moment.

Where is that forehead and the gemmed head-dress
That turned my gaze forever from vile things,
And the brows arched like two thin little wings,
Those planet eyes that searched my wilderness,
That curved white face where thought and mood confess
Unveiled their colour? Oh, in what air now sings
The silver progress of her words that wrings
The heart with rapture? Words the angels guess,
Perhaps. That wit, grace, ardour, glory all
Are gone. And you, my heart of grievous lead,
Must lie so heavy in her small hand pressed!
Oh, in some street to feel her shadow fall
Just once—the shadow of her casual head—
Across the hunger of this hollow breast!

Nearly five hundred years later, at Eton School in England, a slender youth, with thick golden hair and blazing blue eyes, con-

fronts a pack of his schoolmates, snarling and howling at him and pelting him with mud and derisive epithets. He has been brought to bay and the shrill cry of "Shelley! Mad Shelley!" rings across the Eton meadows. His only crime, the unforgivable crime, is that he is different! Shelley's face is white. His body shakes with impotent rage. Their sadistic fury sated at last, his schoolmates turn and leave him to his tears, his books, and his solitude. And one day, after a hot outburst of weeping, the boy vows:

. . . I will be wise,
And just, and free, and mild, if in me lies
Such power; for I grow weary to behold
The selfish and the strong still tyrannize
Without reproach or check.

There, if ever it was manifest, we hear the ringing clarion statement of dedication. Henceforth, like Samuel, Shelley was a called man.

Keats had made many poetic meanderings along pleasant streams and well-traveled byways of literature. He enjoyed much dalliance in the restricted pastures of his untried talent and, for all we know, might have continued as one more charming minor lyricist; but something happened. And that something, trivial in itself, proved to be the angelic instrument of his conversion. In a word, he suddenly found himself.

It was an evening at the home of the headmaster of the school at Enfield where Keats had once been a pupil. He and his friend Charles Cowden Clarke, the headmaster's son, had spent a long evening reading aloud from Chapman's translation of Homer—a volume Keats had not hitherto read. When he arose to return to his lodgings in Edmonton, some three or four miles away, he was in a fever of excitement and anticipation. That hour's walk home in the night was Keats' road to Damascus. It completed his conversion. The subliminal uprush which occurred at that time crystallized his sense of mission and dedication; and henceforth, for the few short years that remained to him, Keats was a valid poet in the great tradition. The next morning Charles Cowden Clarke received by post the immortal sonnet,

"On First Looking into Chapman's Homer." Clarke then felt concerning Keats, as Keats himself felt concerning Homer:

Then felt I like some watcher of the skies
When a new planet swims into his ken;
Or like stout Cortez when with eagle eyes
He star'd at the Pacific—and all his men
Look'd at each other with a wild surmise—
Silent, upon a peak in Darien.

Two years later, the dedicated poet published his first book of poems; and in it we find these lines, confirming the promise of that night at Enfield:

O for ten years, that I may overwhelm
Myself in poesy; So I may do the deed
That my own soul has to itself decreed.

Thus we see that, in most of this great company of creative genius we have so far discussed, there always occurs some episode that activates the entire personality, like a catalytic agent, resolves all irresolution, all tendency, all wavering, and gathers up all the faculties and focuses them into crystal-clear plan and purpose.

So far we have dealt primarily with the poets, for the reason that they have, of their own accord, set down their autobiographical records. The poets also happen to be more aware and self-conscious than other artists. They realize what is going on inside of them, and they are more articulate with words than are the creative geniuses in other arts. The same story might be told of painters, sculptors, and composers. The life of Saint-Saëns presents several episodes of interest to psychical researchers.

Beethoven was thoroughly trained in the classic and traditional machinery of music. He was well domesticated in the Bach-Haydn-Mozart disciplines. He knew all there was to know; but himself he did not know. Beethoven was a very efficient percheron of music, performing all the duties of an excellent dray horse, when suddenly the ominous clang and thunder of the French Revolution released the

slumbering Titan in him and caused him unaccountably to bolt from the harness and prance like Pegasus. The French Revolution came to a mind prepared to respond with equal thunders; and Beethoven's Titanism was born.

Where the French Revolution, on the one hand, created a Titan in Beethoven and a Prometheus in Shelley, on the other hand the conflagration it kindled in the breast of Wordsworth flared up brilliantly for a few years and then subsided. Wordsworth sold out to conservative commonplace and to the safety of convention. The rest of his life was spent sitting in a kind of overstuffed spiritual easy-chair, cushioned with every Tory attitude.

Benvenuto Cellini is in an agony of anxiety and suspense about the casting of his great statue, "Perseus and the Medusa," commissioned by Duke Cosimo de' Medici.

Cellini has been warned by all his colleagues, and even by the Duke himself who ordered it, that the enterprise is doomed to failure, because of the physical impossibility of casting a statue with a larger object—the head of the Medusa—higher than the top of the principal figure, Perseus himself. In his autobiography Cellini writes: "I feel more ill than I ever did in all my life, and verily believe that it will kill me before a few hours are over." He goes to bed with fever and intense pain. The autobiography continues: "While I was thus terribly afflicted, I beheld the figure of a man enter my chamber, twisted in his body into the form of a capital S. He raised a lamentable, doleful voice . . . and spoke these words: 'O Benvenuto! your statue is spoiled, and there is no hope whatever of saving it.' . . . Jumping out of my bed, I seized my clothes and began to dress. I strode with soul bent on mischief toward the workshop. . . ."

Upon inspecting the furnace, Benvenuto finds that the furnace has cooled, so that the molten "Bronze is caked and curdled." This is a calamity which can ruin not only the statue of Perseus, but also bankrupt Cellini. Ill as he is, almost dying, and sweating with anxiety and fever as well as harried by the fateful warning of the phantasm, he sets to work with fury to salvage what he can of his statue, his resources, and his reputation. Benvenuto issues his commands like one who is possessed, whose demoniac fury magnetizes his subordi-

nates into obedience. He delivers his curt commands like a general with the tide of battle running against him. His workmen are astounded by the appalling outburst of energy and direction from a man who, to all appearances, a moment ago lay on his deathbed.

Benvenuto reinforces the fire. The furnace explodes and much of the metal is lost. He opens the mold, dumps in all the pig pewter in his studio, and, finally, in desperation, adds two hundred pieces of his own table service: pewter platters, porringers, and dishes. Now the curdled and caked bronze is again in perfect flux. The mold fills and Benvenuto falls on his knees, thanking God for the miracle. He is seized with an enormous appetite after this all-night struggle. "I ate with hearty appetite and drank together with the whole crew [of workmen]. Afterwards I retired to bed, healthy and happy, for it was now two hours before morning, and I slept as sweetly as though I had never felt a touch of illness." Of the following day he writes: "I cannot remember a day in my whole life when I dined with greater gladness or better appetite."

In these graphic words, we have the story of a magnificent craftsman of the Renaissance, at a most critical point in his colorful life, when his health, his fortune, his reputation, his career, and his standing with his patron were all in the direst jeopardy. When everything was against him and the jinx of disaster was dancing gleefully in his studio, when all the resources of his conscious mind had been exhausted, a monitory psychic invasion pulled him up by his own boot straps and empowered him to give the most technical commands in a complicated situation, where one mistake would spell inevitable failure in the whole adventure. With almost superhuman energy and directness, Cellini carries himself through an operation that all his friends and cordial enemies, not to mention the duke himself and his own workmen and apprentices, declared was contrary to all the laws of nature and of art.

In the former illustrations we have given some crucial episodes in the lives of great artists, which acted like catalyzers, liberating a sense of mission and vocation, or affirming a commitment to a career that before had been uncertain. This episode in the life of Cellini presents a psychic invasion that came to a man after he was already set in his

career, but at a moment when he was in imminent danger of losing it. The monitory phantasm was doubtless a personification of all of Cellini's sickening and paralyzing fears, lurking deep in the unconscious of any gambling creator, whose life was filled, as his was, with all manner of vicissitudes. This misshapen creature, twisted into the form of a capital S, which confronted Cellini might well have been the projection of the secret Medusa serpent that was turning his faculties to stone and freezing all his functions. These fears had almost prevailed, not only over Cellini's stalwart body, but they had almost subdued his mettlesome mind, when, suddenly, in the climax of his uttermost need, an uprush from his unconscious dramatizes itself, confronts him with a challenge that releases a commanding urgency, drives him to mobilize all his scattered resources, and, with an unaccountable access of energy, enables him in a single night to salvage his health, his wealth, and his career from the very teeth of calamity.

In every sense of our analysis, Jeanne d'Arc possessed indubitable genius. She was the great practical, as well as the great visionary, heroine of France. She also had every hallmark of the psychic sensitive. Jeanne d'Arc relied utterly, as did Socrates, upon the direct messages, the "voices," and the monitions of her unconscious psyche. We have all the records of Jeanne d'Arc. They have been subjected down the centuries to the most uncompromising investigation by the most penetrating minds—an investigation which has been carried forward by such a responsible and reliable jury as Anatole France, Mark Twain, Andrew Lang, and, at this very writing, Maxwell Anderson.

History provides us with many other instances of this type of genius and its confident and invulnerable reliance on sources of cognition and knowledge other than the five senses and the conscious mind. Psychical research has substantiated this kind of occurrences and brought them within the focus of exact observation.

Jeanne d'Arc was evidently clairvoyant as well as clairaudient. On this point, the records of her trial for witchcraft are surprisingly complete. Indeed, as a young girl in Domremy, long before she became the victim of the Inquisition, one such clairvoyant episode occurred. She once calmly announced there was a sword buried

behind the altar (*retro altaré*) of the church of Sainte Catherine at Fierbois. She had never been at that church. She wished to fight with that sword. A man, utterly unknown to her, was dispatched for it. He dug and found the sword exactly where she said it would be found.

The machinery of invention by which the sword Excalibur was discovered (which we always believed to be a figment of Sir Thomas Malory's romantic imagination) has here a close counterpart in the history of Medieval France.

There is a striking event in the life of Swedenborg, which commanded the philosophical attention and investigation of the great Immanuel Kant. Swedenborg was no crazy, credulous mystic. He was as practical as Socrates. He was considered one of the great physicists, engineers, and mathematicians of his day. And Kant was a man of tedious and pedantic scrupulousness in reviewing and corroborating records.

This was the case. Madame Martiville, the widow of the Dutch ambassador in Stockholm, was summoned by a goldsmith to pay for a purchase made by her husband before his death. The purchase involved a considerable amount of money. She was sure that the bill had been paid, because her husband, the late ambassador, was a very honorable and methodical man. Nevertheless, search as she would, she could find no receipt; and the goldsmith became obnoxiously insistent. Finally, in her extremity, having exhausted all other means at her disposal, she remembered the extraordinary psychic powers of her friend Swedenborg, whom she and her husband had often met at the Swedish court.

Madame Martiville accordingly wrote to Swedenborg, telling him the whole unhappy story and appealing to him to help her get to the truth of the matter. Three days later, Swedenborg went to Madame Martiville, told her that the money had been paid, and that the receipt would be found in a certain secret drawer of a specified bureau in a certain room. The room, the desk, and the secret drawer were all correctly and exactly indicated.

The very triviality of these phenomena is evidential. We all of us have a sense of this kind of thing. We all have what we call

"hunches," by which we mean that our unconscious psyches are vaguely telling us things and providing convictions that transcend our conscious minds.

There is great wisdom in the advice which urges us to sleep over a problem before we make a decision. This does not mean that we should stay awake and worry over it, but actually sleep over it. In other words, when the conscious and limited five-senses mind is lulled, the deeper, wiser, and profounder unconscious mind can help us solve our problem, or mature our decision. Many of us are familiar with the everyday experience of misplacing something, searching high and low for it, getting fussed and vexed about it, and then, finally, either through exhaustion, resignation, or nature's wise though temporary abandonment of the fretful search, our conscious minds go blank and behold! in that unclouded, relaxed instant, the unconscious takes hold and leads us directly to the thing we lost.

Many of the so-called eccentricities of genius are mere ceremonies or techniques for quieting or lulling the conscious mind. For example, on the eve of a decisive battle, Napoleon would occupy his conscious mind for hours, playing solitaire. During that apparently idle period, his unconscious was actively at work maturing his plan, which then usually emerged fully formed from his psyche. Wordsworth and Goethe would walk for hours, wearying their senses and tiring them out. Goethe also resorted to music as a method of liberating his unconscious. As director of the Ducal theater at Weimar, Goethe was in the fortunate position of being able to summon the musicians to play for him, whenever he felt the need of untangling the snarls which frequently beset the creative mind. He tells that he often called upon them to play for him, while he sat alone in an adjoining room, brooding over his creative problems until the music dissolved them.

All creative minds, at one time or another, meet frustrations that bedevil them. In this connection, we may recall the seasoned advice of a wise old sea captain, who once remarked that in the old sailing days, when the miles of rope on a three-master got hopelessly entangled, he learned that the only thing to do was to tie one end of the rope to the stern windlass and then throw the whole mess overboard and let it drag for days in the wash of the waves. Then, when

he pulled it up, he usually found that the rope had straightened itself out as if by magic. So the conscious mind, caught in the creative snarl, might profit by throwing the knotty problem overboard and letting it roll in the trough of the unconscious for a while.

The late Gutzon Borglum, the sculptor, once said that his most creative period came usually late in the afternoon, when he had done what he could, and worn himself to a frazzle with his conscious mind. Then something from his unconscious would usually emerge. The great pianist Leopold Godowsky remarked that he played the piano best when he was tired.

Robert G. Ingersoll used to construct his eloquent lectures while whistling loudly and playing billiards indefatigably. That was his technique for occupying his conscious and liberating his unconscious. Henry Ward Beecher used to occupy his conscious mind by taking clocks to pieces and putting them together while he was composing his eloquent sermons.

The autobiography of genius is full of oddity in this respect. Each genius apparently discovers and elaborates his own best method for inducing the emergence of the unconscious psyche; and, of course, the process seems a strange kind of incantation.

This technique of inducing inspiration and of clearing the conduits provides most of the evidence upon which Lombroso and Nordau rely, when they speak of genius and insanity or the degeneration of the man of genius. Lombroso and Nordau are utterly wrong in that they both confuse the method of liberating the unconscious with the working of the mind in itself. This is a facile depreciation and a deplorable confusion, all too familiar to the man in the street.

Most of us live on the clever bright veneer of our faculties, both mental and physical. We frazzle ourselves on the surface of our energies. We have no awareness of the unplumbed reservoirs of power within us, until some upheaval or some cataclysm outside of us, or some tremendous emotional crisis or explosion within us suddenly reveals them to us and articulates our conscious with our unconscious energy. That is why every great stress or calamity provides its heroes. Time of its great ones never is denied; the moment always finds the man. The catastrophe stuns and stupefies the conscious and

liberates the unconscious mind. That is why the opportunity or exigency so often finds the man prepared.

During the San Francisco earthquake and fire, invalids, who for long periods had not left their beds, rose up and performed amazing feats of courage and endurance.

All these things indicate that we can draw upon physical as well as psychical resources, the very existence of which is unsuspected in the calendar of our commonplace lives.

We all share in this psyche. We all possess it. Genius draws upon it more powerfully and habitually than do the rest of us, and genius does something memorable with it.

There is a definition of genius that has been variously attributed to George Eliot, to Emerson, and to Carlyle. Strangely enough, not one of them worked in accordance with it. This definition states rough-handedly that genius is an infinite capacity for taking pains. With equal rough-handedness, we could state that that is precisely what true genius does not do, nor need to do. However flattering such a description may be to all of us, who could presumably be geniuses if only we cared to exert ourselves, the outstanding fact remains that genius accomplishes with miraculous ease the very things that laborious assiduity could never achieve. Talent frazzles itself; genius usually does not.

The vision element in genius is a flash, a subliminal psychic uprush, a direct intuition of truth. That is inspiration. The elaboration of a vision usually requires perspiration. True genius is a love affair consummated in marriage. The god of genius has the head of an Apollo but the foot of a Vulcan. After the fine first rapture of inspiration, which ignites the fire, there must always come the labor at the blacksmith's bellows, the soot, sweat, and smoke of the forge, and the clanging of the hammer on the anvil, in order to fashion the final perfection of great art. Anyone who is familiar with the original manuscripts of genius can observe the evidence of this dual process of creative agony.

Genius is frequently shiftless and lazy. Rossini postponed the composition of the great overture to *William Tell* until almost the day of the *première*, and had to be dragged out of bed by his impresario,

and is said to have conducted it from a manuscript upon which the ink was hardly dry. Nietzsche, an almost oracular type of genius, maintained that nothing of any creative worth was ever done except on dancing feet. George Sand, whom Nietzsche characterized as "a Milch-cow with a grand manner," wrote with the flowing ease of improvisation. Her writing was almost automatic. Her novels came like milk from a cow. George Sand admired her friend and fellow novelist, Gustave Flaubert, but always maintained that he worked too hard. It is said that before Flaubert sat down to write *Salammbô*, he prepared himself by reading fifteen hundred books on related subjects as a matter of research; and when he was finished he had more notes than novel. It is also well known that he had such a compulsion for accuracy and perfection of statement that he would practically read through a dictionary in order to find the inevitably correct word. Where George Sand was too easily lactate, Flaubert groaned in perpetual labor.

Shelley poured out his heart "in profuse strains of unpremeditated art." Goethe and Heine both could say: "*Ich singe wie der Vogel singt*" ("I sing as a bird sings"). Goethe often claimed that he was "*ein Gelegenheitsdichter*" ("a poet readily kindled by the occasion"). He wrote poetry naturally, whenever the igniting or inspiring opportunity came.

The exact scientific vision of the perfect phantasmal flower came to Goethe in a flash. He has told us about it. And this vision flower made the thesis of his invaluable work on the *Metamorphosis* and *Morphology of Plants*, which overthrew the whole Linnaean system of botany.

Bergson, Maeterlinck, and the Intuitionists in modern philosophy prove the validity of direct perception of abstract truth.

Mozart composed melodies of transcendent beauty when he was so young as to be incapable of taking infinite pains. Mark Twain confided to the world, on many occasions, that he never worked in his life. He tapped an inexhaustible reservoir. Pope lisped in numbers for the numbers came long before he was capable of assiduous application.

The oft-repeated definition of genius as "the infinite capacity for

“taking pains” was made before we knew anything about the psyche. There is an ecstasy in vision and in creation that comes long before the assiduity of elaboration.

Oliver Goldsmith, who was much beloved by his contemporaries, “wrote like an angel and talked like Poor Poll.” In other words, Goldsmith’s ordinary, uninspired, rational intercourse was dull and commonplace. But when he wrote, he tapped vital conduits in the psyche.

The great scientists, like the great artists, may laboriously gather material, which is only like tinder for Elijah’s altar. That gathering of material may need the taking of infinite pains; but the flash that illuminates, consumes, and sublimates these incoherent observations comes from another source. It takes infinite pains to make a dictionary; but it takes genius to make a poem, to illuminate a science, or to reorganize the inner life of man with a new philosophic truth.

Every poem that was ever written, or ever will be written—and, for that matter, prose as well—exists potentially in the dictionary. The words are all there. And to judge by what frequently passes for literature, one is tempted to believe that certain infatuated scribblers have converted the dictionary into a permanent hitching post for the spavined and wingless refugees from the glue factory. Where does the dictionary stop and the poem start? How do we coax the poem out of the dictionary? What is the magic formula? What porridge had John Keats? How did Leonardo da Vinci extricate from his dictionary of the senses the colorful alphabet of the Renaissance, that miraculous painting “The Last Supper”?

Let us imagine a day in the life of this solitary eagle. He is in Milan, the guest of the great and ancient house of Sforza. The amiable and pleasure-loving Duke Lodovico has commissioned our illustrious painter to execute a fresco of “The Last Supper” for his beloved Church of Santa Maria. Progress on this stupendous project is unaccountably slow. The sacristan has complained frequently to whoever would listen that this fine Florentine gentleman, Messer Leonardo, does nothing but sit and gaze, lost for hours on end in reverie. Now and then the master will pick up a brush and dabble for a few minutes. Something should be done about it!

When Leonardo seems most idle and lost in reverie, there passes through his nostalgic soul, like a parade, the vocabulary of his impressions and experiences. He is back again in his adored Florence. He is watching the carnival of people, their faces sharp and earnest in the ardors of conversation, the whole populous pageantry of the cinquecento. Here is harvest for the fine famine of the senses.

Thus, gazing within himself, as by an inner retina, he slips into that reverie which steals like dew through the arid places of his mind, restoring, reviving, enriching, while the fastidious cells of his genius secrete from his insatiable sensory apparatus the clear quintessence of its ichor. Some casual felicity, some accident of color or trick of tone, a chance remark, a bar of light, a silvery chime of laughter, whatever it may be instantly and inexplicably alters the chemistry of the brain, shifts the kaleidoscope of the confused alphabet in his soul to pure and perfect focus, until every image seen by his luminous vision glows with its essential meaning and mystery and magical beauty. He seizes an inspired brush!

For this exquisite, imaginative hyperesthesia of genius, Leonardo pays later with leaden hours of fatigue and tristitia, all the heavy states so familiar to the saints, those fellow-diviners who, in their hermitages, have evolved the corresponding pattern of devotional ecstasy.

In some such way, this great master must have worked to bring forth that enigmatic masterpiece, "The Last Supper," with its veiled Christ and the eager talkative disciples.

Dickens was almost an automatic writer. He was possessed by his characters. Dickens once complained that he could not get away from Sarah Gamp, who was constantly talking in his ear. Nietzsche once wrote: "*Ich musste doch schreiben, um die Gedanken los zu werden.*" He had to write in order to get rid of his thoughts! Every inspired writer is like Coleridge's ancient mariner with an albatross around his neck; writing is almost a compulsion and a penance.

Every creator has realized that, when he is in the clutch of a possessive idea or vision, the whole of his experience suddenly becomes fluxed and plastic to his inspiration. Then all is grist to his mill. The runes of common life become pregnant with new meaning. Experi-

ence becomes transparent with new interpretations, which transcend the creator's conscious and painfully attentive and elaborated observations.

Herbert Spencer, in writing his *Synthetic Philosophy*, used to depute most of the perspiring work of gathering data to a whole seminar of tireless specialists, mostly Germans. Spencer would then relax, take their conclusions, and, most frequently, when he was out rowing or performing some idle, unrelated, and relaxed mechanism of release, the great new generalization would flash upon him from his psychic reservoir.

Robert Louis Stevenson, in many ways a typical man of genius, devotes a whole chapter to dreams in *Across the Plains*. Stevenson was a great and vivid dreamer; and before he lay down to rest, he used to charge his highly disciplined psyche with the duty of evolving stories for him while he slept. Sleeping was Stevenson's method of being more than ever awake. Genius usually sleeps well. Goethe averaged about ten hours a day.

Stevenson always referred to "the little people" that managed his "internal theatre." They were the dramatic personifications of his unconscious. They apparently shared in his financial worries, for Stevenson frequently urged them to work out a good, marketable thriller when the bank account was low. Stevenson says: "These little people, these Brownies, can tell me a story piece by piece, like a serial and keep *me*, its supposed creator, all the while in total ignorance of where they aim." And he added: "That part of my work which is done when I am up and about"—in other words, even his own conscious collaboration—"is by no means necessarily mine; since all goes to show that the Brownies have a hand in it even then."

As against the strenuous theory of infinite pains, every real genius has been able to loaf and invite his soul. Loafing alone has no profound psychic significance, although there is some releasing virtue in it. To loaf with psychic significance, we must take our souls along with us. In the lines of Ralph Hodgson:

Reason has moons, but moons not hers
Lie mirrored in the sea,

Confounding the astronomers,
But oh, delighting me! *

When we disconnect the clangor, whirring conscious machinery of the mind, that practical grinding mill which the rationalists and materialists have made so arrogant and so important, we suddenly get a sense of the deep majestic stream that turns all mills, a stream with power drawn from the eternal heights or springing from the eternal depths and making inevitably for the cosmic sea. The clangor of the mill is the practical utilization of only the smallest part of that energy; yet its insistent, thunderous clamor in most of us can drown the still small voice of prophecy and spiritual comprehension.

The history of all creative composition bristles with instances when, at a crucial point in the development of the novel, the poem, the play—or, for that matter, the painting, the statue, or the symphony—the creative flow is dammed. Further progress is not only impeded, but there ensues an agony of frustration which seems to nullify all effort.

At such an impasse of profound discouragement, affecting a harassed dramatist, when the postures and attitudes of his characters had become absolutely resistant to his purpose, and, indeed, when the characters manifested a species of diabolical vitality that defied the will of their own creator and refused to do anything that the necessities of the plot demanded, the miracle happened. It was a casual but most felicitous meeting with the beloved novelist, Frances Hodgson Burnett. She was the dramatist's friend and, in her own creative capacity, well acquainted with just such a situation. Accordingly, with great wisdom and simplicity, she advised him not to work too hard, but to "sit still and quiet and let the wild birds gather." And she added: "Oh, my friend, if you work too hard, you frighten the wild birds away."

In this oracular advice we find the essential distillation of universal creative experience. There always comes a moment when we can no longer batter and beat our way into the citadel of perfection with

* From Ralph Hodgson: *Poems*. By permission of The Macmillan Company, publishers.

stubborn fists. Nay, rather that is the very moment when the inner sanctuary surrenders to our open hands, if only we can keep our hands open long enough. By this cessation of our pressing, conscious effort, the creative psyche is released and can function undisturbed.

This is what Whitman means when he says:

Let your soul stand cool and composed before a million universes.*

It is the meaning of Joseph Auslander's lovely lyric of the rain, in which the whole of the good earth pauses and is refreshed:

This field after rain
Glitters again;

My words try
Too hard to fly;
And so I will
Sit stone still,
And let the rain
Ring in my brain,
And let the dew
Seep silver through.

The same truth speaks the same wisdom behind many masks. It is the forest-haunted voice of the great poet-naturalist John Burroughs, when he announces his manifesto of serenity in this let-us-then-be-up-and-doing bedlam of a world:

Serene, I fold my hands and wait,
Nor care for wind, nor tide, nor sea;
I rave no more 'gainst time or fate,
For lo! my own shall come to me.†

It is what the renowned French composer Saint-Saëns discovers for himself, when he maintains that he has only to listen. It is what Alfred de Musset means when he declares: "One does not labor, one

* From: *Leaves of Grass* by Walt Whitman, copyright 1924 by Doubleday & Company, Inc.

† John Burroughs: *Waiting*. Houghton Mifflin Company.

listens. It is like a stranger who whispers in your ear." Oh, in this noisy, driven, and haste-ridden world of ours, we all talk such an awful lot to God. How few of us can be humbly, reverently silent long enough for God to talk to us! We find this same deeply significant truth in Lamartine's words of caution to his fellow artists. He says that his ideas worked themselves out, if given their head. And then he goes on to say that, whenever he finds himself fussing too much over an idea, he generally ends by rejecting it.

In George Meredith, most self-conscious and fastidious of craftsmen, we find, nevertheless, this memorable tribute to the same fundamental wisdom. In an effort to describe that strange, almost unearthly instant when the apparently opaque darkness of the creative frustration suddenly quivers with incandescence, he speaks of "those instantaneous bolts of passionate perception, which flash a livid furrow across the eyeballs of the brain, leaving them momentarily blind to the outer universe, only to quicken the sense of inward and incommunicable things."

These random but revelatory tributes to the creative intervention of the deep, unconscious psyche represent only the trophies hanging in the temple of victory. They tell us nothing of the defeats and frustrations which litter, like splintered lances, the highways and byways that lead to that temple.

Farfetched as it may seem, we discern in the lightning flashes of the foregoing testimonies some analogy to what occurred in the development of the Elberfeld stallion, Muhamed, who, it will be remembered, suddenly made the unheard-of leap across the abyss that separates concrete objects from their symbols. We recall how the slow, labored, pedestrian progress of that horse in the rudiments of simple arithmetic, in the twinkling of an eye, put on wings and soared into the mysteries of square and cube roots! Here we see again a manifestation of this uprush of the psychic unconscious, turning a stable stallion into a Pegasus.

The mass of evidence from literature and art upon this point would appear to be overwhelming. We arrive, therefore, at the inescapable conclusion that there are two minds: a supraliminal, or conscious mind, and a subliminal, or unconscious mind. This subliminal mind is the source of phantasm and illusion as well as of inspiration.

For the most valid creative results, we need the harmonious interaction and co-operation of our two minds across the threshold of consciousness.

Of course, strictly speaking, we realize that the reference to two minds is merely a convenient simplification. In reality, there is only one mind, one continuum. The conscious portion of the mind is the crest of the wave, which is a part of the wave and has no existence apart from it. The unconscious is the deeper tidal flow upon which the wave rides. Even the so-called "threshold of consciousness" is only a convenient sign manual and has no more reality in fact than parallels of latitude and longitude, or the imaginary line of the equator.

When the supraliminal or conscious mind sinks downward below the threshold, and loses itself utterly in the unconscious, there come delusions, *idées fixes*, hallucinations, dementias, and insanity. When, on the contrary, the unconscious rises, when there comes what F. W. H. Myers happily called the subliminal uprush, we are conditioned for the inspiration of genius. It is all a question of the direction of the tide.

The conscious mind is alert, sharp, definite, and concrete. The unconscious, or the psyche, is wider, deeper, vaguer, and is more integrated with emotions and imagination.

The conscious mind is fed from the senses. But the psyche has sources of cognition and avenues or conduits of knowledge that cannot be entirely explained by the usual five senses, though perhaps remotely dependent upon those senses in the experience of the race on this planet.

To take a simple illustration: when a child begins to study the piano, he laboriously and with evident distaste transfers the elementary finger exercises from the notes on the printed page to the keyboard of the piano. Each uninspired note is painfully transported by the overconscious and fumbling conspiracy of eye and finger to the long-suffering instrument. After an apparently interminable period of practice and domestic martyrdom, the entire process becomes automatic and unconscious. It is at this point, if there is any music in the child, it will out. In a larger sense, we may not too rashly as-

sume that most of our automatic, internal forms of cognition, like space, time, and causality, were originally external frames of reference.

Accordingly, if the conscious mind is evolutionally developed for adaptation to this environment, the psyche is the summary of the past and the anticipation of the future in evolution from this, and adaptation to another, environment.

Therefore, in that rare manifestation in the race which we call genius, there is no abnormality in the sense of degeneration. There is rather a fulfillment of the true normality of man, with suggestions of something supernormal, something which transcends existing normality, as an advanced stage of evolutionary progress transcends an earlier stage. In other words, the man of genius is the best type of the normal man, insofar as he effects a successful co-operation of an exceptionally large number of elements in his personality, and a stage of integration fuller, rounder, and richer than does the average individual.

The true genius seizes upon and utilizes treasures of latent faculty in the hidden self, treasures and faculties which most of us do not realize we possess. It is a pity that the popular misconception of genius is practically synonymous with frustrations, eccentricities, degeneracies, and defects. The true estimate of genius maintains that, far from being eccentric and defective, he is more centric, more soundly centered, in his faculties than is the usual man. True genius creates, not out of its deficiency of life, but out of its abundance and excess of life. Where deficiencies exist in the man of genius, although they may tempt the biographer to exaggeration, they are usually incidental and accidental. These defects are neither genius nor the cause of genius. A genius is a genius in spite of, and not because of, his defects. The Almighty has been far more generous in the distribution of defects among the human race than He has in the appointment of genius.

There are many reasons to account for this popular depreciation of the man of genius. The general leveling down of all eminence gratifies the envy of detractors, intent upon bringing one more sacrifice to the altar of a false democracy. These self-appointed high

priests of modern biography, instead of exalting the greatness of the hero, hunt for a victim, upon whose virtues they can wreak the secret resentment and unacknowledged bitterness of their own inadequacy and inferiority. They turn the weakness, which the subject shares with our common humanity, into a scapegoat and an expiation. The story of the hero's life then becomes a witch hunt for the foot of clay.

The presence of the subliminal faculty in man, emerging in genius, in poetry, in the plastic arts, in drama, music, and philosophy, seems to indicate that, even in accordance with the harsh tenets of biology and evolution, nature is not satisfied with such an overrunner of the earth as the rabbit, or with such an invincible conqueror as the flu microbe. In some way nature seems to have aimed at developing intelligence, and, beyond intelligence, at developing spiritual joy.⁸

The psyche, manifested in creative genius in art, and liberated in us when we respond to art, indicates that through the unconscious, or the mind's eye, or the soul, or whatever we call it, we are brought closer and closer to the primitive source and extra-terrene initiation of all life.

The wide intuitions and the often vague emotions which animate great art in themselves provide a kind of oracular symbolism that restores and ratifies in us a profound conviction of the pre-existent but hidden concordances between visible and invisible things, between beauty and truth, between matter and spirit.

Great imaginative art possesses and offers us a deeper and more enduring reality than nature does. In this connection, Dante tells us that Nature is a workman whose hand trembles; and that it is the proud privilege and responsibility of the artist to seize nature by the wrist and hold it steady. A flower in nature comes to its perfection and then dies. The splendor of the perfect sunset wanes. That orbéd maiden with white fire laden, which mortals call the moon, passes and disappears. The chaste, mysterious magic of the moon eludes us. The high peaks of love and rapture are ephemeral in life; but their expression and interpretation in imaginative art endure forever. Great

⁸ Cf. F. W. H. Myers: *Human Personality and Its Survival of Bodily Death*.

imaginative beauty in art or literature is the embalming fluid of the race memory. The perfect melody, the ineffable harmony in music, the releasing phrase or the complete expression of a transitory mood in poetry, the ideal action in drama, the austere and meditative simplicity of a great statue: these all dream on forever.

Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard,
Are sweeter; therefore, ye soft pipes, play on;
Not to the sensual ear, but, more endear'd,
Pipe to the spirit ditties of no tone:
Fair youth, beneath the trees, thou canst not leave
Thy song, nor ever can those trees be bare;
Bold Lover, never, never canst thou kiss,
Though winning near the goal—yet, do not grieve;
She cannot fade, though thou has not thy bliss,
For ever wilt thou love, and she be fair!

'Ah, happy, happy boughs! that cannot shed
Your leaves, nor ever bid the Spring adieu;
And, happy melodist, unwearied,
For ever piping songs for ever new;
More happy love! more happy, happy love!
For ever warm and still to be enjoy'd,
For ever panting, and for ever young;
All breathing human passion far above,
That leaves a heart high-sorrowful and cloy'd,
A burning forehead, and a parching tongue.

O Attic shape! Fair attitude! with brede
Of marble men and maidens overwrought,
With forest branches and the trodden weed;
Thou, silent form, dost tease us out of thought
As doth eternity: Cold Pastoral!
When old age shall this generation waste,
Thou shalt remain, in midst of other woe,
Than ours, a friend to man, to whom thou say'st,
"Beauty is truth, truth beauty,"—that is all
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know.⁴

⁴ Keats: "Ode on a Grecian Urn."

If a thing be perfect and complete enough, it is the thing of beauty that is a joy forever. In this sense, the ideal is more real than the factual or the actual, because the ideal is the very quintessence of reality itself. The ideal is reality, reality stripped of all the accidents and all the muddy vesture of decay.

This ideal conception of reality is, to be sure, the Platonic view of life; and, in this measure, all imaginative artists are Platonists. They affirm the reality of the superphysical, supersensuous world, a world that lies and develops in contemplation above the vicissitudes of change.

All great imaginative art maintains, as part of its litany, its article of faith that:

Against the tooth and treachery of time
 I preserve the splendour of the world:
 I am your memory set to music;
 I am the most beautiful way of remembering
 What it would impoverish you to forget.

I write the legends
 That laugh at cold facts
 And live beyond them.
 I confer on time
 The dignity of timelessness.

I am poetry.
 And I am the vision
 Without which the people perish.
 I am more than bread.
 I cannot be bought.
 I have never gone off the gold standard.
 I am eternal value.
 I am the Company of the Spirit.
 I have been paying dividends since the first week of Genesis.

I am your immortal birthright.
 Without me life is drab.

Without me life is dangerous.
I redeem from decay
The visitations of the divinity in man.⁵

These visions in great imaginative literature and art approach and partake of immortality in proportion to the perfectness of their expression: for they have glimpses of a world

. . . that is built
Of music, therefore never built at all,
And therefore built forever.

Art is man's great and confident revolt against the ephemerality of things; and man discovers in the inspired and the oracular eternities of art a permanence that factual life does not vouchsafe to him.

Plato in the "Symposium" tells us that all earthly beauty is pensive and sad, because it suffers the melancholy of exile from its native spiritual world of sheer perfectness. Poetic justice, in all great drama and epic poetry, always remembers and reminds us of an abiding order of ultimate moral beauty and spiritual wholeness. Art marches and will march forever, like an army with banners, through an ideal and imaginable world. We do not refer now to the factualists or the sordid realists, who report everything and interpret nothing. We speak now of the great revealers, not the little photographers of life. Every revelatory artist gives abundant testimony to the existence of another dimension of life to which his work is only a kind of inspired footnote.

Art gives eloquent corroboration, in terms of beauty, to the existence of a world beyond the prudent, cautious mediocrity of our common senses. Beauty in art is the bridge between the real and the ideal, a bridge over which the soul of man hovers and lingers yearningly. Inspiration is a swift psychic vision into some permanence behind the fleeting panorama, a glimpse into the perfection that underlies or permeates imperfectness. Every great work of art is, in this sense, literally monumental. It is an inspired and inspiring record of an arrested impermanence made permanent by perfection.

⁵ Joseph Auslander: *More than Bread*.

The oldest Latin word for poet is *vates*, meaning not only poet, but also prophet and seer. All early language testifies to the priestly and prophetic function of the poet. The works of great and inspired art are, therefore, in the highest sense religious, because they bind men together in participation of eternal vision. The inspiration of all great art comes from the psyche and invites our participation through our psyche. That is why the influence of great art tends always to swell the stream of idealistic thought which lies at the root of all civilized religions. That is also the reason why vital religions always enlist the service of great imaginative art.

Of all the poets who ever felt a sense of mission, an assured sense of "the consecration and the poet's dream," Wordsworth is typical. He writes of himself:

. . . Poetic numbers came,
Spontaneously to clothe in priestly robe
A renovated spirit singled out,
Such hope was mine for holy services.

Totally lacking in a sense of humor and congenitally incapable of the fine frenzy, Wordsworth possessed a very serene, sane, and contemplative genius. He was the sound British citizen, the eminently sober and respectable foreman of the jury. By no stretch of the imagination could he be included in the degenerate lists of Lombroso and Nordau. We need not linger on Wordsworth's sublime speculations in his great "Ode on Intimations of Immortality," with its calm conviction that

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting;
The soul that rises with us, our life's star,
Has had elsewhere its setting
And cometh from afar.

We shall rather confine ourselves to a few statements from his long autobiographical poem, "The Prelude." We shall select those statements in which the poet analyzes inspiration and the creative faculty. We shall hear Wordsworth in his own poetic and unpsychological

language speak of the psyche, hear him describe the process of inspiration as

that awful Power which rose from the mind's abyss

 . . . when the light of sense
Goes out, but with a flash that has revealed
The invisible world. . . .

That is most definite. Wordsworth even tells us that this "awful Power," this subliminal uprush from the psyche, occurs when the light of sense goes out, when the senses and the conscious mind are in abeyance. Wordsworth's flash also reveals an invisible, super-physical, supersensuous world; that is, the psyche of genius has contacts and conjunctions with a world of other dimension than the world we cognize or recognize with our five ordinary senses.

Wordsworth speaks further of what he calls an "auxiliar light." By this he means an additional light coming from his mind. He adds:

 . . . Bodily eyes
Were utterly forgotten and what I saw
Appeared like something in myself—a dream,—
A prospect of the mind. . . .

Wordsworth was a very factual, honest, homespun fellow. There was nothing fantastic about him. He was a gangling North Country farmer. One could never think of Wordsworth as the delusional dupe of his imagination or fantasies. He had no affectations, no attitudes, about his poetry. Indeed, it must be admitted that he is often dull because of his homely definiteness and unimaginative candor.

Later in "The Prelude," Wordsworth says of minds which are thus sustained by psychic vision and contact:

 . . . In a world of life they live,
By sensible impressions not enthralled,
But by their quickening impulse made more prompt
To hold fit converse with the spiritual world.

Such men live vertically in the wonderland of the psyche, not horizontally in their sensible impressions. With their psychic vision they make contact with what they call a spiritual world; and yet they are not what we call "spiritualists." This is what the great Goethe meant when he said "*Die Geisterwelt ist nicht verschlossen*" ("The world of spirits is not locked").

It makes little difference by what name these artists define the process of contact. As Goethe once said: "*Wer kann das Kind beim rechten Namen nennen?*" ("Who can call the child by its right name?") Some call it inspiration or a breathing in of some spirit, outside of and beyond the senses. Some call it rapture, a seizure or a possession of the conscious mind by something supersensible. Some call it ecstasy (*ekstasis*), which is the spirit's or the soul's standing out from the body. Fundamentally, these definitions all come to the same thing. They mean what homely, sober Whittier called "the movements of the unfettered mind." They mean that at some fortunate time of inspiration, the psyche, this wonderland of power and faculty, can function unfettered by the ordinary senses.

In these moments of the unfettered and liberated mind, great art testifies to a vague but genuine consciousness of a supersensuous and a spiritual environment, and another dimension of life to which the creative psyche has access.

If the intellect and the five senses were more definitely involved in inspiration, the testimony would be correspondingly less vague and more definite. But we must remember that the intellect alone is not supremely important in art or in life. The intellect alone is not creative. It is regulative, commentative, and vivisecting. It is analytical and not synthetic. The presence of the intellect in man proves conclusively that he, of all the biological animals, is, as an animal, least adapted to his environment. The intellect is his organ of adaptation, and it was specially developed to aid otherwise helpless man in adjusting himself to his environment. The activity of the subliminal, however, manifested in the inspirations of genius in art, has very little practical application to man's immediate environment and struggle for existence.

But nature does not usually develop organs and faculties without

some usefulness in the past or anticipation of usefulness in the future. The vague but confident assertions and records of the subliminal faculty in art, in the works of great genius, testify to the existence of a permanent ideal and a spiritual order in which, as Browning stoutly maintains: "You will wake and remember and understand."

Art and literature can at best give vague adumbrations of this spiritual order, in which the destiny of man is confidently oriented. These adumbrations make up in the confidence of their assertion what they lack in definitude.

So, great art by a cloud of its own witnesses, reveals a wonderland of faculty within the psyche that has some relation and some access to, and contact with, a wonderland outside. Every sense that an organism develops reveals another world. For example, the sense of sight adds another world to the sense of touch and the sense of smell. Therefore, it would seem that the presence and activity of the subliminal faculty in art, in the works of great creative genius, testify to the existence of a supersensuous dimension of life, which surrounds, permeates, and supports our brief planetary life, and to which this well-accredited psyche or supersense has access.

We cannot close this subject without summoning the majestic witness of the great Puritan poet, John Milton, to the burden of this chapter: namely, that there exists a spiritual order which we apprehend with our internal eye when the light of physical sense goes out, literally as in the case of Milton, or figuratively as in the case of Wordsworth. It is at such moments of deep awareness and rare felicity that, filled with grace and inner illumination, we achieve the contact that is commonly called inspiration. As from a height, we have a direct, incandescent vision of first and last things, and within our finite selves we entertain infinity as a lordly guest.

In these moments of blazing identification and relation, we sense the consonance and continuity of outer and inner, of truth and beauty, of the spirit of man and the overarching spirit of the universe. This orchestrated perception has never been vouchsafed more authentically to any creative artist than to Milton.

Fallen upon evil days, amid the barbarous dissonance of Bacchus and his revelers in the court of the Restoration, lonely, embittered,

blind, but possessed withal of his one talent which it were death for him to hide, he speaks out, nevertheless, with the fierce courage, confidence, and spiritual authority of an Isaiah:

... Thus with the year
Seasons return, but not to me returns
Day, or the sweet approach of ev'n or morn,
Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer's rose,
Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine;
But cloud instead, and ever-during dark
Surrounds me. . . .

So much the rather thou, celestial Light
Shine inward, and the mind through all her powers
Irradiate; there plant eyes, all mist from thence
Purge and disperse, that I may see and tell
Of things invisible to mortal sight.

These lines are trumpets to our time; trumpets to arouse us out of our lethargies, our fears, our faithless frustrations, our selfish timidities, our little cowardices of security and mutual distrust; bright trumpets announcing that a spiritual world exists, and that we can have dignity, purpose, and power in our lives, in the degree that we perceive it, believe in it, approximate to it, and partake of it.

PART THREE

*The Present Verdict of Science on
Psychic Manifestation*

*I saw Eternity the other night,
Like a great Ring of pure and endless light,
All calm, as it was bright;
And round beneath it, Time in hours, days, years,
Driven by the spheres
Like a vast shadow moved; in which the world
And all her train were hurled.*

—HENRY VAUGHN: "The World"

IN THE SPLENDID PLENITUDE OF HIS MATURE POWERS, MICHEL-
angelo executed the statue of "Morning," which is placed on the
tomb of the Medici in Florence. The figure is that of a heroic man,
gathering the energies of his superb body, summoning his swelling
sinews in order to rise and confront the new day, whatever that day
may bring forth. Whether by accident or design, the head and face
are unfinished. There is no speculation in the eyes. They are vague
and indefinite. But there is courage and conviction in the whole
posture. The figure represents Michelangelo's robust hope of im-
mortality. It is a symbol of spiritual faith erected on the tomb of his
great patron. The indefiniteness of the vision of a future life is re-
flected in the vagueness of the features. They are not shaped or
narrowed to any definite scrutiny. But there is the strength of death-
less conviction in the whole figure. The statue does not see con-
cretely what the new day will unfold; but it is rising confidently to
meet it.

In the same manner as this statue, great art and literature, since
the early dawn of civilization, have posited an almost unanimous be-
lief in the existence of a spiritual order transcending and enveloping
our mundane life, and have compensated in vividness and courage
of conviction for what they have lacked in definiteness of vision.

Man's science is a sharp noonday scrutiny of his place in the
cosmos. Science demands rational exactness and definitude. Science is
correspondingly suspicious and impatient of the mysticisms and the
mysterious enchantments of dawn or twilight.

Then comes philosophy. Philosophy is the informing soul of that

kind of knowledge of which the separate sciences are the body. Philosophy takes the necessary axioms and postulates and the demonstrated results of the different sciences and organizes them into a panoramic view of the universe and tries to orient man in all his relationships. Philosophy is an evening brooding on the results of man's sharp, daylight investigations. Philosophy stands calm and serene in a sort of sunset glamor of contemplation, as the fearful darkness gathers. Then, when darkness has blotted out this world, come the eternal stars, stars that keep alive the light and show us other worlds than this. In that infinity of night, man's little, painstaking noonday scrutiny of this small, negligible planet seems futile; and his twilight-colored philosophic contemplation stretches to the affirmations and consolations of religion.

The history of early religions shows that there has been much belief in some form of survival of the personality; but until very recently, man did not apply the exact methods of science to the problem of this survival, and this is particularly true of the comparatively new science of psychical research.

F. W. H. Myers says very succinctly that "the very importance of the belief in survival has barred methodical inquiry." Men have adopted a belief in personal immortality as an article of faith; and have been reluctant, if not actually afraid, to analyze the foundations of this faith. For example, the Christian Church, like any other organized religion, has absorbed the question into theology, preferring to treat theology as based upon supernatural revelation, tradition, and intuition, rather than to undertake fresh open-minded observation and liberating experiment.

The progress of all exact science is in the direction of explaining revelations or the mysterious and the so-called "supernatural" by discovering in its manifestations the presence of uniform laws in accordance with which these phenomena appear. The routine scientist is exasperated with exceptions and marvels. They upset him in his dogmatic and settled security. But the inspired creative scientist welcomes exceptions and marvels, because they are luminous indices pointing to the existence of higher and more inclusive laws. The scientific mind generally tends to minimize faith and credulity. It is,

as Bacon says: "concentric with the universe"; and it brings a cold, sometimes irreverent, rational, and skeptical scrutiny to bear upon the miraculous.

In the main, faith concerns itself with things as we would like to have them. Science concerns itself with things as the scientists think they are. In this chapter, we shall leave the confident assurances and the defiant credos of faith, and shall discuss the more cautious and tentative, the skeptical and provisional conclusions of science regarding the wonderland of modern psychics.

The scientific mind is accordingly chary of glib generalizations and jejune hypotheses. Science scorns the automatic facility of blind faith. There is a disintegrating acid in the truly scientific mind that eats at the foundations of error and ignorance.

The conclusions of the observing scientific mind are tentative, until these conclusions are fortified by experiment. That is why Claude Bernard, an acknowledged master in experimental medicine and medical philosophy, says severely: "In science, faith is an error; skepticism is progress." And Laplace admonishes us that "The rigour of proof must be proportional to the gravity of the conclusion."

In the previous chapters, we indicated that man is possessed of two minds, each continuous with the other. We pointed out that man has a rational, conscious, supraliminal, objective mind, which functions definitely and alertly above the threshold of consciousness; and that, at the same time, man also possesses a profounder, subliminal, subjective mind, the deposit of race memory and the reservoir of intuitions. We further observed that this unconscious mind functions vaguely below the threshold of consciousness. We established also that the conscious part of the mind looks outward, that it is empirical, and is man's instrument of adaptation to his external environment.

Since this is true, it would seem safe to conjecture that the unconscious, subliminal part of the mind carries the *apriori* elements of heredity in the human personality. It is the reservoir of those intuitions and instincts which are the native furniture of the mind and which antedate experience.

Accordingly, the supraliminal or conscious mind is the analytical and the adaptative mind. It is the mind that is directly dependent

upon the brain and the five senses; and it fits us into our physical earthly environment. It is like the old, accustomed telephone system with obvious wires. It is man's intellect. The subliminal or unconscious mind is, however, only indirectly dependent upon the brain and the five senses. This deep unconscious mind has an "auxiliar light." It has apparently other and more cryptic avenues to knowledge. It is like the radio that picks vibrations out of the cosmos and does not need the obvious wires. The presence of this unconscious mind points to the existence of another supersensuous, superphysical environment. This unconscious psyche is what man means when he speaks of his "soul." Evolution and civilization have emphasized the activity of the supraliminal at the expense of the subliminal activity.

We also defined genius as the harmonious co-operation of both minds, or, more accurately, both parts of the same mind. We described inspiration, in the language of F. W. H. Myers, as a "subliminal uprush."

We shall now discuss some of the conclusions at which modern science has arrived, in reference to this psychic wonderland, this submerged part of the human personality. We shall hope to indicate how experiment and observation may be employed to verify the existence and the functioning of the very thing that genius in art and literature naïvely and instinctively relies upon, the subliminal psyche.

The broad proposition that man is endowed with a dual mental organization is not new. Even at the early beginnings of psychic investigation, Hudson, in his *Law of Psychic Phenomena*, said: "It may be safely predicated of every man of intelligence . . . that he has felt within himself an intelligence not the result of education, and a perception of truth independent of the testimony of his bodily senses." The great astronomer, Sir John Herschel, said: "We have evidence of a thought, an intelligence working within our organization, distinct from that of our own personality . . . an intelligence which directs the train of thought into a channel it would not have taken of itself." These are two considered statements by two eminently sober investigators, who, starting from opposite directions of research, arrive at the identical conclusion.

The exact scientific observation of this psychical duality is very new, though the phenomenon itself is as old as humanity. This other mind has been different things at different times, depending upon the circumstances and the characters involved. In the great age of the Prophets, it was "Thus saith the Lord," or the "live coal" at the lips of Isaiah. In classic Athens, it was the "Daemon" of Socrates. In Medieval times, it was the witch's "Familiar." It was the "Voices" of Jeanne d'Arc. In a word, it is the numerous company of actors on the stage of time—poets, scientists, philosophers, politicians, composers, painters, sculptors, statesmen, soldiers, men of action, men of thought, men of high or low degree, and not a few women—in whom the protean psyche elects to manifest its inexhaustible dramatic repertory. These scientific studies "are termed psychic in a modified sense; they pertain not to the ordinary operations of the mind, but to the unusual. . . . Many of the phenomena to be investigated seem to lie in the dim borderland between the spirit and the body, or, if there be no such neutral zone, in the territory where they overlap and mingle, a region hitherto occupied only by the savage hordes of superstition, imposture and quackery."¹

The conclusions of psychical research have slowly emerged from a morass of charlatany, triviality, and coincidence. But we must remember that even the exact sciences have had their confused beginnings in triviality, superstition, and charlatany. As Robert G. Ingersoll has so aptly said: "Every science has been an outcast." Indeed, even today, every respectable science still has its charlatans and parasites.

For example, astronomy, which is now an exact science, emerged with difficulty from astrology, which was the thieves' market, operating without benefit of scientific license, and pandering to all mad ambition from Darius to Hitler. Chemistry, which is today an exact science, has a genealogy whose dark roots sucked superstition from the soil of magic and alchemy. The same story might be told of medicine. Our modern scientific closets are crowded with curious and unacknowledged skeletons. Hypnotism, currently so valuable in

¹ Cf. Franklin Johnson: *New Psychic Studies*.

the rehabilitation of war neurotics, had its origin in the speculations of mesmerism; and Mesmer had in him many elements of the charlatan.

Mediumistic phenomena are most susceptible to the perversions of charlatany, which always exploits human credulity. Misery itself is credulous, and the very mother of credulity. Mankind consults its oracles and mediums mostly in times of crisis; and, during crises of grief or hope, we are naïvely credulous and full of wishful thinking. We instinctively, even the best of us, are then likely to collaborate in self-deception. We easily believe what we want to believe, no matter how ridiculously trivial a mediumistic communication may be.

Sir Oliver Lodge wanted to eliminate many ridiculously trivial things in his book *Raymond*; but Professor Bergson urged Lodge to include them all, saying that "such statements . . . properly studied, like travelers' tales, may ultimately furnish proof more logically cogent than is possible from a mere telepathic access to earth-memories." *

One cannot be patient in the maze of apparent triviality in psychological research unless one bears in mind two things: First, the scientific, evidential, and cumulative significance of the apparently trivial; and second, the fundamental distinction between the two functions of man's mind, the conscious and the unconscious, which, in the light of modern science, is now regarded only as a selection or an offshoot from the fertile soil of the unconscious.

One of the most amazing characteristics of the unconscious mind is its prodigious memory. Nothing is lost to it. It apparently never forgets anything. It is the retentive reservoir of even the most trivial occurrences and sensations. The subliminal unconscious is the sleepless recording angel of our personalities. Our memories are always there. They lie in an unselected jumble, uninventoried and apparently forgotten, like the contents of our grandmothers' attics, or the old curiosity shops filled with unrelated things. But the ability to recollect them, appraise them, and organize them along the lines of proper and practical association is an altogether different faculty.

With due and decent allowance made for the natural untidiness of

* Henri Bergson: *Creative Evolution*. Copyright Henry Holt and Company.

Coleridge's own mental housekeeping, there remains, nevertheless, an irreducible minimum of substantial observation in a case reported, quite cursorily, in his *Biographia Litteraria*. This case, on its merits, furnishes a vivid illustration of unselective, unconscious memory.

A young woman, a servant of five-and-twenty, of no education, who could neither read nor write, was seized with a brain fever; and in her state of incoherent mental wandering she continued incessantly to babble what sounded like Latin, Greek, and Hebrew in very pompous tones. She immediately became the object of abhorrence on the part of the theologians, who claimed she was possessed of devils. And simultaneously she also became the object of the most interested observation on the part of the more open-minded doctors—potential precursors of Hyslop and Freud. These men investigated the case with the closest scrutiny. The young woman was in constant delirium and suffered from cancer of the brain. Her conscious mind was incapable of returning a rational answer to any question.

An enlightened young physician, ignited by the contradiction between the total ignorance of her conscious mind and the classical erudition of her delirious mutterings, initiated a pattern of research, which was completely unorthodox at the time. He wrote down her delirious sentences and traced her past life, step by step. He found that the patient, when an orphan child of nine, had been charitably taken into the household of a Protestant pastor as a kitchen maid, and had remained with him for some years. From the pastor's house-keeper, it was learned that it was the old clergyman's custom after dinner to walk up and down a passage of his house, into which the kitchen door opened, and to read to himself in a loud voice from his favorite theological books in Latin, Greek, and Hebrew. The physician claimed to have ransacked the dead minister's library and to have found the exact origins of most of the quotations which he had taken down at the unconscious woman's bedside; and of which her ignorant conscious mind had no recollection whatsoever.

This case can be deprecated because all the facts have not been submitted to the rigorous canons of modern evidence; but it is typical of the triviality of circumstance, together with the enormous evidential value of the trivial, as revealing a most significant faculty in

the subliminal. Cases like this also indicate the survival of a faculty in the unconscious, after the conscious mind is practically gone.

In such cases as this, one may see the difference between conscious and unconscious memory. Conscious memory ought more properly to be called recollection. In other words, conscious memory is a reaching down into the psyche along the lines of verifiable association. Conscious memory is, therefore, one of the functions of the brain, evolutionally emphasized for adaptation here, and can be destroyed by localized disease or brain lesion. For example, amnesia has been localized in the brain and is usually the result of some trauma in the convolution of Broca. Unconscious memory, on the contrary, appears to be an inherent power in the psyche of the personality, and is free from anatomical conditions and physiological disturbances. Indeed, the more we study the functions of the subliminal mind, the more we are obliged to realize that there is something in man that is not entirely subject to the tyranny and control of man's physical or material brain. And the decay and dissolution of the brain may not inevitably carry with it the destruction of the other faculties of the psyche. This is one of the cautious concessions of science.²

Modern science has shown that what was formerly known as the materialistic theory of psychophysical parallelism breaks down. It is more convenient than tenable.

Until about fifty years ago, the human ego or personality was considered a unit, a simple, single thing. The trend of modern science, however, is in the direction of showing that the ego, the "I," is a colony or a colonial organization, inheriting through the germ plasm from our countless earthly ancestors. In normal life, this colony is presided over by some profound unifying soul or psyche, which, to date, seems to defy our powers of analysis.

This apparently simple and unitary ego or personality is often seen to split up and divide into primary, secondary, and tertiary personalities, sometimes even more. Louis Vivé, for instance, revealed no fewer than five distinct personalities. The studies of disintegration of personality are fruitful objects of research.

² See William James' *Human Immortality* and reference to it on page 266 and following, in this volume.

Oftentimes, deeply disturbing diseases, such as epilepsy, meningitis, typhoid, or profound hysteria, make chinks or cracks or lesions in the mental processes, through which the psychologist can penetrate. Hypnotism can often put a spy inside of the mind to tell us of the inner processes. We frequently see the revolt of the colonies from the normal control and unification of the personality or governing soul, as in Dr. Azam's case of Felida X. There are cases of myopia in the primary personality, with normal sight in the secondary one.⁸ These cases read like Doctor Jekyll and Mr. Hyde. Consider the strange but completely investigated case of Ansel Bourne.

On January 17th, Ansel Bourne, a profoundly religious man and something of a lay preacher, left his home in Coventry, Rhode Island, to go to Providence, in order to draw money from his bank to pay for some farm land he had arranged to buy. He drew \$551.00 and paid several small bills. Then he set out for his sister's house in Providence, on Westminster Street, not far from the bank. This was the last that was heard or seen of Ansel Bourne until the sequel.

The police, the detectives, and hospital authorities gave his disappearance the widest publicity, to no avail. Ansel Bourne, to all intents and purposes, was swallowed up by the earth.

We are indebted for most of the following details of the case to the notes of Dr. L. H. Read, Surgeon General of the United States army, who was immediately called in, and to Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, the distinguished neurologist.

It appears that a certain Mr. A. J. Brown rented a store in Norristown, Pennsylvania, about February 1st. This was two weeks after Ansel Bourne's disappearance from Providence. This little stationery store occupied the front room of the home of a family named Earle. Mr. Brown also occupied a room upstairs in the house as his bedroom; and, by degrees, Brown and the Earles became very friendly. Brown bought his stock of notions, toys, and confectionery in Philadelphia.

The people in Norristown never noticed anything in the least peculiar about A. J. Brown. He was a most respectable citizen. Then

⁸ For fuller accounts of these and similar cases, see F. W. H. Myers: *Human Personality and Its Survival of Bodily Death, passim.*

it appears that on the morning of March 14th, two months after Ansel Bourne's disappearance from Providence, this man, A. J. Brown, woke up at 5:00 A.M., after some psychic crisis that he suffered during his sleep. He complained of what he called an explosion in his head.

A. J. Brown did not recognize his surroundings and suffered the greatest distress in his environment. He found himself incapable of believing that it was March 14th. He insisted that it was January 17th. He asked, "Does time go backward here?" He recognized none of the Earle family, with whom he had been living on terms of friendliness there in Norristown. He complained that he had been robbed of \$551 and was convinced that he was the victim of foul play. He maintained that he was a preacher and a farmer, that his name was Ansel Bourne, and that he knew nothing of a stationery store or any other kind of business. He stoutly denied any knowledge of an A. J. Brown or any of his dealings.

This bewildered individual was not avoiding any responsibility. There was no scandal to avoid and no unpaid debts from which to escape. There was no motive for evasion; and, as far as psychical research is concerned, it seems pertinent to point out that there was no medium involved.

The Earle family promptly summoned Dr. L. H. Read, who lived in Norristown. He suspected something beyond an ordinary physical ailment and called in Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, who promptly diagnosed the case as one of double personality. He got into communication with the family of Ansel Bourne in Coventry, Rhode Island. The family had been mourning him as dead.

Dr. Mitchell took Ansel Bourne back to his people. But he later asked that Professor William James of Harvard be allowed to study the case. Professor James, as president of the American Society for Psychical Research, was profoundly interested. In the presence of several expert psychic researchers, he succeeded in hypnotizing Ansel Bourne. While Bourne was in a state of hypnotic trance, Professor James was able to cause the secondary personality, A. J. Brown, to emerge at will, and elicited from him the detailed and verified history of the whole blank period in the life of Ansel Bourne, from

the moment on January 17th, when the crisis came which split or divided his personality, up to the very night of March 13th, when A. J. Brown went to bed as A. J. Brown, only to awaken on March 14th in his primary personality as Ansel Bourne.

Here were two definitely different personalities, Ansel Bourne and A. J. Brown, alternately functioning in the same body. Yet their facial expressions, their personalities, their voices, their characters, and even their handwritings were different.

In this connection, consider also Dr. Morton Prince's carefully observed case of Sally Beauchamp. At one time there were apparently four of her, known as B I, B II, B III, and B IV. Although they all had rather sharply divergent characteristics, the most persistent and troublesome was the prankish, vicious, jeering Sally, who knew all the rest of the Sallys and who was perhaps B III.

Such cases throw a great deal of scientific light on what in Medieval times was known as demoniac possession and witchcraft.

Disorders of personality range all the way from trifling obsessions, transitory amnesias, schizophrenias, to actual alterations or permanent changes and disintegrations in the character. So far, we have been discussing the subnormal manifestations of the subliminal or the psyche.

In creative genius, we have a supernormal manifestation of the activity of this same subliminal mind, not acting in revolt, but in harmony with the conscious mind, and lifting it to peaks of vision or planes of activity and mentation 'inaccessible to the ordinary normal consciousness.

Among other astounding faculties of the subliminal psyche are its uncanny, but well-observed and well-attested, powers in the field of mathematics, music, and measuring chronological time. We shall deal with the mathematical prodigy first, as characteristic.

We have all heard of the infant mathematical prodigies. The gift for staggering mental calculation has been observed in children. On the average, this gift appears at about five years of age. It has been known to appear as early as three, and it rarely lasts longer than a few years. It usually atrophies and disappears as soon as we educate

the conscious mind. This mathematical gift has apparently no connection whatsoever with the development of the other faculties.

Archbishop Whately, one of these mathematical prodigies, writes of himself: "There was certainly something peculiar in my calculating faculty. It began to show itself at between five and six years of age and lasted about three years. I soon got to do the most difficult sums, always in my head; for I knew nothing of figures beyond numeration. *I did these sums much quicker than anyone could do them on paper; and I never remember committing the smallest error.*⁴ When I went to school, at which time the passion wore off, I was a perfect dunce at ciphering, and have continued so ever since." This is most significant. As soon as Archbishop Whately's conscious mind was exercised and educated, this unconscious faculty disappeared. He was not a creative mathematician. He lost his mathematical faculty in early youth.

The German Dahse, the greatest of all these mathematical prodigies, was incredibly stupid in everything else but arithmetic. He could not pass the ordinary elementary examinations in his other studies. Indeed, at one time, in order to extricate him from one grade and boost him into the next, it required a special act of the school board. Ampère, a prodigy at three, and Gauss, a prodigy at four years of age, became scientific geniuses; but they were the great creative exceptions.

A typical case of this astounding, intuitive, or subliminal faculty is that of Benjamin Hall Blythe.

Little Benjamin, at six years of age, was walking in the garden with his father before breakfast, when he asked,

"Papa, at what hour was I born?"

His father told him at exactly 3:00 A.M.

Then Benjamin asked, "What time is it now?"

His father answered, "Precisely 7:50 A.M."

The six-year-old child walked a few paces and then turned to his father and stated the exact number of seconds he had lived up to that moment. The father, an accomplished mathematician, noted down the figures and the time and then made a laborious calculation. The

⁴ Author's italics.

father then announced to little Benjamin that he was 172,800 seconds wrong. The prodigy, this monster of six, promptly retorted:

"Oh, Papa, you have left out two days for the leap years," which was actually the case and a pretty good piece of work before breakfast.

Vito Mangiamele, the ten-year-old child of a Sicilian shepherd, was examined by the famous mathematician Arago, in the presence of the French Academy. From a précis of the case, we cite some of the questions and answers. Arago asked: "What is the cubic root of 3,796,416?" In half a minute Vito answered "156," which is correct. Arago then asked: "What satisfies the condition that its cube, plus five times its square, is equal to 42 times itself increased by 40?" In less than a minute, Vito responded "5," which is correct. This was all done without a scrap of paper or any of the usual paraphernalia of calculation. In everything else but mathematics, Vito Mangiamele was practically illiterate.

Zerah Colburn, the son of an obscure Vermont farmer, manifested amazingly exact mathematical intuitions at six years of age. These cases are all scrupulously attested.

Before a committee of inquiry, this child, Zerah Colburn, was asked to raise the number eight by geometrical progression, not arithmetical progression, up to the 16th power. He promptly named the last result, 281,474,976,710,656! Exact in every figure, without a scrap of paper! He was then asked the cube root of 268,336,125, and, before the number could be written down, he replied "645"!

Musical prodigies furnish further illustrations of the same faculty in the subliminal. Mozart is typical. Mozart composed at five years of age, before he could ever consciously have learned the laws of harmony.

Josef Hofmann was a completely expressive musical prodigy, who could take themes and improvise beautifully when he was about six years of age. Yehudi Menuhin was an extraordinary violinist at seven. These cases provide dazzling evidence of this same faculty in the subliminal.

The musical faculty seems to speak a language vaguer and profounder than that which our supraliminal or our conscious intelli-

gence utilizes. Music is in some way mysteriously close to the universal pulse and rhythm of all creative energy. Music is above or below the language of conscious speech. Schumann maintained that music was a language too definite for speech. On the other hand, MacDowell contended that music was a language too indefinite for speech. They both mean the same thing, namely, that music operates from an entirely different level than conscious speech. Music says infinitely more to us than our conscious language can convey.

As mathematics, a system of symbolic logic, is the most abstract science of all the sciences; music is correspondingly the most abstract art of all the arts. Music releases our great, profound, and memorable moments of joy and sorrow, moments too deep for words. When an emotion becomes congested with the burden of its own inarticulateness, it suddenly releases itself in rhythm, which is the tidal pulse of music. Laughter has a rhythm. So also have grief and sorrow.

The musical prodigy, like the mathematical prodigy, seems to rely utterly and innocently upon the unconscious processes.

Music is the primitive release of all suffering people. Only the people who have suffered greatly have created great music. In this aspect, music was a form of release from the suffering of slavery; and this, in turn, may provide some clue, in the dim racial inheritance of the Negro, to explain his untutored and instinctive aptitude for expression in this medium.

As one example out of many, let us consider the astounding and well-authenticated history of Blind Tom. He was a Negro, blind and very ignorant, as far as his supraliminal or conscious mind was concerned. Yet almost in his infancy it was discovered that Blind Tom could promptly reproduce on the piano any piece of music that he heard. No matter how involved or difficult it was, music in some mysterious way seemed to fix itself completely and indelibly on his unconscious memory. Blind Tom also had a facility of improvisation that was stupefying. The same story can apply to the improvisitory musical genius of an itinerant Negro vagabond called Leadbelly, whose impromptu compositions, usually recorded in some Southern jail where he was currently residing, occupy an honored place in the Archives of the Music Division of the Library of Congress. Perhaps the most recent instance of this native faculty in the Negro is to be

found in the case of little Sugarchile Robinson. This amazing infant, at the age of a year and a half, hearing a passerby whistle a tune in the summer twilight, promptly improvised upon it at the piano to the utter consternation of his parents.

Now with regard to the measurement of chronological time, which is the third of the mysterious triumvirate of faculties under consideration here. The only means by which our conscious supraliminal minds can measure time is by the exercise of the physical senses, by observing the sun and stars, or looking at a watch, or noting the temperature. But it has long been scientifically known that the subliminal mind, the psyche, possesses an inherent faculty of measuring time, in some way utterly independent of the objective senses. Many of us can go to sleep and wake up on the dot. And in sleep the normal activity of our conscious minds and senses is suspended.

The weird accuracy of the subliminal faculty in measuring time is easily observable in hypnosis and also in what is known as post-hypnotic suggestion.

On this subject, Professor Bernheim, the recognized authority on suggestive therapeutics, says that if a somnambulist or hypnotized person is made to promise during his sleep or trance that he will come back on such and such a day, at such and such an hour, he will almost surely return on the exact day and at the exact hour; although he may never have the slightest conscious remembrance of such a promise.

Bernheim gives the following case as typical. "I made A. in hypnotic sleep, say that he would return to me in thirteen days at exactly 10 o'clock in the morning. As usual in such cases, A. remembered nothing when he waked. On the thirteenth day and exactly at 10 o'clock in the morning A. appeared, having come three kilometers from his home to the hospital. A. had been working in the foundries all night, went to bed at six in the morning and woke up at nine with the imperative idea that he had to come to the hospital to see me . . . the idea and compulsion came into his head just at the time when he ought to carry it out." *

We live in the midst of marvels. But the uniform recurrence of a

* From *Suggestive Therapeutics* by Hippolyte Bernheim. Courtesy of G. P. Putnam's Sons.

phenomenon dulls our attention, until some poet—because it is most frequently a poet—awakens us to the wonder and the magic of what our crasser senses take for granted.

There is another commonplace of experience which is as mysterious and magical as death itself; and it confronts us every day of our lives. Whether that sleep is the tremendous four months' hibernation of the bear or the ten-minute cat nap on our sofas, the miracle is the same, and equally profound.

What is that mystery of mysteries—sleep? How does sleep "knit up the ravelled sleeve of care?" What is this normal alternating state of personality in which most of us pass one third of our lives?

Evolutionally, both sleep and waking are differentiations from a sort of primitive indifference; and the best scientific opinion today maintains that sleep, in its essential state, is nearer to the rooted reality of all life. It is the primal phase of all organic existence.

We dream all the time while we sleep; just exactly as we breathe all the time, awake or asleep. But some dreams rise above the humdrum level of the casual and easily explainable somatic clutter that customarily invades our relaxed minds. For example, the famous American naturalist, Louis Agassiz, discovered in ordinary sleep the skeletal arrangement of scattered bones which had defied his best waking skill.

Another well-known instance of dream vision, whether day dreaming or sleep-dreaming, after a long period of laborious conscious incubation, is the case of the great chemist, Friedrich August Kekule von Stradonitz, who discovered the "benzine-ring." His mind had been working for a long time on the problem of rearranging the six carbon and six hydrogen atoms of the benzine formula; and he was constantly baffled, until, one day, riding on a London bus, he had the definite vision of a snake biting its own tail and turning around like a pinwheel. This flash from his psyche gave him the solution he had long sought: the circular rearrangement of the atoms that is known as the benzine-ring.

Perhaps the supreme illustration of this kind of dream lucidity is to be found in the following experience of Professor Herman V. Hilprecht, the renowned Assyriologist at the University of Pennsyl-

vania. It is a characteristic case of solving problems in sleep, with all the paraphernalia of dramatization. We cannot do better than to quote Professor Hilprecht's own words:

"One Saturday evening . . . I had been wearying myself, as I had done so often in the weeks preceding, in the vain attempt to decipher two small fragments of agate which were supposed to belong to the finger-rings of some Babylonian. The labour was much increased by the fact that the fragments presented remnants only of characters and lines, that dozens of similar small fragments had been found in the rooms of the temple of Bel at Nippur with which nothing could be done, that in this case furthermore I had never had the originals before me, but only a hasty sketch made by one of the members of the expedition sent by the University of Pennsylvania to Babylonia. I could not say more than that the fragments, taking into consideration the place in which they were found and the peculiar characteristics of the cuneiform characters preserved upon them, sprang from the Cassite period of Babylonian history (circa 1700-1140 B.C.); moreover, as the first character of the third line of the first fragment seemed to be *KU*, I ascribed this fragment, with an interrogation point, to King Kurigalzu, while I placed the other fragment as unclassifiable, with other Cassite fragments upon a page of my book where I published the unclassifiable fragments. The proofs already lay before me, but I was far from satisfied. The whole problem passed yet again through my mind that March evening before I placed my mark of approval under the last correction in the book. Even then I had come to no conclusion. About midnight, weary and exhausted, I went to bed and was soon in deep sleep. Then I dreamed the following remarkable dream. A tall, thin priest of the old pre-Christian Nippur, about forty years of age and clad in a simple abba, led me to the treasure-chamber of the temple, on its south-east side. He went with me into a small, low-ceiled room, without windows, in which there was a large wooden chest, while scraps of agate and lapis-lazuli lay scattered on the floor. Here he addressed me as follows: 'The two fragments which you have published separately upon pages 22 and 26, belong together, are not finger-rings, and their history is as follows. King Kurigalzu (circa 1300 B.C.) once sent to the

temple of Bel, among other articles of agate and lapis-lazuli, an inscribed votive cylinder of agate. Then we priests suddenly received the command to make for the statue of the god Ninib a pair of earrings of agate. We were in great dismay, since there was no agate as raw material at hand. In order to execute the command there was nothing for us to do but cut the votive cylinder into three parts, thus making three rings, each of which contained a portion of the original inscription. The first two rings served as earrings for the statue of the god; the two fragments which have given you so much trouble are portions of them. If you will put the two together you will have confirmation of my words. But the third ring you have not yet found in the course of your excavations, and you never will find it.' With this, the priest disappeared. I awoke at once and immediately told my wife the dream that I might not forget it. Next morning—Sunday—I examined the fragments once more in the light of these disclosures, and to my astonishment found all the details of the dream precisely verified in so far as the means of verification were in my hands. The original inscription on the votive cylinder read: 'To the god Ninib, son of Bel, his lord, has Kurigalzu, pontifex of Bel, presented this.'

"The problem was thus at last solved. As I stated in the preface that I had unfortunately discovered too late that the two fragments belonged together, I made the corresponding changes in the Table of Contents, pp. 50 and 52, and, it being not possible to transpose the fragments, as the plates were already made, I put in each plate a brief reference to the other. H. V. Hilprecht." *

We append the following verification volunteered by Mrs. Hilprecht at the time:

"I was awakened from sleep by a sigh, immediately thereafter heard a spring from the bed, and at the same moment saw Professor Hilprecht hurrying into his study. Thence came the cry, 'It is so, it is so.' Grasping the situation, I followed him and satisfied myself in the midnight hour as to the outcome of his most interesting dream. *J. C. Hilprecht.*"

The waking state of sensitive alertness has been emphasized and

* F. W. H. Myers: *Human Personality and Its Survival of Bodily Death*. Longmans, Green & Co., Inc.

given survival value in the struggle for existence; and the whole machinery of the conscious supraliminal mind is like a highly organized plant, whose roots derive their sustenance from the more elemental, dark, tidal processes of the unconscious, buried deep below the stratum of the waking mind, and possessing mysterious powers of assimilating strength and health from this fundamental renewing source of all life.

Medical science, psychology, and psychical research have long ceased to look upon sleep as a negative thing, as the mere absence of sensation, or the cessation of mental processes. Too many great problems have been solved in sleep. Too many profound visions and inspirations have come in sleep to that highest type of normality, the genius, for sleep to be considered only a negative thing.

F. W. H. Myers says somewhere that there is a remarkable analogy between certain of the achievements of sleep and the achievements of genius. In both there is the same triumphant spontaneity. In both there is the same sense of drawing no longer upon the narrow and brief endurance of nerves and brain, but upon some unknown source exempt from these limitations.

Most of the supernormal activities of the subliminal mind, like premonitions, monitions, clairvoyance, clairaudience, telepathy, and telesthesia can occur during natural sleep or in the induced somnambulism of hypnosis.

When the insistent solicitations of the sharp, definite, waking senses are cut off, we are more sensitive to psychical intrusions from without or to our own subliminal uprushes from within.

It has long been known that the subliminal mind, the psyche, is very amenable to suggestion. Indeed suggestion has been defined as a successful appeal to the subliminal self. As the result of this appeal to the subliminal, it has been observed that, apart from supernormal manifestations, some unaccountable energy is released and some inexplicable vitalization is added to both organic and psychical operations.

This access of liberated energy, emanating from unknown sources, is as mysterious and, to date, as unexplained as the chemical process of catalysis. We are told that a catalyzing agent can accelerate reac-

tions. It can apparently release more of something than is actually there; although whatever is released must, of course, be potentially present somewhere. A catalyzing agent has been compared to a parson, who marries others without participating in the event himself. He is implicated but not involved. Suggestion to the unconscious may be just such a catalyzing ceremony, serving to make available, or to release, a greater flow of potential energies than we thought we possessed.

In obedience to successful hypnotic suggestion, even when no trance is involved, this appeal to the subliminal brings the personality in some way into a closer relation with the unconscious, that inexhaustible reservoir of fundamental vital and curative processes and principles. Suggestion, either by one's self or a physician, a priest or a healer, a shaman or a medicine man, has proved very efficacious in many well-authenticated cults and movements in ancient as well as modern times. The miracles at Lourdes, faith cures at all times, Christian Science, Mental Healing, New Thought, suggestive therapeutics, Couéism, and much of Freudian psychoanalysis (particularly that part of it which unravels the knotty neural or psychical complexes and repressions by tracing them back to their original associations in our unconscious): all of these cults and movements unite in testifying to the fact that a successful appeal by suggestion to the subliminal consciousness can vitalize, intensify, and energize the normal functional and organic processes.

The technique of approach and suggestion to the unconscious varies; but the appeal to the subliminal is uniformly present in all of them.

Some of these movements or cults are purely religious. Some are incantatory and magical. Others are incantatory and practical. Some have idealistic and religious sanctions invoked in order to obliterate with enthusiasm or else to answer the questions of the conscious mind. Others limit themselves to practical and repetitive formulas. But all of them evidently accomplish something; or else they could not continue to recruit followers.

Up to this point we have dealt only with the curative and constructive aspects of suggestion to the unconscious. It is well, however, to

realize that this suggestibility inherent in the unconscious has its evil and destructive aspects as well. According to the purposes of the suggester, whether they are good or bad, an angel is liberated or a horde of demons is set loose. This natural suggestibility of the unconscious accounts for many terrifying episodes in the story of mankind. For every great leader and teacher of men who releases the Ariel of our natures, history unfortunately provides too many false messiahs, who set loose the Caliban cowering in the cave of the unconscious. This potentiality is at the root of mob rule, reigns of terror, persecutions, autos-da-fé, scapegoats, lynchings, and the fanaticisms that drench with blood and scourge with fire the pages of history from Genghis Khan to Hitler.

These facts are a commonplace. The explanation of them derives from our growing knowledge of the activity of the subliminal consciousness, which seems closer to the principle of all life.

Perhaps this is as good a place as any to pay our respects, long overdue, to a company of men, who, while less articulate and less glamorous than the Goethes, the Michelangelos, the Cellinis, and the Coleridges of life, have, nevertheless, drawn as deeply and richly from the same universal reservoir of inspiration in the unconscious. The subliminal uprush is identical in all of them. It is the method and procedure of all genius. Newton, Einstein, and other great mathematical physicists are as authentically creative in the field of science as Milton and Shakespeare in the domain of art.

We agree with Bonaventura that nature unaided fails; and we also know that "Nature is made better by no mean, but nature makes that mean." We have said before that all the poems, written and unwritten, are potentially in the dictionary; so all the discoveries, inventions, and improvements of science exist potentially in the great amorphous dictionary of nature. But only the creative genius of the scientist can discover the magic formulae by which to summon forth, from the grand incoherent tyranny of nature, the useful and obedient servant of man. The multitudinous miracle of science is so familiar to us that we are seldom, if ever, aware of its wonder or its marvel. Scientific genius, working in medicine, has discovered striking and remarkable uses for penicillin and streptomycin, to mention only two

drugs recently found in nature. Scientific genius, working in synthetic chemistry, has created thousands of drugs, fabrics, plastics, perfumes, flavors, explosives, dyes, fibers, and about ten thousand organic compounds that nature omitted to make. In the development of the atomic bomb, two elements, neptunium and plutonium, were created that are not found in that form in nature at all. Inventors, like Lobachevski, who postulated curved space with remarkable results in mathematics, Riemann, Hamilton, Poincaré, Dirac, and the creative mathematicians have powers in the same supreme category as a Beethoven, a Bach, or a Leonardo. Moses, who created a people; Paul, who created a Church; Augustine and Loyola, who created powerful religious orders; Abelard, who created the first pattern of the modern university; John Marshall, who gave purpose and direction to our Supreme Court; Alexander Hamilton, who organized our Treasury and our monetary system; Steinmetz, whose practical inventions were of such service to the immense superstructure of the General Electric Company; Kettering, the acknowledged inspirational genius of General Motors; Luther Burbank, God's own gardener, who added new flowers to our gardens and new fruits to our table—these are only a handful plucked from the vast anonymity of progress.

We cannot ignore the fact that vital constructive and creative vision, amounting at times to genius, has entered into the inception and permeated the structure of great enterprise. The inspired initiators and organizers of business and industry, as distinct from the parasitic speculators who follow and fasten on the body of their creation, are all of them possessed of a robust vision and an unconquerable spirit that creates new and better modes of living for all the rest of us. These adventuresome pioneers established and enriched the pattern of what we now call the American way of life.

Voltaire, who possessed a cynical clarity of vision, must have had such men in mind when he wrote: "With me, as you know, the great men come first, and the heroes last. I call those men great who have distinguished themselves in useful or constructive pursuits; the others, who ravage and subdue provinces, are merely heroes."

At this point, it may be well to review briefly the evolutionary process as summarized in the individual.

In accordance with Haeckel's phylogenetic law, we know that the individual traverses all former biological states before its birth. For example, before birth, the human fetus traverses the amoeba stage, the fish stage, the reptile stage, the amphibian stage, the bird stage, and all the intervening species and genera until it emerges as man. We also know that in the individual there persists also a deep psychism, a profound unconscious, which has registered all former psychic states indelibly. These lie latent in the unconscious and are transmitted in the germ plasm. This may explain what the evolutionists mean by heredity. The point is that we are summaries of all our ancestors and we carry the whole ancestral menagerie about with us implicit in our germ plasm. We are microcosms. In this respect, it may be repeated that the individual is a microcosm, concentric with the universe, the great macrocosm.

Becquerel, Roentgen, J. J. Thompson, Schroedinger, Einstein, and Niels Bohr have developed and expounded the dynamic theory of matter. They have shown us that we must abandon the old idea of force as a relic of animism. They would also have us discard the old idea of causality. The mathematical physicists regard matter and energy as interconvertible. According to most of them, "the laws of nature" turn out to be mere statements of averages. In their view, Chance again rules the universe. Matter is being completely dematerialized. In the loose popular terminology, Einstein has added another dimension, a fourth dimension, to the original three in which we were accustomed to frame the so-called material world; in effect, Einstein has enlarged our frame of relevance by adding the space-time continuum. And Lodge, rightly or wrongly, has speculated that the important conclusions for physics will come from an investigation of space and not of matter at all. In Lodge's reasoning, space and ether stand for pretty much the same thing.

Modern mathematical physicists tell us that the old Euclidean idea of space has also gone glimmering into the limbo of rejected theory. In place of it, the modern mathematical physicists speak of

many different kinds of space, curved and otherwise, dependent upon the expediency and the nature of the problem. We now study atomic space and we study astronomical space, which is familiar to all of us, but of which the meaning still remains elusive. There are many possible and convincing pictures of the universe, and the trick is to select the right one.

We have thus seen how modern mathematics and modern physics have added a new world and a so-called new dimension to the cosmos. Now, in the same way, modern psychics aims to investigate the individual, who is comparable to the old atom in physics. And modern psychics attempts to discern new forces, qualities, and faculties in the unconscious of the individual; and from a knowledge of them, it wishes to speculate on this world of psychic energy beyond the individual. It is the same method.

From biology we know that all of our five special senses were developed from an original, diffused, and general sensitivity, which must have been something like the sense of touch. The next sense to develop was the sense of taste. Taste is a specialization of the sense of touch. The sense of smell is still a higher development in evolution. The sense of smell is a refinement and specialization of the sense of taste. In the sense of smell, we no longer need to come into physical contact with the object itself. Then a wider and remoter world is revealed through the sense of hearing than through the sense of smell. Later on, after hundreds of thousands of years of trial and error, the highest sense of all, the sense of sight was developed, canalized and specialized in evolution. Each one of our five senses is, therefore, a specialization and a canalization of some primal pervasive psychism or sensitivity, in response to the demands of adaptation for survival.

Sometimes we see a regression of these special senses to the primal magma or primitive general sensitivity. Sometimes we also see an interchange of the special senses.

For example, Professor Lombroso quotes an interesting case of interchange. This case sounds so incredible that we almost hesitate to quote it, but it has the attestation of expert scientific scrutiny.

Lombroso had a hysterical patient, a girl of fourteen, who lost

the sight of her eyes, but she was able to read perfectly with the lobe of her left ear. Later on, in the same patient of Lombroso, the sense of smell concentrated itself in the heel of her foot.

Doctor Carrel once told me that he investigated a man, otherwise normal, who apparently had such acute visual perception in the fingers of one hand, that, on one occasion, with his back turned to Doctor Carrel, and this sensitive hand behind his back, he was able accurately to read at a distance the changes in time on a large watch, which Doctor Carrel manipulated for the purpose of this experiment.

In the same way, in psychical research we come upon the strangest regressions, specializations, and interchanges of this general psychic sensitivity. We have only to recall how that famous mediumistic personality, Mrs. Piper, was apparently able to hear with her writing hand, frequently raising that hand for the sitter to speak to, as if it were her ear. Except for this auditory hand, she was otherwise in a state of complete cataleptic trance.

All such cases, and there are many of them, seem to prove the fact that each of our five senses is a specialization of some sort of primal sensitivity. We may assume that for primitive amoeboid life there is only one world, the world of touch, accessible to the sense of touch and, perhaps, temperature.

We can imagine what a tremendous world crashed into cognizance with the development of the final sense, the biological eye, that was evolved to receive vibrations of light. In the progress of biological evolution each specialized sense that the organism develops is like a peak in Darien. From the vantage ground of this height of new vision, a whole new world, inaccessible before that sense was developed, is suddenly revealed. This new world opens up only to the organism that has the special sense to receive, to enter it, to explore it.

Just as modern mathematics and modern physics posit another, a fourth, dimension added to the former world we knew, so modern psychics is beginning to speak authoritatively of another sense in addition to the old five senses. This is a telepathic sense. Some authorities, like Doctor Carrel, say we all had it as part of our primal sensitivity and have allowed it to atrophy, precisely as the fish in the Mammoth Cave in Kentucky have lost their sight. Others say that

the telepathic sense is a supersense that is being slowly and tentatively developed and specialized out of the primitive psychodynamism. Whatever it is, whether vestigial of the past or proleptic for the future, some supernormal people seem to have it. And this sense, as all the other senses before it, opens up another kind of environment, a psychic environment, and another dimension of life; or, if you will, another world, a world in which the categories of time and space apparently do not apply.

Now then, let us imagine ourselves trying to explain a world of color and music to an oyster, a primitive animal having no organs to apprehend any but the simplest vibrations. That common-sense dogmatic oyster (and we may be certain that the oyster would be more and more dogmatic in proportion to his greater and deeper ignorance, because we are never so dogmatic about any things as about the things concerning which we are totally ignorant), that common-sense dogmatic oyster would commit us to a lunatic asylum, if he could.

We could argue philosophically with that oyster, who has only a sense of touch and an underdeveloped sense of taste. We could say: "Well, Mr. Oyster, why stop at two senses? Where is the logic in that? Why not three or four senses?"

Psychical research puts the same question to the world of human oysters and asks: "Why stop at five senses?"

So we see that this supernormal activity manifests itself not only in powers which were, perhaps, originally possessed by all of us, but were lost in the evolutional struggle; or which may possibly lie latent in all of us, but are developed to the point of observation and arresting function only in that highly interesting evolutional sport, the psychic sensitive, or mediumistic personality.

The mediumistic personality in psychics corresponds, in some aspects of its activity, to the genius in art. Both the medium and the genius have a faculty of drawing upon sources of energy and intuition inaccessible to most of us.

We have gathered evidence to show the existence of another sense in the dynamo-psychism; and there is dawning upon us another, a phantasmal, a psychic, dimension of life. We see it manifested from time to time in clairvoyance, in lucidity, in clairaudience, in telepathy,

and cryptesthesia. In other words, we have not yet by any means exhausted all aspects of reality beyond or behind appearance.

There is a wonderland of some intangible vibration, to which we are beginning to have access by means of this other sense that is emerging from the wonderland within the human faculty.

Naming a phenomenon in no way explains it, so we must beware of the tyranny of nomenclature. In this respect, psychics is in no worse or better shape than was physics until a very few years ago. In physics we spoke of electricity. We studied its manifestations. We harnessed it. We made electricity a messenger boy to the whole planet. And yet, for a long time, we recognized the presence of electrical energy, not so much by what it was, as by what it did. Until comparatively recently, engineers designed and built electrical machinery without knowing what electricity was. Now that the physicist tells us that electricity is a flow of electrons, engineers design and build machinery like electron tubes, which they could not imagine as late as 1900.

Almost the same story could be told of vitamins. It was long known that scurvy could be cured by lime juice and fresh vegetables, proving that at least one deficiency disease could be successfully treated without a knowledge of the composition of vitamins. Now that we know how they are chemically put together, immense strides have been made in their use.

We do not yet really know what gravity is; yet we work with it. In the same way, modern psychical research speaks of telepathy, perhaps the most fundamental manifestation of the activity of the subliminal mind. Telepathy is an activity that seems to emerge cryptically from behind all other supernormal manifestations; and yet, to date, we cannot tell exactly what telepathy is or how it works. Telepathy would seem to be in the same status in which electricity found itself a century or so ago.

The entomologist Jean Henri Fabre gives some amazing illustrations of unknown faculties and senses among insects. Animals also possess weird supersenses, some of which are just as astonishing as telepathy and strangely like it. In this connection, it is well to note many of the amazing and inexplicable feats of homing pigeons.

Moths possess some uncanny sense of discovering each other's whereabouts, sometimes over vast distances. We are now informed that bats possess something resembling an organic radar equipment. In this respect, Schmidt's studies of eel migrations from Sweden to the Sargasso Sea and back are as astounding as they are significant.

Telepathy seems to be the normal means of communication between subliminal minds. Distance in space or time seems not to exist for it; except insofar as our conscious habit of regarding distance as an obstruction suggests an obstacle to the subliminal, which it is sometimes difficult to overcome. Telepathic manifestations seem not to utilize the ordinary senses, except symbolically. Telepathic phenomena transcend the usual five senses, and seem to function best when the five senses are in abeyance, as in sleep, trance, or hypnosis.

Telepathy, as a psychic manifestation, was well known to psychic research and a familiar phenomenon to the man in the street; but the first large-scale organized experiments in this field, under the auspices of a great university, were those undertaken at Duke University by Dr. J. B. Rhine. By 1934, Dr. Rhine had already collated and tabulated over a hundred thousand tests and had fully established the existence of telepathic communication and clairvoyance as not at all unusual in the ordinary endowed normal human being. The tests, tedious and laborious as they were, serve the purpose of rescuing telepathy as a psychic faculty from the freakishness of coincidence, and provided us with a calculable norm of probability. And recently in the work of Rhine, Soal and Whately Carington, telepathy, pre-cognition, and clairvoyance are providing a new approach to the basic problems of psychical research.⁵

Hallucinations, trance, veridical phantasms of the living or the

⁵ The limitations of this volume make it impossible to give Dr. Rhine's very important contributions to extra-sensory perception as much attention as they deserve. Every interested student should read carefully his *New Frontiers of Science* and *Extra Sensory Perception After Sixty Years*. In this connection, see Whately Carington's *A Suggested Method of Research*, Proc. S.P.R. Vol. XXXI, 1921, and also Carington's *Thought Transference: an Outline of the Facts, Theory and Implications of Telepathy*, published by the Creative Age Press, New York, 1946; also the articles by C. N. M. Tyrell in Proc. S.P.R., Part 147, July 1936, and *Journal of Parapsychology*, 11, June 1938.

dead, lucidity, clairvoyance, psychometry, crystal vision (with or without hypnotic suggestion), monitions, collective monitions (where several people see the same monitory phantasm), premonitions, automatic writings, hauntings, and the rarer phenomena of telekinesis and ectoplasm have all been scientifically observed and with such strength of cumulative and corroborative testimony that it is difficult for even the trained incredulity of the scientific mind to assemble sufficient power of skepticism to deny the facts.

After Thomas Mann spent an evening with a group of savants who were observing Rudi Schneider at the home of von Schrenck-Notzing, he wrote the essay entitled "An Experience in the Occult." That essay contains these words: "It was not possible—but it happened." ". . . never before had I seen the impossible happening despite its own impossibility; . . ." ". . . you command the impossible, and you are obeyed by a spook, a panic-stricken little monster from beyond the world. . . ." * And the more he observed, the more cautious he became in his skepticism.

As usual, the facts are in the main accepted. The quarrel is no longer with the facts. It is with the explanation and with the theories to account for the facts. It is here that the scientists diverge and divide.

Official science for a long time refused to consider these supernormal psychical data at all, because there are dogmatic Bourbons in the realm of official science, just as there are Bourbons in the realms of theology and philosophy. For a long time, elliptical orbits in the stars were not permitted by official astronomy, because the dogmatists of official science maintained that the ellipse was less perfect than the circle, and everything heavenly was obliged to be perfect.

Today, however, in a world where apparently dead, inert, impenetrable matter has been volatilized into force points and vortices of swirling ions, protons, and electrons, neutrons, etc., etc., revolving at the rate of 186,000 miles a second—which is the speed of light—in such a world where the very essence of matter has become immaterial, where instantaneous gravitation operates in an unexplained way, where a fourth dimension is already accepted as another environ-

* Thomas Mann: *An Experience in the Occult*. Alfred A. Knopf, Inc.

ment, our very sense of continuity must make us ready to conceive other invisible dimensions, environments, and coexistences.

True science is very modest. It is characterized by a profound humility. Scientific verdicts are reticent and tentative. The best scientists realize that in comparison with what there is to know, what we do know seems negligible.

We may confidently affirm, however, that human evolution takes place not only in the midst of an earthly, physical environment, but also, beyond that, in an extra-terrene or superphysical environment. We are familiar with the brain and the five limited senses, which adapt and report and communicate in our ordinary, mundane environment. Science now brings its own great ones to join the cloud of witnesses who testify with the poets and artists that, in addition, we now realize that we possess other sources and avenues of cognition, which definitely point to another dimension and another environment. Indeed, "There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, than are dreamed of in your philosophy."

For the purpose of adaptation and existence, for report and communication with this less-known, this super-material environment, we have discovered the existence of other sources of cognition and of other faculties. The inescapable scientific inference forces us to the conviction that the human personality has both material and psychic powers; all of which we have not yet inventoried in the calendar of commonplace.

The cautious rationalists and scientists of the type of Professor Charles Richet invoke telepathy and the subliminal mind to account for most of the supernormal phenomena, and make no dogmatic affirmation or denial of the survival of personal consciousness in this other environment after death.

Richet's exact words are as follows: "In my humble opinion, proof of survival has not been given by subjective metaphysics; but I hasten to add that a near approach to that proof has been made." That is a great and hopeful statement. Richet adds that there are many psychic actualities that telepathy cannot explain.⁶

Indeed, we could feel much firmer ground under our feet, if we

⁶ Cf. Charles Richet: *Thirty Years of Psychical Research, passim.*

could only assert with confidence just where telepathy ends and something else, that we know very little about, begins. This is the point at which the unknown guest enters, sometimes watched and waited for, sometimes as an intruder, but always unexpected and unannounced.

For example, the famous medium, Mrs. Piper, informs Mrs. Verrall (herself not without honor as a medium), nearly a century after the events here narrated, that Mrs. Verrall had an Aunt Susan, that this Aunt Susan was born in 1791, that Aunt Susan had a son and that there was an oil portrait of that son in Aunt Susan's house. All these were trivial facts, of which Mrs. Piper knew nothing, and concerning the existence of the last of which—the portrait—Mrs. Verrall herself was completely ignorant. There were many other intimate facts regarding this branch of Mrs. Verrall's family, about which Mrs. Verrall herself had not the remotest knowledge. Most certainly, Mrs. Piper knew nothing about these trivial details; and yet all these unconsidered trifles were later verified by the most meticulous genealogical search. The existence of the portrait was also verified. Telepathy, paramnesia, retrocognition, or latent memory cannot explain these things.

Mrs. Henry Sidgwick, a highly objective observer, writing of Mrs. Piper's supernormal activities, makes this statement: "To prevent misapprehension, I am anxious to say emphatically at the very beginning of my discussion that I have no doubt whatever that knowledge is often exhibited in the course of Mrs. Piper's trance utterances which can only have reached her by some supernormal means—by which I mean otherwise than through the ordinary channels of sense." Concerning the same mediumship of Mrs. Piper, Professor William James, after collating sixty-nine sittings with her, puts himself on record as follows: "I myself feel as if an external will to communicate were probably there; that is, I find myself doubting, in consequence of my whole acquaintance with that sphere of phenomena, that Mrs. Piper's dream-life, even equipped with telepathic powers, accounts for all the results found." Here again we come face to face with expert scientific testimony to the existence of that something else, which can neither be explained nor explained away, but which

is overpoweringly present and active in the impressive and sometimes dramatic intrusions into our most cautious investigations.

This is the kind of experience in which the irruption of the indefinable something else constantly occurs. Dr. John F. Thomas, in his *Beyond Normal Cognition*, tabulates several hundred sittings with eighteen well-known psychic sensitives here and abroad, extending over many years. These sittings were usually conducted under strict test conditions, in daylight. They cover a range of thousands of topics, all of them more or less trivial, so that expectant attention may be thoroughly discounted. The results are classified, cross referenced, and tabulated with meticulous carefulness. Dr. Thomas subjects his findings to the most scrupulous analyses, even to the point of estimating the probability of unconscious fraud and involuntary collaboration on his own part with the various psychic sensitives with whom he worked. The preponderance of the sifted evidence in his investigations points overwhelmingly to the conclusion that telepathy can carry the torch only so far. Then at some undetermined point where telepathy sinks exhausted, the torch is suddenly wrested from her hands by an unknown runner and carried to goals beyond the most bound of human thought.

It is easy to indulge in a facile avoidance of the troublesome problems implied in these researches by shouting "Fraud!" But the explanation to substantiate the glib dismissal of fraud is more incredible and fantastic than the scientific phenomena it seeks so unscientifically to discredit.

After Professor Hyslop had spent fruitless efforts replying to negative or blanket allegations of fraud, which dismissed all his investigations with a single word, he finally decided that he would pay no further attention to negative and wholesale dismissals. He took the position that if any critic wished him to reply and prove the validity of his evidence, such a critic should point out, positively and definitely, what element of his evidence was fraudulent, which link in his chain was spurious, and where or how the fraud manifested itself. Hyslop refused to waste time replying to superficial critics who wanted him to re-establish his whole case every time any one of them shouted a derisive or dismissive word like charlatany, fake, delusion,

ignorant credulity, self-delusion, or fraud. Professor Hyslop took this courageous stand, not only for personal reasons, but, even more because he refused to permit the dignity of scientific investigation to be compromised by the whole vocal tribe of belittlers. Hyslop might well have declared with sturdy Dr. Samuel Johnson: "Nothing has tended more to retard the advancement of science than the disposition of vulgar minds to vilify what they cannot comprehend."

Dr. Thomas writes very pointedly of this attitude: "On the subject of fraud . . . nothing less would suffice, short of collusion on the part of the recorders, plus intrigue by sympathetic relatives and friends, plus excessive expenditures for paid agents, plus free access to the limited recorded information. All this combination would have to work over a period of six years without detection. The fair conclusion, then, is that the fraud explanation, while not absolutely impossible, is fantastically incredible."

Judge Edmunds, a president of the Senate and a judge of the Supreme Court of the State of New York, a highly intelligent citizen and a man of incorruptible integrity, had a daughter, Laura Edmunds. Laura was a fervent Catholic. Beyond a smattering of finishing school French, she knew no other language but English. One day in New York City, on a Sunday afternoon at teatime, when the members of the Edmunds family usually are at home to their friends, they receive a visit from a certain Greek gentleman, Mr. Evangelides, who carries an introduction to Judge Edmunds, and who has never been in the house before. In the presence of the family and a group of friends, Laura suddenly suffers some kind of psychic invasion. The family and friends are at first alarmed and then astounded at the change in Laura, because, shortly after meeting Mr. Evangelides, Laura's customary speech, manner, and appearance change. She seems to be in some kind of trance or possession, or in the control of some personality other than her own. Such a thing never has happened to her before, nor does it ever occur again. Some unpredictable confluence of forces or conditions takes place at that unanticipated moment in that conventional drawing room. Laura, to the amazement of the entire gathering, sits down and converses in modern Greek with Mr. Evangelides. At first Mr. Evangelides is amazed and gratified; but

when Laura Edmunds suddenly informs him of the death of his son in Greece, four thousand miles away, he bursts into tears. Mr. Evangelides knows nothing of this tragedy in his family. Laura apparently has incarnated an intimate friend of his, a certain Mr. Botzaris, who had died some years before in Greece. It goes without saying that Laura had never before heard of this Mr. Botzaris. The announcement of the death was found to be correct.

The testimony volunteered by Judge Edmunds himself is startlingly conclusive: "To deny the fact is impossible, it was too well-known. I could as well deny the light of the sun. Nor could I think it an illusion; for it is in no way different from any other reality. It took place before eight or ten educated and intelligent persons. No medium was present. We had never seen Mr. Evangelides before. He was introduced by a friend that same evening." * Judge Edmunds asks as we all ask: "How could Laura tell him of the death of his son? How could Laura understand and speak Greek, which she had never previously heard?" ⁷

To account for such cases as these, and there are many of them, the hypothesis of spiritism has been embraced by many very thoughtful investigators, like Crookes, Wallace, Myers, Hyslop, and Lodge, as well as by a number of people more enthusiastic than scientific.

If the spiritistic hypothesis could be established, it would explain many of the phenomena that are opaque, impenetrable, and cryptic to our present knowledge, and whose explanation is therefore indefinitely postponed.

The spiritualists claim that the spiritistic hypothesis would explain mediumship, phantasms, split personality, possession, ecstasy, ectoplasm, telekinesis, telepathy, xenoglossy, and, indeed, most of the bewildering phenomena of psychics.

Both spiritism as a philosophy and spiritualism as a faith agree that the minds and bodies of certain sensitive or mediumistic subjects are invaded, possessed; and replaced by another mind, usually that

* From Charles Richet: *Thirty Years of Psychical Research*. By permission of The Macmillan Company, publishers.

⁷ See De Vesme, *Xenoglossie, L'écriture automatique en langues étrangères*, A.S.P., 1905, xv, and A.S.P., 1907, xvii.

of a deceased person, whose intelligence, memory, and consciousness are not dead. The spiritist theory, disengaged from superstitions that weaken it, maintains that the human mind or soul or personality is not annihilated at the moment of death. It continues to evolve in a world not conditioned by space and time. This discarnate spirit, retaining some of the characteristics that it had during life—its individuality, its consciousness, its memory, and its personality—can manifest itself through certain privileged, living mediumistic persons, by taking possession of their body, brain, muscles, and nerves, usually when the functions of the conscious mind of the medium are suspended. For all practical purposes, this discarnate spirit then writes, sees, thinks, and speaks as in the time when it was incarnate in the flesh. The minds and spirits of the dead know things, near and far, past, present, or even future. They can speak languages unknown to the medium and can even compose verses, as Victor Hugo stoutly maintained that he himself did at the immediate dictation of Molière. Discarnate spirits can solve problems and discuss questions, when the medium, left to himself and his own conscious processes, would be incapable of solving those problems, using those languages or discussing those questions. The consciousness of the apparently dead invading self has not, therefore, disappeared; for there can be no true survival without consciousness of personality.

The only trouble with the above spiritistic hypothesis is that the explanation it offers seems to many to be more miraculous than the phenomena it attempts to explain. Nevertheless, psychical research opposes spiritism only halfheartedly, and is quite unable to bring forward any wholly satisfactory countertheory.⁸

The common-sense opposition to spiritism is based largely upon the facts that: First, the ordinary man maintains that intelligence and consciousness, as we know them, are functions of the brain; and to admit the persistence of these functions without the brain itself is like admitting the existence of kidney secretions without a kidney. However, in answer to this contention, modern scientific research has verified the existence of another kind of mind and other kinds of

⁸ However, in this connection, see Whately Carington's *A Suggested Method of Research*, Proc. S.P.R., 1921, Vol. XXXI.

perception. We know of the subliminal mind, which seems only indirectly dependent upon the physical brain and the senses. We can possibly admit that decay and death of the one mind, the conscious mind, may not so inevitably and completely involve the dissolution of the other.⁹

Second, common sense asks which conscious self survives? Is it the self of my prime with all my faculties intact? Or is it my senile self with memory impaired and functions weakened? If an infant dies, does its spirit persist in an infantile state? Moreover, so much of what is I, so much of me, is dependent upon physical nerves and brain that it is of less poignant consequence if some abstract subconscious, depersonalized self continues.

Actually, however, there is no greater or lesser in the scale of spiritual values. Standards may be different in the "other world." What is trivial to us here may be important there. As a personality, it is only human that we should want to carry along with us all the small, intimate furniture of our mundane selves, in order to give us a sense of recognition, familiarity, and comfort. But, at the same time, neither do we want to sacrifice any of the accumulated gains, the treasures of experience and thought, that enrich the personality with the harvest of growth and maturity. As Sir Humphrey Davy, one of the proudest names in the history of modern science, eloquently says: "There may be beings, thinking beings, near or surrounding us, which we do not perceive, which we cannot imagine. We know very little; but, in my opinion, we know enough to hope for the immortality, the individual immortality, of the better part of man."

Upon this same question, Emerson provides oracular comment when he declares: "Science corrects the old creeds, sweeps away, with every new perception, our infantile catechisms, and necessitates a faith commensurate with the grander orbits and universal laws which it discloses." Emerson also states: "We are much better believers in immortality than we can give grounds for. The real evidence is too subtle, or is higher than we can write down in propositions." Here we have testimony of the highest order, the first from a scientist, the

⁹ See page 267 *et seq.*

second from a thinker, rendering resonant corroboration to the verdict of science on these profound questions.

There is a mass of scientific data indicating that the subliminal mind never forgets anything. The conscious mind is fitted with an admirable forgettery which throws into the unconscious all those fugitive impressions that are not useful for adaptation and for the struggle for existence here on earth. These fugitive and apparently forgotten impressions, useless for this environment, may define and establish our personalities in another environment. And this we profoundly believe to be scientifically valid and increasingly susceptible of scientific verification.

Third, common sense realizes that a hypnotized subject will impersonate many fanciful, fictitious, as well as real personalities. For example, when Eusapia Paladino speaks of "John King" as her controlling spirit, or when Stainton Moses speaks of "Rector," "Imperator," and "Mentor," or when Mrs. Piper speaks of "Phinuit," "Rector," "Imperator," or "George Pelham," what proof have we that these personalities are real? The queerest and eeriest personalities can be produced and evoked by hypnotic suggestion, depending upon inheritance, education, or association. The only difference between the ordinary hypnotic subject and the veritable medium is that, while the actions of the hypnotized subject are due to the suggestions of the hypnotist, the medium is self-suggested, often by his own mechanism of release, or autohypnotized, often by what the medium calls his "control."

If some of the controlling personalities are invoked and suggested to the highly suggestible and dramatic unconscious, one may ask: Why may not all of them be so invoked and suggested? Both the hypnotic subject and the medium utilize the subliminal mind; and telepathy is the normal activity of that mind.

This sounds most reasonable as an objection to spiritism. But it involves the use of telepathy and makes telepathy practically omniscient, in order to account for the magpie miscellany of detailed, trivial, and verifiable knowledge of facts, which demonstrably were not in the minds of any of those present. However, telepathy cannot explain such instances of communication as we have related regard-

ing Mrs. Verrall and her deceased Aunt Susan, or the case of Laura Edmunds and Mr. Evangelides. Neither does telepathy throw much light on cases of psychometry, premonitions, and previsions, some of which have been remarkably attested and verified.¹⁰ Dr. Ermacora of the Spanish Society for Psychical Research gives many striking cases of veridical predition, particularly those in which Signorina Manzini, known as Elvira, was involved. Cases of psychometry are most perplexing to our present knowledge. But these may be an index pointing the way either to proof of survival, or else to the existence of some greater law which may include and transcend survival.

This may be as good a place as any to speak of psychometry, because no discussion of the present verdict of science on the questions of psychics can omit some reference to this valid and well-attested faculty and its most enigmatic and bewildering phenomena. A sufficient number of psychometric cases has been carefully scrutinized by such qualified observers as Dr. Osty, Dr. J. Maxwell, and MM. Duchatel and Warcollier to bring them into the scientific category. Some are reported in the books referred to below, and others in the *Annales des Sciences Psychiques*.

The name "psychometry" is a very clumsy and inept name to describe such eerie but well-authenticated manifestations as we shall attempt now to detail. We shall introduce the discussion by invoking Dr. Maxwell's very careful definition of psychometry as "the faculty possessed by certain persons of placing themselves in relation, either spontaneously, or, for the most part, through the intermediary of some object, with unknown and often very distant things and people." * Psychometric manifestations are very easy to verify, as they can be repeated or reproduced indefinitely by well-qualified mediumistic personalities; whereas, on the contrary, most of the other psychic manifestations are involved with conditions that make it difficult, almost impossible, for us to reproduce them for repeated scrutiny.

¹⁰ Cf. Whately Carington's *Thought Transference—An Outline of Facts, Theory and Implications of Telepathy*, Creative Age Press, 1946, for an interesting explanation of even these cases by the associational theory of telepathy.

* J. Maxwell: *Metaphysical Phenomena*. Copyright G. P. Putnam's Sons.

That is why it can be said that psychometric phenomena are proved and no longer doubted by qualified observers.

Some psychometric mediums operate in a state of trance, but there are others, equally successful, who produce or invoke their uncannily accurate comment in a state of normal consciousness; although telepathy, clairvoyance, and other manifestations of the unconscious are usually involved.

The two following characteristic examples of psychometry concern themselves with episodes in the life of Maurice Maeterlinck as recorded by him in *The Unknown Guest*. The first one occurred while he was at Elberfeld as the guest of Mr. Krall, examining the remarkable horses that we have discussed in an earlier chapter of this book. Briefly they are as follows:

In September, 1913, Maeterlinck, on his way to visit the Elberfeld horses, sends a note to his wife. Oddly enough, in this note there is no mention of where he is going or why. Mme. Maeterlinck takes this note to the well-known and authentic psychometrist Mme. M——. In reply to Mme. Maeterlinck's questions about her husband, the psychometrist instantly describes his whereabouts and what he is doing in the most vivid and exact detail, making only two slight errors in a lengthy description. Neither of the two ladies had ever seen Elberfeld, nor, for that matter, had Maeterlinck himself, at the time he despatched the note.

Up to this point, Maeterlinck and the psychometric medium have not met, although Maeterlinck has on several occasions expressed to his wife his intention of some day investigating her.

The second episode occurs shortly after his return from Elberfeld. Maeterlinck receives a letter from England, a simple routine request for his autograph. The letter contains nothing else. Maeterlinck then takes this letter to the same psychometrist, Mme. M——, who describes the writer of the note as a girl of fifteen or sixteen, who had been ill, but who is now well. This girl is visualized by the medium as being in a beautiful English garden, playing with a large, curly-haired, long-eared dog, in front of a spacious house surrounded by hills and trees. Glimpses of the sea can be seen through the trees. Inquiry verifies all these details in the most astonishing fashion.

These are the plain facts in both cases: run-of-the-mill cases that constantly occur and recur in the lives of practically all of us, with this difference, that most of us do not consult psychometrists, but dismiss the matter as coincidence, which term covers a multitude of daily marvels.

Making due allowance for the two or three minor lapses from accuracy, because the psychometrist always envisions the habitual rather than the momentary action, we are forced to ask certain questions. Do the two letters involved in these cases act as mechanisms of release for the psychometric medium? Or do they create some rapport, some tremor of contact and communication, which annihilates time and space, or else moves in some dimension apart from the usual time-space frame of relevance? It is obvious that the data of these two cases, as reported by Maeterlinck, implicate other elements beside psychometry, elements of telepathy and clairvoyance, which inevitably intrude into the picture. Nevertheless, we are obliged to conclude that there remains in these cases, after due subtraction, an irreducible minimum of psychometric vision or activity.

The third case which we shall now narrate presents the closest approximation to a classic example of pure psychometry. This case was thoroughly investigated by the redoubtable Dr. Osty, who reported it with meticulous detail in the *Annales des Sciences Psychiques* for April, 1914. This case has also been scrupulously investigated by Maeterlinck.¹¹ As it happens, the same psychometric medium, Mme. M——, is involved here as well.

On the large estate of Baron Jaubert at Cours-les-Barres, there stands a forester's cottage, occupied by Etienne Lerasle, a man of eighty-two. On March 2nd, 1914, old Etienne sets out for his daily walk. He disappears. A posse of twenty-four people search everywhere in vain. Ponds and pools are dragged. The forest is thoroughly explored. Every effort to find him is made, to no avail. Finally, sixteen days later, Baron Jaubert's agent approaches Dr. Osty and gives him a scarf which the old man had frequently worn. Dr. Osty goes to his favorite psychometric medium, this same Mme.

¹¹ See Maeterlinck: *The Unknown Guest*.

M——. Dr. Osty knows nothing of the missing man, save that he is eighty-two years old and walks with a stoop.

No sooner has Mme. M—— taken the scarf in her hand than she visualizes "the dead body of an old man, lying on the damp ground, in a wood, in the middle of a coppice, beside a horse-shoe pond, near a sort of rock. She traces the road taken by the victim, depicts the buildings which he had passed, his mental condition impaired by age, his fixed intention of dying, his physical appearance, his habitual and characteristic way of carrying his stick, his soft striped shirt, and so on."

This accurately detailed description creates consternation among the old man's family and friends. However, they are baffled by this mention of a rock in a place where no rocks have ever been found. Spurred on by this description, the search is resumed with renewed energy. But nothing is found.

Two more consultations take place with Mme. M——, one on the 30th of March and the other on the 6th of April. At each of these sessions, the psychometrist's vision takes on increasing clarity, until she sees that the "rock" is really a huge stump of a tree covered over with moss, which could easily be mistaken for a rock. The searchers set out again, following the itinerary psychometrically given, and find the body of old Etienne Lerasle, clothed as Mme. M—— had seen it, near the pond.

Let us bear in mind that there is here no question of a crime. The old man was alone when he died a natural death. In other words, there is no possibility of telepathic communication between Mme. M—— and any living person, as there might well have been, had there been a murderer or any witness to his death. We are, therefore, forced to accept one of two conclusions: either old Etienne's discarnate spirit, haunting this secluded place, had contrived to establish contact with Mme. M——; or else that the imminent tragedy, in all its pathetic details, was already, so to speak, spiritually fingerprinted into the very texture of the scarf which he left behind him in his cottage.

Cases such as this of Etienne Lerasle bring us face to face with

psychometry in its purest manifestation. We cannot limp away from the inescapable and haunted landscape of this mystery on the facile crutches of skepticism.

These reports are characteristic of the many scrupulously observed cases of psychometry; and they carry the most disturbing implications and upsetting inferences for those who have committed themselves to the various positivistic dogmas and conclusions of materialistic science.¹²

In attempting to give some cogent general statement of the present verdict of science on the subject of psychics, we are sometimes bewildered by the antipodally opposite attitudes we discover in the same important personality. For example, there is Sir William Thomson, Lord Kelvin, whose commanding accomplishments in the fields of mathematics, physics, the allied natural sciences, and electricity, would seem to qualify him for resonant authority in any scientific pursuit. In the first chapter of this book we quoted Sir William as saying: "Science is forced, by the eternal law of honour, to look squarely at any problem which appears frankly before it." That is a fine manifesto of liberalism for free inquiry. It is like the Atlantic Charter, welcoming into the republic of science any subject of inquiry and guaranteeing any honest investigation its day in court, under the auspices of the four freedoms of research. But suddenly we are confronted with another attitude, betraying a deplorable prejudice and fanaticism, making psychics a pariah among the sciences. It is as if Lord Kelvin had hardened his mind and heart against any scientific investigation of these curious phenomena and had become, so to speak, allergic to psychical research. The same man who endorsed the ringing charter of liberty for modern science quoted above also wrote these unfortunate flat-footed and shut-minded words: "I hold myself bound to reject everything that tends to the acceptance of this wretched superstition of animal magnetism, turning tables, spiritualism, clairvoyance, and rappings. There is no mystical seventh sense; clairvoyance and all the rest are but the results of mal-observation combined with intentional imposture prac-

¹² Duchatel: *Enquête sur de Cas de Psychometrie*. Osty: *Lucidité et Intuition. Annales des Sciences Psychiques*. April, 1914. W. Carington: *op. cit.*

ticed on simple and credulous minds.”¹⁸ In these tragic words, Lord Kelvin disinherited himself from every tradition of open-minded inquiry, which is the birthright of the scientist, and committed scientific harikari on the doorstep of the temple of the sciences, which he had once done so much to adorn.

We quote this statement in full, because it is the classic form employed to exorcise all “ghosts” and to disparage all interest in psychical research. This is the kind of attitude that provoked Professor Schiller of Cambridge to remark that psychical research was still “the Dreyfus case of science.”

Among Lord Kelvin’s contemporaries in science, whose researches in this realm of “wretched superstition” are here rashly stigmatized, branded, and summarily dismissed, is the distinguished chemist and physicist, Sir William Crookes, F.R.S. Crookes’ accomplishments in spectroscopy, added to his respectable standing in orthodox chemistry and physics, also qualified him to speak with authority. Crookes was the first man in modern times whose investigations gave him a glimpse of other states of matter than were listed in traditional physics. Crookes’ discovery and magnetic bending of the cathode ray laid the foundation of electronics and prepared the way for nuclear fission and the atomic bomb. Lord Kelvin’s pronunciamento offers Crookes the unenviable choice of categories in which he can classify himself. Crookes can choose either to be vilified as an “intentional impostor” or be dismissed as one of the “simple and credulous minds that become the dupe of mal-observation.”

Crookes’ discovery of the existence of other states of matter than were commonly perceived may have made him hospitable to the revelation of the existence of other states of mind or spirit than were commonly accepted. After his crucial experiments with D.D. Home and Florence Cook, Crookes risked losing his hard-earned reputation as a scientist when he wrote of his researches in psychic force, materialization, and other psychic phenomena: “*I do not say that these things are possible. I say that they exist.*” This statement was made in his well-seasoned maturity, at about his fortieth year. Toward the end of his distinguished life, after having survived for almost forty

¹⁸ See *Annales des Sciences Psychiques*, 1904, XIV.

years the ridicule of a materialistic period, Crookes said of his psychic researches: "I have nothing to withdraw of all I have borne witness to."

It took high courage and profound scientific probity to issue such statements as these, and also the final statement Crookes made when he summarized his psychic investigations in these unqualified words: "The facts point to the existence of another order of human life continuous with this, and demonstrate the possibility of connection between this world and the next."

In contrast to Lord Kelvin's rash dismissal of all the problems, facts, and findings of psychics, we find the truly humble and repentant words of Professor Ochorowitz, of the University of Warsaw, a scientist and psychologist of the highest standing, who wrote: "When I remember that I branded as a fool that fearless investigator, Crookes, because he had the courage to assert the reality of psychic phenomena, I am ashamed both of myself and others, and I cry from the very bottom of my heart: 'Father, forgive! I have sinned against the light.'"

Among other distinguished and high-ranking scientists, who have, in Lord Kelvin's estimation, squandered important portions of their lives investigating the "wretched superstition of animal magnetism, turning tables, spiritualism, clairvoyance and all the rest [which] are but the results of mal-observation combined with intentional imposture practiced on simple and credulous minds," the list includes the honored name of Sir William Barrett, F.R.S. With all the authority of his outstanding equipment as a psychologist and his expert scrutiny of data as a researcher, Barrett commits himself to this deliberate conclusion: "I am absolutely convinced of the fact that those who have once lived on earth can and do communicate with us. It is hardly possible to convey to the inexperienced an adequate idea of the strength and cumulative force of the evidence. Let us thank God that He has permitted a corner of His veil to be lifted." *

Among the more recent psychologists and distinguished modern scientists who have devoted their great talents and equipment to the

* Sir William Barrett: *On the Threshold of the Unseen*. E. P. Dutton & Co., Inc., New York.

tireless scrutiny and careful appraisal of psychic phenomena are de Vesme, Dr. Morton Prince, Professor J. B. Rhine, Whately Carington, C. N. M. Tyrrell, and others. By no stretch of the imagination can any of these serious investigators be summarily dismissed as "simple and credulous minds," nor can their careful conclusions be waved aside by calling them "the results of mal-observation," nor can their incorruptible scientific integrity be vilified by calling it "intentional imposture." On the contrary, many of the statements here quoted are evidence of incorruptible scientific integrity, because they often jeopardized the reputation and standing of the men who made them.

Dr. Geley, the distinguished psychologist, after long years devoted to the investigation of all manner of normal, abnormal, and supernormal psychological manifestations—particularly mediumistic and ectoplasmic phenomena—concluded: "The facts revealed necessitate the complete overthrow of the materialistic physiology and conception of the universe."

Dr. Richard Hodgson, of Cambridge University, after spending years of scientific investigation scrutinizing the data and phenomena of psychical research, frankly expresses the conclusion at which many other less gifted seekers have arrived when he states: "I entered profoundly materialistic, not believing in life after death. Today I say, 'I believe.' The truth has been given to me in such a way as to remove even the possibility of a doubt." And the eminent physicist, Professor Raoul Picet, of the University of Genoa, adds his verification to many of the phenomena of psychical research by saying: "I am constrained to believe by the invincible logic of facts."

These thoroughly considered professions of faith apply not only to the animistic manifestations of the hitherto uncharted faculties that emerge cryptically from the unconscious of the incarnate human personality; they also refer to those disturbing intrusions of the something else, which justifies the acceptance of the spiritistic hypothesis by many people. When such a well-known astronomer and faithful observer as Camille Flammarion writes: "Any man accustomed to scientific observation may acquire a radical and absolute certainty of the reality of the facts," he issues an arresting challenge to every thoughtful person's attention. The considered testimony and

the ripened conclusions of scientists of the rank and standing here quoted must at least be received with respect and not ridiculed as the maunderings of old men or lampooned as the wishful thinking of weak and unrealistic idealists who seek to buttress some of the faltering assurances and tenets of religion with sciolism and pretense.

In an important address at Browning Hall, Walworth, England, Sir Oliver Lodge expressed his mature conviction in these words. He said: "I tell you that we do persist. Communication is possible. I have proved that the people who communicate are who and what they say they are. The conclusion is that survival is scientifically proved by scientific investigation." That statement has immense implications. It is simple and direct. It contains no qualifying or modifying adjectives or adverbs that might weaken its power or limit its application. We may not agree with it, we may feel that the evidence does not warrant his conclusion; but we cannot discard the evidence nor insult his conclusion.

The old-fashioned materialists dismissed Lodge's sincere statement of his conviction by calling him senile. They had already dismissed Crookes with the same depreciation. In his good-humored reply to such detractors, Lodge pointed out that his critics overlooked the fact that both he and Crookes were convinced spiritualists and spoke of their convictions in the same way when they were forty years of age. Then, of course, they were criticized for being too young, too rash, and too headlong in their speculations.

It may not seem altogether inappropriate to point out that Lord Kelvin promulgated that lamentable heresy against his own scientific faith when he himself was eighty years old! In this controversy, we prefer to leave the question of who was senile to the reader's merciful judgment.

Both spiritism and spiritualism are founded upon the same psychic phenomena. Both agree that the great body of psychic facts can best be interpreted according to the hypothesis of discarnate spirits, who can and do manifest themselves in mundane affairs. The spiritist maintains that the overwhelming evidence of psychic facts justifies his intellectual or philosophical belief in such discarnate spirits, as an explanation of the major part of the phenomena. He also utilizes

this philosophic theory as an exploratory hypothesis with which to approach what he cannot otherwise explain. The spiritualist, on the other hand, erects upon this same philosophic hypothesis of discarnate spirits a whole superstructure of faith in the purposeful intervention of such discarnate spirits; which, for him, leaves nothing unexplained, and therefore takes on the aspect of religion. Spiritism, as an intellectual interpretation of psychic phenomena, bears the same relation to spiritualism as a religion, that the principles of ideal theology ought to bear to the precepts of ideal religion.

It is very difficult for either the spiritists or spiritualists to prove their case in any absolute sense. And we say this with full knowledge of the obstacles that so-called discarnate spirits may encounter in attempting to communicate. We make all subtractions for the fractured personality of the medium or the psychic sensitive, with the conscious mind asleep, and the unconscious mind invaded. We appreciate the incoherencies, the repetitions, and trivialities that are inevitable when there is a lack of co-ordination between the instrument, the physical body of the psychic sensitive, and the discarnate spirit that is supposed to play upon it. We are also cognizant of the almost insurmountable obstacles in the way of describing a spiritual environment by words and symbols of this earthly environment. We value the trivial at its fullest evidential hallmark of verity. We realize all these things; and yet we must conclude that the spiritistic hypothesis is at present too easy an explanation of the tremendous plexus of unknown forces impinging upon our sensitive and bewildered personalities.

We can offer no alternative explanation for these phenomena. We do not condemn the spiritistic hypothesis. We simply cannot embrace it *in toto*. That is all. In all conscience, we feel that it is premature and a bit dismissive; as Christian Science, with all its helpfulness to a great many people, is also dismissive. Christian Science obliterates the whole world of matter simply by calling it illusion. Yet Hume and Berkeley practically do the same thing, and so do modern physicists. So where are we?

The spiritistic hypothesis, however, has served a very valuable purpose. Swedenborg and Wallace, Crookes, Lodge, and Hyslop, all

standing in the highest places upon the honor roll of modern science, ended as spiritualists. The early modern spiritualists have stimulated scientific inquiry enormously. We can admit veritable psychical experiences, as in the case of Swedenborg, without necessarily assenting to his rather dogmatic and spiritistic explanations of them. Although we can accept lightning as a scientific phenomenon and a scientific fact, we are not obliged to accept a Jupiter and his caprices of anger to explain it. An outraged Jupiter, twirling his thunderbolts, is more mysterious and unaccountable than the lightning itself which it presumes to explain.

In other words, rather than invoke the unexplained mystery of spirit intervention in order to explain a host of other mysteries in this wonderland of psychics, it would seem more reasonable to suppose that among the unknown forces latent in the human unconscious organism—that dynamo of mysteries—there are some that seem capable of being externalized and projected outward in ectoplasmic, phantasmal, and telekinetic form.

We have now assembled a cloud of scientific witnesses to testify to the reality of many of the psychic phenomena, and to the existence, functioning, and activity of those same faculties in the personality to which the testimony of the poets and artists bore witness in the preceding chapter. These psychic phenomena and the supersenses that report them are mainly involved with the subliminal mind or the deep unconscious psyche. We may now recapitulate some of these findings.

We know, first, that the whole function of the subliminal consciousness indicates that there are activities, antennae, or supersenses in man that seem to point to his adaptation to, and contact and permeation with, another kind of environment, an environment other than his ordinary waking consciousness reports to him.

From all that we can gather, we conclude that what Saint Paul means by the incorruptible spiritual body, or the soul, is very like what modern psychics means when it speaks of the subliminal mind or the deep psychic unconscious. Decay and death of the conscious mind, dependent upon the corruptible physical organism, may not absolutely involve the dissolution of the subliminal or incorruptible

spiritual body, which in many of its activities seems independent of the physical brain.

Second, the materialistic physicist still believes in the second law of thermodynamics, which maintains that this universe is running down like a clock. This materialistic physicist is always at liberty to invoke this law against any of the conclusions of psychics that involve permanence, survival, growth, or immortality. But it is well to remember that the great scientific law of continuity in the universe provides a solid bastion for the erection of an exalted and aspiring hope. No matter what the physical scientist may maintain about his physical universe, no matter how correctly and convincingly he may compute the rate of deterioration and dissolution in the sum total of energies in his material world, no matter how bleak a picture the second law of thermodynamics presents in his view, psychical research can still maintain that in the psychic universe nothing is lost and that the sum total of energy in that world which is immune to the physical forces of deterioration and dissolution remains constant. In this regard, we take our position firmly on the side of the angels —those poets, prophets, and philosophers—who believe that, as the number of lamps is diminished, the height of the flame is increased; that man, as a spirit, is still the measure of all things; and that, in Tennyson's noble article of faith, we must believe

That nothing walks with aimless feet,
That not one life shall be destroyed,
Or cast as rubbish to the void
When God hath made the pile complete.

Our conscious minds, with their constant adjustments to the shifting solicitations of our external environment, undergo and suffer a corresponding chemical wear and tear, friction, and transformation. Our subliminal minds, however, being in some mysterious way outside of the wear and tear of adaptation, would appear to lie majestically beyond friction and transformation, save in that one virtue inherent in the very nature of the spirit, namely, that it is forever growing. And if the modesty of speculation be not pressed too far,

it is conceivable that the subliminal, as a force or a spiritual entity, may in that proportion defy all limitations to its growth.

Third, there are many scientifically observed cases of dual and tertiary personality. Take the veritable case, previously discussed at length, of Ansel Bourne and A. J. Brown. When Ansel Bourne occupies the whole physical consciousness and organism, where is A. J. Brown? When A. J. Brown usurps the brain and nerves and body, where is Ansel Bourne? We say one or the other is latent in the unconscious. True enough. But what does that mean? We know physically that two things or persons cannot occupy the identical place at the same time. It is well to remember that cold and skeptical science in some cases admits the possibility of the existence of a complete personal entity, to some degree independent of the physical personality that occupies the conscious mind.

Science admits another personality that can be made to emerge in sleep or in hypnosis. The spiritualist agrees that such another personality may so emerge. But then the spiritualist goes a tremendous step further by asking: "What about that other sleep, that sleep of death? Who can say what may emerge from that sleep of death, when the incorruptible shall have finally put off the corruptible?" At this point, even the most arrogant of scientists must become humbly silent.

Fourth, there have been cases of carefully observed "traveling clairvoyance." The classic case is that of Swedenborg, another case perfectly attested to and investigated by the great Immanuel Kant. Sweden, at Göteborg, saw definitely and vividly the origin and progress of the great fire in Stockholm, two hundred and eighty miles away. He saw it as if he were a spectator at the fire. This was before radio, telephone, or telegraph. It was more than a monition. It was a definite clairvoyant vision. Swedenborg stated the origin, the course of the fire, its path, and its end in exact, definite detail before several reliable witnesses. More than two days later, messengers came from Stockholm and verified the clairvoyant description.

There are many such cases of so-called traveling clairvoyance

within recent years, cases that have been most accurately attested.¹⁴

When we consider telepathy, collective phantasms, and traveling clairvoyance, we are obliged to admit an uncanny prolongation of the human senses. We are obliged also to admit that, in some cases of traveling clairvoyance, something in our unconscious has a power of projecting itself beyond the apparent limitations of time and space. In other words, in some way, the unconscious can apparently leave the physical body and continue to act in a manner independent of its trammels.

Modern psychics, in these cases, provides some warrant, however slight, for the functioning of something in the human personality apart from the body as we commonly know it.

Finally, if anything in the personality can function apart from the body and sense organs as we know them, the question of survival, in which we are all personally interested, concerned, and involved, is no longer a categorical question with a "yes" or "no" answer; but a question of degree, with an answer of "how much" or "how little." And it is at this point that psychics is content to rest until further knowledge is forthcoming.

¹⁴ See *Proceedings*, S.P.R., Vol. VII, pp. 30-99 and also F. W. H. Myers: *Human Personality and Its Survival of Bodily Death*, Vol. I, the case of Eglinton.

PART FOUR

*What the Great Philosophers Have Said
on the Question of Psychics*

*Mother of this unfathomable world!
Favour my solemn song, for I have loved
Thee ever, and thee only; I have watched
Thy shadow and the darkness of thy steps,
And my heart ever gazes on the depth
Of thy deep mysteries. I have made my bed
In charnels and on coffins, where black death
Keeps record of the trophies won from thee,
Hoping to still these obstinate questionings
Of thee and thine, by forcing some lone ghost
Thy messenger, to render up the tale
Of what we are. In lone and silent hours,
When night makes a weird sound of its own stillness,
Like an inspired and desperate alchymist
Staking his very life on some dark hope,
Have I mixed awful talk and asking looks
With my most innocent love, until strange tears
Uniting with those breathless kisses, made
Such magic as compels the charmed night
To render up thy charge: . . . and, though ne'er yet
Thou hast unveiled thy inmost sanctuary,
Enough from incommunicable dream,
And twilight phantasms, and deep noon-day thought,
Has shone within me, that serenely now
And moveless, as a long-forgotten lyre
Suspended in the solitary dome
Of some mysterious and deserted fane,
I wait thy breath, Great Parent. . . .*

—PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY: *Alastor*, "Invocation"

IN THE CHAPTER ENTITLED "APPEARANCE AND REALITY," WE observed that the history of philosophy is the *Odyssey* of the human mind, traversing worlds of appearance in the great adventure of discovering the human soul and its relation to the cosmic scheme. The different sciences are the tangible continents. The human mind has touched them all. Philosophy takes the conclusions of the separate sciences and synthesizes them into a cosmical geography. Different systems of philosophy are like parallels of latitude and longitude. They exist for the guidance of the human soul in its quest to satisfy the divine hunger of its being.

Philosophy is also the never-ending quest for reality. Where ethics, morals, and politics concern themselves with man's relation to his fellow man; where theology and religion are concerned with man's relation to God; where astronomy, biology, physics, chemistry, and all the other sciences, whether exact or observational, are concerned with man's relation to his physical and extraphysical environments, philosophy, in Coleridge's phrase, is "the science of sciences." It is the irradiating and animating spirit of all the separate sciences and bears the same relation to the body of the sciences that man's soul bears to his corporeal body. Coleridge adds further: "In wonder all philosophy began; in wonder it ends; and admiration fills up the interspace. But the first is the wonder offspring of ignorance; the last is the parent of adoration." In its twinned motivating impulses of heroic restlessness and divine nostalgia, philosophy sustains the voyage and then cradles and quiets the voyager.

In discussing what the great philosophers have said on the question of the soul and its hope for immortality, we must realize that the philosophy of any period depends upon the science of that period. Science brings the bricks with which the true philosophic edifice is erected. And we must also remember that modern psychical research and modern psychology are still waiting for the great philosopher who will assemble these new facts into some grand induction of inclusive truth. But we are in a transitional era of vertiginous confusion, because of the swift salient of advance made by the physical sciences in recent years. It is a commonplace to observe that we have not

advanced equally on all fronts. Our progress in speculative philosophy, ethics, morals, and the social sciences limps far behind our progress in the physical sciences. Indeed, practical modern science has so surrounded and cushioned us in the unthinking comforts of push-button gadgetry that many of us have lost the power of thinking or dealing with abstract ideas at all. Our faculties atrophy because our labor-saving devices incline to make us passive before the efficiency of our modern machines.

The tremendous advances and miraculous achievements of modern science leave us gasping with amazement and distrust: amazement at the contributions of science to the service and well-being of man; distrust at the incalculable forces liberated for the possible destruction of man. Modern science offers man an incredible, almost stupefying, dynamic without a goal; it puts into his hand speed without purpose, power without object. Our modern motorization of life allows us to transport commonplace vacuity from place to place—always somewhere else. In short, modern science again dethrones Zeus and makes Whirlwind King of chaos. In his bewilderment of sound and fury which signifies nothing, man must once more turn to philosophy for significance, purpose, and direction in life. An entirely new procession of monsters, created by science, must pass before the new Adam, and, by him, be given their names and assigned their functions in the cosmos, so that man may be reorientated in his relation to the universe.

Ever since man turned his primitive, fear-inspired curiosity into science and encroached upon the mysterious powers of the universe, unlocking and releasing them to satisfy his vague hunger for power, there have been many allegories expressive of man's fear of the very forces he has liberated. These allegories or fables are all fundamentally the same. In ancient Greece, this fear became the legend of Pandora's box; in the folklore of the Orient, it became Aladdin's lamp; in Medieval Europe, a prey to magic, it became the story of the Sorcerer's Apprentice; in civilized England of the nineteenth century, this rooted, ineradicable fear took the shape of Mary Shelley's *Frankenstein*; and in our year of grace, 1946, it takes the form of the atomic bomb. The fear in all of them is the same; and the ritual of

exorcism is the same. With atomic energy shaking the entire structure of our civilization, the frightened and desperate world of today turns in its superstitious terror to the philosophers, the poets, the great religious teachers, and the elder statesmen of ethics, imploring them for guidance, mastery, and creative definition of ends, aims, uses, and purposes. The chorus of fear, from ancient Athens to the Bikini atoll is the same: "Help us to recapture the troubles we have let loose from Pandora's box! Help us to tame this Djinn and get it back into the bottle again! Help us! Give us the magical formula that will stop this sorcerer's broom from drowning the world! Help us to disarticulate this Frankenstein monster before he destroys us—his creators!"

Thus, we have come full circle. Science, that begins in fear, ends in fear—in an uncontrollable multiplication of fears. The boastful aridity of science, which has done nothing for the soul of man—which, indeed, in its wild exultations has even denied the existence of the soul—is once again prostrated and humiliated by that fear, which, as the offspring of the intellect alone, is perilously close to being also the furtive twin of ignorance.

In its exploratory passion, philosophy shares with those two other voyagers into the unknown, religion and psychical research, man's supreme adventure, the discovery of himself and his relation to a spiritual or superphysical environment.

It is, accordingly, inevitable that in this long adventure of discovery there should have been some vague intuitions and guesses—glimpses of islands lost, half descried and half imagined, melting into the misty borderland where appearance and reality mingle and interfuse.

The history of philosophy affords many illustrations of those tremendous intuitive flashes of truth, "those instantaneous bolts of passionate perception," that are later verified in the laborious book-keeping of the more pedestrian sciences.

For example, it is commonly assumed that because Wallace and Darwin were the first to discover the principle of natural selection (which they stated in modern scientific terms), that they were, therefore, also the first to conceive the idea and formulate the law of

evolution. But as far back as five centuries before Christ, the poet and philosopher Anaximander announced that man had developed from the fish and that his origin was not terrene but aqueous. And the great Heraclitus propounded a very definite statement of the fundamental law of evolution four centuries before Christ, in the first great paradox in the whole history of philosophy, when he declared that the only unchanging thing in the whole universe was the constant law in accordance with which things change.

Seventy-five years before Darwin wrote *The Origin of Species*, Goethe stated the evolutionary theory in very definite and philosophical terms.

This does not detract in any respect from the greatness of Darwin. What Darwin did was to weave the available scientific data into a pattern, organize it into a logical system, and provide indisputable verification for a theory that had long before been announced in the intuitional guesses of the great Greeks. In the slow march of truth, philosophical intuition usually comes first; scientific proof comes later.

Let us take an illustration from one of the most modern of sciences, psychoanalysis, which many people feel presents us with a high vocabulary with which to talk about low things. Freud, in his analysis of dream psychology, states that many of our dreams are wish fulfillments. In other words, in sleep, we dream of fulfilling the desires that are denied fulfillment in our waking life. That sounds very modern. Freud brings a battery of scientifically analyzed dreams to support this theory of wish-fulfillment. But nearly twenty-four centuries ago, Plato, with one of his flaming intuitions and penetrating divinations, wrote these words: "Good people dream of all the things bad people do." In that statement we find a profound philosophical intuition of the very thing that Freud scientifically verified.

In the same way, modern psychics and psychical research are cautiously testing and scientifically verifying the truth of some of the amazing intuitions of the earlier philosophers, who guessed at and speculated upon the existence of a wonderland of psychic reality, behind, below, or beyond the appearance of man's surface faculties.

So we find ourselves confronted with the first and last mystery: That appearance and reality are the poles of all speculation.

For instance, a great man dies. A chief, a hero, or a founding ancestor passes away. To all appearance, everything of him is gone. His place knows him no more. Then suddenly, his phantom flickers vividly through someone's dream of him, or his monitor ghost revisits the glimpses of the moon.

Veridical dreams, phantasms, and ghosts suggest to the early racial mind the existence of a psyche, a soul, or some kind of continuing psychic reality apart from the appearance of decay and death. At this point, the idea of immortality, of something real and indestructible in the spirit, is born; and man achieves the idea of some phantasmal reality, something not confined to and condemned with the corporeal body. This idea is as old as tribal life, and it pervades and permeates the religious and philosophical speculations of all early peoples. It is as old as hope itself; it is as new as psychical research, which is now bringing scientific verification to the support of some of these weird occurrences.

Let us take a case at random.

On August 3, 1864, between three and four o'clock of a sunny afternoon, Mrs. Clerke, the sister of Mr. J. H. de la Poer Beresford (the British secretary for the island of Tobago), is sitting reading on the veranda of her house in Barbados. A colored nurse is pushing Mrs. Clerke's baby in a perambulator about the garden. Mrs. Clerke gets up to go into the house, when the colored nurse, with the intimacy of an old servant, asks: "Missis, who was that gentleman that was talking to you just now?" Mrs. Clerke replies: "There was no one talking to me." The old nurse insists: "Oh yes, dere was, Missis, a very pale gentleman, very tall, and he talked to you, and you was very rude, for you never answered him."

Mrs. Clerke's report continues: "I repeated there was no one and got rather cross with the woman, and she begged me to write down the day, for she knew she had seen someone. I did, and in a few days I heard of the death of my brother in Tobago."

Mrs. Clerke's husband, Colonel Shadwell H. Clerke, corroborates

his wife's report of this case in detail. His signed statement was sent to Edmund Gurney, a scientific researcher of indefatigable energy and incorruptible character, whose *Phantasms of the Living*, written in collaboration with Professor Sidgwick, remains a monumental contribution in this field. Colonel Clerke's statement follows: "I well remember that on the day on which Mr. John Beresford, my wife's brother, died in Tobago after a short illness of which we were not aware, our black nurse declared she saw, at as nearly as possible the time of his death, a gentleman, exactly answering to Mr. Beresford's description, leaning over the back of Mrs. Clerke's easy-chair on the open veranda. The figure was not seen by anyone else."

The most curious part of this case, and there are many such cases, is that Mrs. Clerke did not see her phantom brother Beresford; but that the black nurse, a total stranger to Beresford, did see him. At this point in any statement of psychical fact, many of us are inclined to ask why did the phantom of Beresford reveal itself to the black nurse, who did not know him, and remain invisible to his devoted sister? It is, however, well to remind ourselves always that "why" is not a scientific question. "Why" is a religious or a moral question. The only scientific question is "what." When we wish to indulge ourselves in the luxury of greater knowledge, we may sometimes speculate on "how" a thing happened.

There are many such cases as the Beresford case, scrupulously investigated, taken beyond coincidence and the domain of superstition and credulity and attested by trained scientific observers; and usually there are no mediums involved.

These cases add to a growing mass of impressive scientific evidence that points to the existence of some kind of phantasmal or psychic reality, apart from the body or the appearance of the body. The Greek name for this phantasmal entity is the "psyche" or soul.

The earliest natural philosophers, the Hylozoists, like Thales of Miletus, Anaximander, and Anaximenes, do not deal with the psyche at all. Their glance is turned outward to the cosmos. These men admit the existence of a psyche, but they think of it, when they think of it at all, as only a finer form of matter. They spend no time discussing its destiny. The bubble of individual personality, inflated

with personal hope, broke or lapsed on the tide of their differing absolutes.

Heraclitus is among the first philosophers who come before us with a definite philosophic theory about the cosmos and man's place in it. Heraclitus is also among the first of the Greeks who speculated on appearance and reality. He said: "Everything flows." As an illustration, he pointed out that you cannot step into the same stream twice. In that congested oracular statement, Heraclitus means to indicate that the water of the stream is different, the banks are different, and, last but not least, you yourself are different; because, when you step into the stream for the second time, you do so with the memory of the first time you entered it. He further maintained that stasis, rest, or immobility is an illusion. It is only appearance. Change is the only appearance. Change is the only fundamental reality. He likewise held that the whole apparent world is moving in two cyclical streams: first, upward, from stone, sand, earth, mud, water, vapor, air, up to fire; and second, downward, from fire, air, vapor, cloud, water, mud, earth, to stone. Fire—restless, ever changing, and consuming itself in its own flame—fire is, for Heraclitus, the underlying cosmical reality and also the symbol of the whole cosmic process. The illusion of stability derives from the fact that our senses are not subtle enough to perceive the constant, infinitesimal cosmic process making either for growth or for decay. Things apparently continue as they are, because, for the brief moment of our human observation, the forces making for growth and for decay—the upward and the downward streams—seem to balance and equilibrate themselves.

The most pertinent and important aspect of the Heraclitean philosophy is the contention that "Men are mortal Gods, and the Gods immortal men. Our life is the death of the Gods, and our death is their life." He also held that the psyche, or soul, is divine fire; that it is a fragment of fiery vapor. "So long as man lives," he insists, "the divine part of his nature (the psyche), is bound up with baser substances, from which in death he again becomes free." As a corollary to the above speculation, Heraclitus contends that "souls traverse the way upwards and the way downwards. They enter bodies because they require change." Heraclitus attributes a further exist-

ence to souls that have been liberated or released from their bodies. He maintains that there awaits man, after his death, that which he now neither hopes nor believes. He even mentions daemons as guardian spirits, not only of the living, but also of the dead. Heraclitus also believes in metempsychosis or the transmigration of the psyche from one body to another body of the same or different species.

In these oracular statements, we again find much that many subsequent thinkers will elaborate. The intuition that all nature is alive, active, and divine, evolving to and developing from the primal element of fire, becomes the central animating principle of all later pantheistic systems. Heraclitus seized upon the flashing insight of Anaximander—that man developed from the fish—and incorporated it into the edifice of his speculation on cosmic change and the nature and destiny of man. Anaximander's intuitional flash furnished the necessary spark with which Heraclitus ignited a theory that, in turn, illuminated his grand philosophical conception of progressive flux and change.

This law and process in the Heraclitean theory is nothing less than the first fiery outline of the evolutionary theory, which was to be filled in by an apostolic succession of subsequent scientific observers and thinkers.

The eternal cycles of Heraclitus reappear in the theory of eternal recurrence in Nietzsche and through Nietzsche in Oswald Spengler. The pantheistic monism of Heraclitus reappears constantly. Modern theosophy continues the Heraclitean doctrine of transmigration and reincarnation. And when Heraclitus writes of daemons or souls guarding the living and the dead, he reads strangely and startlingly like a modern psychic sensitive talking of his "control" or "familiar spirit."

The next philosophers who had anything of importance to say about the soul or psyche were the so-called atomists, Empedocles and Democritus. Like all philosophers, they speculated on appearance and reality. We call them atomists because they came to the conclusion that atoms are the only fundamental reality, and that appearance in the cosmos is the result of combinations, permutations, and dissolutions of atoms.

Empedocles said that there were four elemental atoms: earth, air, fire, and water. Love and hate were his allegories of the forces to account for the attraction and repulsion in the elemental atoms. Democritus modified that doctrine by maintaining that the atoms were infinite in number but the same in kind.

Although we think of these two men as the founders of the materialistic theory, nevertheless, Empedocles believed in a soul, a psyche, and embraced the theory of transmigration; while Democritus believed the soul to be corporeal, and ultimately incorporated it with deity in a kind of pantheistic identification. Democritus also believed in "Spirits that dwell in the air, similar to man in form; but superior to him in greatness, power, and duration of life."

In some remarkable way Democritus seems to have foreshadowed, even to have anticipated, much of the nature and activity of what psychical research attributes today to phantasms and telepathy. Democritus says: "These beings manifest themselves when emanations and images, streaming from them and often reproducing themselves at a great distance, become visible and audible to men and animals; and they are held to be gods, though in truth they are not divine and imperishable; but only less perishable than men."

Scientific proof of these speculations was, of course, wanting; but it is again easy to see how the early speculations and intuitions of these mighty Greeks anticipate many of the things that animate the discussions of today.

The phenomena of life and the manifestations in the cosmos are bewilderingly heterogeneous. The patterns of our explanations are perforce very few and simple. They constantly recur. There are just so many of our idea patterns; and the repertory of our philosophical attitudes is very limited indeed. The theory of the transmigration of the soul is one of our fundamental idea patterns. It maintains that the sum of life is constant; and this intuition was flashed out and posited long before the theory of the conservation of energy was suggested by modern science.

In Empedocles and Democritus, as in all the speculations of the early philosophers, we see how close philosophy originally was to religion. Philosophy began by depersonalizing religious myths. When

Thales said that everything was water, he depersonalized the Poseidon or Oceanos myth. In short, Thales domesticated and humanized Poseidon. Water can be used for the good of man. Poseidon, as a god, must be feared and placated. When Anaximander said that air or breath was the foundation of everything, he simply depersonalized and humanized the Zeus myth. Anaximander domesticated Zeus. Air can be used for the good of man. Zeus, as a god, must be feared and propitiated. When Heraclitus said that fire was the basic element in the cosmos, he simply depersonalized and humanized the Hephaestus myth. Heraclitus domesticated Hephaestus. Fire can be used for the good of man. Hephaestus, as a god, must be feared and conciliated.

In this way, philosophy introduced the idea of a stability and an order into the cosmos, which could relieve man from his superstitious fears and would protect him from the Olympian tyranny of whim. Philosophy sought to give man a sense of security and personal dignity in the cosmos; so that he would no longer be at the mercy of the punitive and capricious gods, who had constantly to be propitiated by sacrifices.

It is extremely difficult for us today to realize that religion, which is now the synonym for love, mercy, and solace, was originally—and, as time goes, not so long ago—the synonym for terror, its symbol and instrument. We find it almost impossible to orient ourselves into the casual and commonplace cruelty of the ancient animistic religions; wherein human beings were sacrificially and ceremoniously slaughtered to appease and placate the wrath of some outraged ancestor or hero god, whose vengeful spirit was alleged to endure and haunt the vigils of his successors.

We see remnants of that sacrificial slaughter in all religious. Moloch demanded the cruel sacrifice of children. Abraham was on the point of sacrificing Isaac. Immolations and blood sacrifices stain all the early altars. There are vestiges of the tribal scapegoat in all religions. Iphigenia was sacrificed and immolated to Aeolus, the god of the winds. The Aztec children were slaughtered and sometimes buried alive by thousands, in order to appease the god of the crops or to end a drought. Every priestcraft at some time in its dark and

dubious history has perpetuated itself in power by organizing and sustaining a strategy of terror.

The whole theory of the vicarious atonement of the first-born or only begotten son underlies Christianity. Indeed, it is much older than Christianity. We find it in the early Norse sagas concerning Baldur. Mankind's earliest sacraments and magic ceremonies are mainly cruel. We all ate our gods before Christianity spiritualized the blood and body of its Saviour in the Communion Service. In this connection, Frazer's *Golden Bough* furnishes an abundance of fruitful and fascinating anthropological verifications. There we can learn for ourselves the fearful, bloodcurdling origins of such an innocent ceremony as survives in the Maypole and the May Day parades of children in the parks, following the Queen of the May; who even in historic times was dressed and adorned with garlands and then butchered as the stainless bride of the year or of the dead priest or king who was supposed to control the growth of the crops.

As time passed, certain courageous individuals interceded and protested against such bloody sacrifice of the living for the sake of the dead. They themselves, doubtless, suffered the very fate they sought to avert for others. Nevertheless, these martyrs were the anonymous precursors of the ethical leaders and philosophers who ultimately prevailed to cleanse religion of its barbarous proclivities.

The philosopher supplanted the personal caprice of an ancestor or a hero god by a uniform law working impersonally—a law undeterred and unswayed by sacrifice or propitiation.

With the emergence of the understanding of impersonal laws to take the place of the belief in capricious gods, philosophic speculation began. But it is precisely at this point that the false civil war, fomented by the jealous priesthoods of all time, also had its unhappy beginning. The priestly or theological mind continues obstinately personal. It clings to the ritual of conciliation, propitiation, and intervention: the entire apparatus, paraphernalia, mystery, and magic, of which this priestly caste is the sole, self-appointed, self-perpetuating custodian. The philosophic mind, on the contrary, transcends personal considerations. In the noblest sense, it strives ceaselessly to be objective and impersonal; it stands at the antipodally opposite pole

of the priestly oligarchy. The philosophic mind fabricates no awe-inspiring monopoly or machinery of power to control and subjugate the human spirit. On the contrary, the very breath of philosophy is liberation of the human spirit. And in the austere impersonality of philosophy, the clamor of personal survival frequently disappears, or is submerged in the larger consideration of appearance and reality.

But notwithstanding the bitter and often irreconcilable conclusions at which philosophy and religion frequently arrive, it is well to remember that both of them had a common origin. It is well also to realize that philosophy has always functioned as a purifying agent of all religion, stripping it of its too easily accumulated detritus and silt deposited by fear and hope, ignorance and superstition, and restoring to religion the truth and grandeur which it was constantly losing in its organized and ceremonialized obscurantism.

Over against the Sinai of Moses always stands the promontory of Prometheus. These two peaks confront each other with perpetual challenge; yet, in the topography of human civilization, they are twin peaks. Moses and the law descending from Sinai are symbolic of man's faith in God, in the past, and in religion. Prometheus and his struggle for progress are symbolic of man's faith in man, in the future, and in man's overcoming the terrors of darkness by the light of his own courage, his science, and his philosophy. One corrects and supplements the other. Without the religious tradition descending from Moses and Sinai, man's life would be barren. Without the scientific and philosophic liberations descending in the tradition from Prometheus and his peak, life would be a prey to ignoble fears and squalid limitations. Humanity needs both peaks for its guidance and illumination.

Most of us are, in the main, earth-bound, if not slavishly personal, in all our habits of thought. We are naïvely geocentric, and we look upon the rest of the cosmos rather like the metropolitan actor looks upon the Thespian from Omaha. We are inclined to think that this earth is, after all, the stellar metropolis; and that all the rest of the universe, in some dim way, is an outlying, inaccessible province. But philosophy is the orientation of man in all his relationships to the whole cosmos; and so the really austere, philosophic mind does not

concern itself with immortality as such, except when it comes to the ethics of reward and punishment. Immortality and the persistence of conscious human personality and memory are only a small part of the larger, cosmical speculation on appearance and reality that haunts and occupies the philosophic mind. The consideration of immortality thus becomes a codicil to the testament of philosophy.

Of all the philosophers of antiquity who touched the psychic wonderland, Socrates and Plato are by all odds the most interesting and profound.

Socrates is peculiarly fascinating to us moderns, because his personality is so companionable, casual, and contemporary. He is the talkative Chaucer of the philosophers. Together with his great moral elevation and practical shrewdness as the teacher, Socrates was also the intimate friend and counselor of the great men of his day. But notwithstanding his genial, solid, down-to-earth sanity and common sense, Socrates exhibited all the hallmarks of a veritable psychic sensitive.

The case of Socrates is unusual, because the psychic sensitive is rarely a person of remarkable intellectual gifts. Socrates and Swedenborg are the outstanding exceptions; they both were rather universal geniuses, who achieved eminence in several departments of human inquiry.

Everything in the life of Socrates has been thoroughly and exhaustively Boswellized. In Plato, Socrates found his devout hagiographer.

He lived the life of a goldfish in a bowl. He was the most constantly observed man of his day.

If ever there was a man in history who was guided by the subliminal uprushes from his profound and highly energized psychic unconscious, that man was Socrates.

Socrates confessed that all his life he was directed and guided by his "daemon," an inner, monitory voice to which he listened as religiously as Jeanne d'Arc listened to her voices. Socrates obeyed his "daemon" implicitly.

The "daemon" of Socrates was always a voice of restraint. It told him what not to do. In other words, its silence implied approval. This "daemon" was not conscience, because it had no essential moral

quality; nor was it a metaphor. Xenophon in the *Memorabilia* goes out of his way to state that the activity of this inner voice, this "daemon," was a literal fact. It was a well-known and repeated occurrence in the life of the master.

According to Plato's *Dialogues*, this "daemon" apparently had an uncanny sagacity, upon which Socrates unfailingly relied. This "daemon" gave Socrates weird knowledge of things that his ordinary five senses could not have vouchsafed him. It was an oral, subjective uprush from Socrates' unconscious, emerging from the psychic wonderland.

The most dramatic episode is doubtless that which concerns Timarchus. This is related in detail in the Platonic dialogue called *Theages*. The facts are these. Timarchus is sitting at supper with Socrates and some friends. Timarchus rises to go out to a plot of assassination. Only one other man in Athens is privy to the plot. Neither Socrates nor anyone else present knows of it. The party at supper is discussing the usual Platonic subjects, when Timarchus rises and says: "Socrates, do you continue drinking. I must go somewhere; but I will return in a little while." Then the daemonic voice comes to Socrates. Socrates calls Timarchus and says: "By no means rise from the table, for the accustomed divine sign, my 'daemon,' has come to me." And Timarchus stays. And after a time Timarchus again gets up to go and says: "I *must* be gone, Socrates" and the voice comes again to Socrates, who again makes Timarchus stay. "And the third time," says Socrates, "determining that I should not see him go, Timarchus rose and said naught to me, when my mind was turned elsewhere; and thus he went forth and did that which was his doom."

In this monitorial episode, we see a highly dramatic example of what modern psychics would call a telepathic or clairvoyant occurrence.

As we read about Socrates in Plato, who quotes the very words of his teacher and also of his disciples, we gather that, in addition to the so-called Socratic method, Socrates did a great deal of his teaching by suggestion; by a direct appeal to the unconscious of his pupil or listener. He was an hypnotic teacher. Socrates created a psychic atmosphere.

In confirmation, consider this statement from Aristides. In the *Theages*, Aristides says to Socrates: "I never learnt from you anything definite at all. You yourself well know this. But I always made progress whenever I was with you; even if I were in the same house but not in the same room . . . yet most when I was in the same room; and even in the same room, I got on better if I looked at you when you were speaking . . . far and best of all did I learn when I was sitting near you and holding or touching you . . . But now, that I have been away from you, all my character has dribbled out of me."

Statements such as these indicate that Socrates, as a teacher, had a rare faculty of rapport, a faculty emanating almost hypnotically from his unconscious and energizing his pupil. This energy "dribbles away" when Aristides leaves his master's influence.

Plutarch, in his essay concerning the genius of Socrates, gives an episode of definite clairvoyance. Plutarch puts the description of this episode into the mouth of an eyewitness, as follows:

"Socrates is walking and talking with Euthyphron and a group of friends; but Socrates suddenly calls his friends to turn back and go by another street. Most of them follow Socrates, but others keep on their way; and presently meet a great herd of swine who knock down some of them and befoul the rest. Charillus, one of the party, who had thus braved Socrates' warning, returned home with legs and clothes all full of mire; so that we all remembered Socrates' familiar spirit with roars of laughter, marveling how the 'daemon' had care of Socrates continually."

This is most trivial and therefore most interesting. It shows that Socrates possessed some psychic supersense, some clairvoyance not shared by the others.

Socrates was also observed to enter pauses of immobility, frequently lasting for hours. Once for a consecutive day and night, he was utterly inaccessible to any outward stimulus and remained fixed as in deep contemplation. Since Socrates was very robust, this could not have been a cataleptic or an epileptoid seizure.

From all accounts, it would seem that these pauses were veritable trances or ecstasy, in which his unconscious rose, not only as voice, but as the dominant and commanding power of his whole personality,

and rendered Socrates anesthetic to the usual approaches to the conscious mind.

This has all the familiar earmarks of the self-suggested trance state, with which the annals of modern psychics are replete. The psychic sensitive, when he works in trance, is hypnotized by himself, or by his "control," or by another person. Many modern psychic personalities, notably Stanton Moses and Mrs. Piper, could work only in such a state of trance.

We cannot leave the subject of Socrates without some reference to his death. The death of Socrates was the noblest death in the annals of human and philosophic acceptance.

Socrates in this crisis relied implicitly, as usual, upon the guidance of his "daemon."

Socrates was accused of impiety, of bringing in strange gods, and of corrupting the youth. These were the fantastic charges or indictments, brought by his enemies, against the greatest ethical teacher of antiquity, who has often been referred to as "the pagan Christ."

The hostile court has assembled. Socrates is summoned to hear the charges laid against him. He listens with significant composure, a monument of self-possession in the swirling tides and eddies of fanaticism sweeping around him. His "daemon," which always warns him what *not* to do, intervenes only once in his trial, and then only to check him from making any speech in his own defense. In this instance, his "daemon" simply confirms Socrates in a decision at which he has already arrived.

Socrates has the chance of excusing or explaining away his apparent impieties. He can turn the accusations against him inside out with his well-known irony, because he is a master of argument, a relentless ironist, a most skilled debater, and the adroitest special pleader of his time, whose mind and spirit always kindles at the resistance of his audience. His is a mind that rejoices in striking sparks from the metal of controversy.

On the contrary, in one of the first and noblest assertions of the law of conscience and the inviolability and majesty of the human mind, Socrates refuses to retract. He refuses to dilute the integrity of his convictions. He has never compromised a conviction in his entire

life; although he has been confronted with frequent crises. Why should he now compromise, when confronted with his greatest crisis and his most formidable and final antagonists?

Socrates, accordingly, refuses to explain his spiritual convictions. He smiles at the charge of impiety. He stands on his record as a public teacher, and accepts his death with the same majestic serenity that he accepted everything else in his life.

The last words of Socrates to his judges are memorable. The sentence of death has been passed. Socrates replies: "There has happened to me, Oh my Judges, a wonderful thing. For that accustomed divine intimate, my daemon, in time past, came to me very many times, and met me on slight occasion, if I were about to act in some way not aright. But now this fate which ye behold has come upon me, this which a man might deem, and which is considered the worst of ills. Yet, neither when I left my home this morning was I checked by that accustomed sign, nor when I came up hither to the Judgement Hall, nor at any point in my speech when I spoke. And yet in other speeches of mine the sign has often stopped me in the midst. But now the sign has not hindered me in any deed or word of mine connected with this present business. What then do I suppose to be the reason thereof? I will tell you. I think that what has happened to me has been a good thing; and we must have been mistaken when we supposed that death was an evil. Herein is strong proof to me of this; for that accustomed sign would assuredly have checked me, had I been about to do aught that was evil."

Socrates had a profound belief in the continued existence of the soul in a future life. Just before his death he turned to his disciples and said: "If my soul is unconscious in the future, it is but sleep; and what does it matter then? If I am conscious, I hope I have deserved well." Then he drank the hemlock. He lay perfectly relaxed and quiet for such a long time that his disciples thought that he was already dead. But then Socrates opened his eyes and turned to his favorite disciple and said quite calmly: "Crito, I owe a cock to Asclepius: will you remember to pay the debt."

These last words of Socrates, trivial as they may seem in themselves, have aroused a storm of controversy. Some scholars interpret

them as a literal request to pay an actual, trifling debt to the butcher, incurred by Socrates who was notoriously improvident. Other scholars, with equal zeal, maintain that, in this parting injunction, Socrates is urging Crito to make a thank offering, not to a simple citizen of Athens, a butcher named Asclepius, but to Aesculapius, the patron saint of the physicians and the demigod of good health and well-being.

In this latter interpretation, which we favor, Socrates is thanking the demigod of well-being for the robust health he has enjoyed all his life, and also making a down payment for the fuller well-being in the larger life which he hopes to enjoy hereafter; and, indeed, into which he is on the point of being released.

Regarding his conception of the destiny of the soul in this larger life which he confidently anticipates, we can do no better than quote Socrates' own words from the dialogue called "Phaedo."

"I do not mean to affirm that the description which I have given of the soul and her mansions is exactly true—a man of sense ought hardly to say that. But I do say that, inasmuch as the soul is shown to be immortal, he may venture to think, not improperly or unworthily, that something of the kind is true. The venture is a glorious one, and he ought to comfort himself with words like these, which is the reason why I lengthen out the tale. Wherefore, I say, let a man be of good cheer about his soul, who has cast away the pleasures and ornaments of the body as alien to him, and rather hurtful in their effects, and has followed after the pleasures of knowledge in this life: who has adorned the soul in her own proper jewels, which are temperance, and justice, and courage and nobility, and truth—in these arrayed she is ready to go on her journey to the world below, when her time comes. You, Simmias and Cebes, and all other men, will depart at some time or other. Me already, as the tragic poet would say, the voice of fate calls. Soon I must drink the poison; and I think that I had better repair to the bath first, in order that the women may not have the trouble of washing my body after I am dead.

"When he had done speaking, Crito said: And have you any commands for us, Socrates—anything to say about your children, or any other matter in which we can serve you?

"Nothing particular, he said: only, as I have always told you, I would have you look to yourselves; that is a service which you may always be doing to me and mine as well as to yourselves. And you need not make professions; for if you take no thought for yourselves, and walk not according to the precepts which I have given you, not now for the first time, the warmth of your professions will be of no avail.

"We will do our best, said Crito. But in what way would you have us bury you?

"In any way that you like; only you must get hold of me, and take care that I do not walk away from you. Then he turned to us, and added with a smile: I cannot make Crito believe that I am the same Socrates who has been talking and conducting the argument; he fancies that I am the other Socrates whom he will soon see, a dead body—and he asks, how shall he bury me? And though I have spoken many words in the endeavor to show that when I have drunk the poison I shall leave you and go to the joys of the blessed,—these words of mine, with which I comforted you and myself, have had, as I perceive, no effect upon Crito. And therefore I want you to be surety for me now, as he was surety for me at the trial; but let the promise be of another sort; for he was my surety to the judges that I would remain, but you must be my surety to him that I shall not remain, but go away and depart; and then he will suffer less at my death, and not be grieved when he sees my body being burned or buried. I would not have him sorrow at my hard lot, or say at the burial, Thus we lay out Socrates, or, Thus we follow him to the grave or bury him; for false words are not only evil in themselves, but they infect the soul with evil. Be of good cheer then, my dear Crito, and say that you are burying my body only, and do with that as is usual, and as you think best."¹

With the solitary exception of the trial and death of Christ, no history presents such a spectacle of moral grandeur as this death of Socrates, drawing strength from the silence of his monitory voice, drawing fortitude from the depths of his own psychic wonderland, and relying utterly upon his conviction that if his "daemon" did not

¹ Jowett's trans. *The Dialogues of Plato*.

speak at this moment of his direst and utterest need, then all was well.

Here we see Socrates talking in a magnificently commonplace way of spiritual reality in the midst of judges, jailers, executioners, and disciples, providing all the appearance of tragedy. Of such a death one might well say with Milton in his eulogy on *Samson Agonistes*:

Nothing is here for tears; nothing to wail,
Or knock the breast, no weakness, no contempt,
Dispraise or blame; nothing but well and fair,
And what may quiet us in a death so noble.

Socrates was the greatest teacher of classical antiquity; and yet he always maintained that he was only an intellectual midwife. This is most important as a description of his faculty. Socrates means that he brought thoughts to birth that were latent in the human mind. Socrates assumed that knowledge is innate and that education is a process of midwifery. Education is realization of what lies buried in the psyche; or, as we would say today, education (particularly spiritual education) is the process of making us aware and conscious of those hidden truths with which we are born—truths innate and congenital in the unconscious of the human faculty.

This theory does not apply to instruction in its elementary sense, but rather to education in its highest sense. Socrates realized that his function as an educator was to liberate and give articulate expression to ideas, which might otherwise have remained inchoate and stillborn in the unconscious.

This theory will later confront us in Leibnitz—who also held that all ideas are innate—partially in Bishop Berkeley, and particularly in Kant, who maintained that the mind is equipped with certain a priori forms or categories of cognition, like time, space, and causality, which antedate all experience and are accordingly not derivable from experience.

Plato also held that knowledge was remembrance. Read any of the Platonic dialogues, wherein Socrates is usually the chief speaker, and you will always find Socrates lifting the thoughts of his pupils from the vague and undefined area of the unconscious to the sharper,

keener intellectual scrutiny of the conscious mind. That is a part of the Socratic method.

With Plato, as with Christ, it is very difficult to separate the ethical poet and allegorist, who writes in concrete fables, from the philosopher who, perforce, deals with abstract ideas. It is also difficult at times to distinguish the theories of Socrates from those of Plato. We know that Socrates had an obstinate and pious belief in some sort of existence after death, but he left no writings, and we know Socrates only through his great pupil.

In Plato's dialogue called "Phaedo," Socrates speaks as follows: "For after death, as they say, the genius of each individual, to whom he belonged in life, leads him to a certain place in which the dead are gathered together for judgment; whence they go to the world below." And then follows a definite, almost Catholic, Christian, and Dantean scheme of rewards and punishments meted out according to desert in this life. Socrates ends by saying: "Wherefore, O Simmias [who is his interlocutor], seeing all these things, what ought we not to do to obtain virtue and wisdom in this life? Fair is the prize and the hope great."

The theory of immortality is here invoked as a sanction for ethics. Such speculations as these inclined the scholars of the Christian Church to regard Plato as the great pagan preparer and forerunner of Christ. Add the sanction and authority of divine revelation to such statements and speculations as the above, and you have in outline the Christian theory.

There is no more definite proof of a personal future life adduced in Plato. But immortality, with a complete schedule of future rewards and punishments, is invoked as a sanction for man's ethical conduct here on earth. And this other-worldly sanction continues in authority until the time of Herbert Spencer. Spencer puts the benefit or injury to the future of the *race* here on earth in place of the ethical rewards and punishments for the *individual* in the future life, and supplants theological sanctions with biological sanctions. For centuries, however, the theory of immortality was invoked and utilized in the Platonic way, as the unquestionable authority to support ethical systems. Accordingly, personal immortality, vague as it is in Plato, is urged

and accepted as a dogma of faith in eternal justice, which, in the long cosmic reckoning, will remedy and correct the injustices suffered here in this earthly life.

The oriental Hindu reincarnationists developed a theory of Karma, in accordance with which the soul was rewarded or punished by successive incarnations here on earth. The Christian philosophy at different periods from the third to the seventh century had the opportunity of accepting this theory, particularly when it was offered by some of the Neo-Platonists, Manicheans, and the Gnostics; but Christian philosophy rejected reincarnations here on earth, and rewarded or punished the soul in other dogmatically discovered geographical locations like Purgatory, Heaven, and Hell.

We may now narrow our attention upon Plato as a cosmic philosopher and upon Platonism as a metaphysics; in order to discover what hope for personal immortality, if any, can be derived from his speculations. Plato is the greatest dualist, and, at the same time, the profoundist idealist in the history of philosophy.

Anaxagoras had already posited a purposeful Mind or *Nous* in the universe; but it remained for Plato to elaborate the theory of the two worlds: the world of matter and the world of mind or idea. The world of matter is the apparent world; but the real, the abiding, and changeless world is the world of ideas. In Plato's speculation, the world of matter, or the material world, has reality only insofar as it participates in the ideal world or the world of mind. The world of matter is subject to the Heraclitean flux and change. It is accessible through the senses. The world of ideas is permanent and unchanging as a thought of God. It is an immaterial world which is accessible only through the reason or the mind.

For example, a man or a woman is born, grows to maturity, and dies; but the ideal, the type of man or woman is imperishable. It is a thought in the mind of God. The accidents perish. The essential, ideal reality of man or woman endures. There are as many permanent and imperishable ideas as there are common nouns; and they all exist as thoughts in the mind of God.

In this large cosmical view, all that we know as individual is

ephemeral and transient. The permanent thing is a sort of abstract, universal type.

Like the oriental reincarnationists, to whom we have just referred, Plato also believed in transmigration, metempsychosis or reincarnation. Plato maintained that the psyche, the soul, the unseen reality in the individual, had to pass through one apparent physical embodiment after another in its process of purification to ultimate salvation.

But Plato held that memory was lost by death; and so subsequent reincarnations had no memory connection with the earlier ones. Modern psychical research may wonder, however, what Plato would have thought, if he had known about the pertinacious memory of the subliminal consciousness, which is so remarkably attested in many well-observed cases. At any rate, Christianity did not accept Plato's dictum that memory was lost at death. The reason for this reluctance is not far to seek. Christianity is primarily an ethical philosophy. Imperishable memory in the soul is necessary for such a detailed and dogmatic scheme of future rewards and punishments as Christianity propounded. Where would be the justice in punishing or rewarding the eternal, abstract type of woman for the frailties or virtues of Mrs. Jones, an individual woman, if Mrs. Jones' memory of her abnegations or her trespasses ceases with her death?

Saint Paul, the great philosophic founder of Christianity, took over most of the Platonic metaphysics and made it the mold or matrix into which he poured the teaching of Christ. But Paul balked at the theory of reincarnation. He could not accept that theory, because Christ had said: "Believe in me and you will be saved." In other words, faith in Christ was a direct and an immediate road to salvation, and, therefore, was far more acceptable to the travel-weary soul of antiquity than were the endless detours of reincarnation.

Faith is a personal attitude and a highly individual act of dedication. It is not a philosophical abstraction. Faith is an intensely subjective and private relation of man to something beyond himself. In the Christian act of faith, the individual achieves salvation by identification with Christ. In the Platonic philosophy, the individual is lost or submerged in the type. This slight divergence in attitude to man's

destiny provided the aperture through which the flood of common salvation, open to all alike, burst in an invincible tide. This tide of democratized salvation, offering spiritual rebirth to all alike, to men and women, rich and poor, to the publican, the sinner, the disfranchised and disinherited of men, swept the Roman Empire and all ancient caste systems out of existence and left in the wreck and rubble a new and shining hope of immortality for the common man.

The Christian philosophy dominated the Western world for fifteen centuries; and Saint Paul was its great founder, organizer, and interpreter. We find in Christian philosophy the old Platonic dichotomy; the dualistic division of appearance and reality that underlies all philosophic speculation. In theological Christianity, the world of appearance is made the sinful, corrupt world. The world of reality is the unseen, the spiritual world. This is pure Platonism.

According to Christianity, we enter the unseen world by an act of faith, which act of faith Paul describes as the substance of things hoped for and the evidence of things not seen, that is to say, not seen with the physical senses.

~ In Paul, as in Plato, man is a citizen of both worlds, His body belongs to the changeful, apparent world of matter. His psyche, his soul, however, has contact with the real, the spiritual world, and is therefore immortal, immaterial, and incorruptible. At death, by the miracle of grace, the incorruptible may put off corruption.

By positing the reality of the unseen universe and the possibility of man's participation in it, Christianity becomes a psychic religion, affirming, in rituals of devotion and acts of faith, a psychic wonderland without, accessible to a psychic wonderland within. Christ said that the Kingdom of Heaven, the spiritual Kingdom is within us. Salvation is further conceived as the act of becoming aware of this rapport by a mystical act of faith or grace. This is conversion or initiation.

~ In the Christian philosophy, accordingly, man has access to the spiritual reality of the unseen world, not by relying upon his limiting brain and five poor senses, nor by the assiduous Platonic disciplines of courage and intelligence, nor by any privileged dispensation of wealth, power, or place; but by direct revelation to his soul, his psyche, or to what today many would call his unconscious. Christi-

anity accordingly bypassed all the sophisticated rationalism and the barren, heady intellectuality of the Sophists, the Cynics, the Stoics, the Epicureans, and the Skeptics, in favor of the acceptant intuition, the mystical faith, and the loving devotion of the simple in heart, who became again as little children.

We can therefore easily discern how much of Socrates and Plato there is in the philosophical background of Christianity. Indeed, there is so much that all higher criticism of Christianity agrees in nominating Plato as the "inspired pagan." Higher criticism looks upon the whole of the Socratic-Platonic tradition as a part of what is called the "Praeparatio Evangelis," the planful preparation and fertilization of the whole world for the acceptance of the seed of the Christian teaching and evangel.

Aristotle affirmed the immortality of the soul; but we can not find that he believed in personal survival, any more than Plato did in his abstract speculation. In Plato, the theory of personal survival is thrown off as a sort of obiter dictum in the midst of his poetical allegories. Plato, in his metaphysics, speaks of the persistence of the depersonalized abstract type, not of the individual.

Aristotle did not believe in personal survival as the general birth-right of all humanity. There is, however, a tradition that Aristotle believed that personal immortality depended upon spiritual awareness and achievement. We shall come upon this theory later. But Aristotle, in the main, held that the soul was the entelechy or completely developed essence of the personality, and was part of the divine Absolute, and was reabsorbed or lapsed into the Absolute at death.

We shall have more to say of this encyclopedic thinker when we come to Medieval scholasticism, upon the development of which he had such immense influence.

— The Stoics, Epicureans, and Skeptics were chiefly concerned with ethics; and the Stoic Seneca comes very close to Christianity in his ethical speculations. Many of the Stoics denied the future life with rewards and punishments, because they maintained that virtue was its own reward; and they held that if we do good only in order to be rewarded in our future life, our virtue is not disinterested. It is not

pure virtue. The Stoics accordingly inveighed against interested virtue. They called it a sort of cosmic barter, in which man was made content with pain and abnegation in this life for the sake of assured pleasures and satisfactions in the next. For this reason, many of the Stoics, like the Skeptics, refused the doctrine of immortality as a corrective for the injustices suffered in this earthly life. The formula: "Virtue is its own reward" is the Stoic's answer to the theological dream of Paradise. Of course, Stoicism was never popular. Humanity, in some way, has always wanted to have its virtues insured and underwritten. Stoicism as a philosophic ethics appealed only to the most aristocratically minded spirits of antiquity, whether emperors or slaves.

This austere theory of the Stoics achieves a beautiful restatement in Spinoza's *Amor intellectualis Dei*, which maintains that man's duty is an intellectual love of God; and that man should not exact or insist that God love him in return. It is quite obvious that the common man was no more comfortable in the lofty and impersonal objectivity of Spinozism than he was in Stoicism.

The Epicureans were materialists in physics and frankly denied immortality. The early Epicureans were as austere, disciplined, and restrained as their master Epicurus himself, who taught that the higher pleasures of the mind and the nobler pleasures of the spirit should be preferred to the pleasures of the senses and the indulgences of the body. But the later Epicureans became sheer and undiscriminating hedonists. They, however, went so far as to admit that man had a soul, which they regarded as a finer or more ethereal organism, but they maintained that this also perished at death. The Skeptics doubted immortality as they doubted everything else.

With the Stoics, Epicureans, Skeptics, and the later eclectic schools, Greek and Roman antiquity exhausted themselves. Unaided human reason could go no further. New scientific data were not forthcoming. No new scientific material prompted wider speculation. The microscope and telescope had not yet come to extend the penetration of the human senses into the infinitely little or the infinitely great; and the ancient world degenerated into the most materialistic skepticism.

Materialistic skepticism easily perverted the earlier and more

spiritual teachings of Epicurus. The theory of the skeptical and materialistic Epicurean undermined the noble stoicism of the older Roman ethics. The theory of the materialistic skeptic maintained that this life was all there was, so make the best of it; and, of course, they promptly made the worst of it. "Eat, drink, and be merry, for tomorrow we die" became the maxim of decadent and dissolute Rome. Only a very noble and aristocratic nature can sustain an ethical life on the foundation of skepticism or materialistic Epicureanism.

Philosophy can progress only with new material or else with a new method. There was no new material forthcoming; but Christianity conquered the world with a new method. Human reason was exhausted and humiliated into skepticism; but Christianity imported into philosophy the method and technique of faith. Christianity began by maintaining that dark were the pathways of divine counsel and that the human reason could not envisage the infinite or the divine. That is why Christ frequently went out of his way to emphasize the futility of man's little and presumptuous rational process. Christ said: "Be ye as little children" and "Suffer the little children to come unto me." Christ constantly spoke in favor of the faithful spirit as against the rational letter of the law. Where all the former religions and ethical teachings were, in the main, rational in their sanctions, Christianity stood flatfootedly upon the super-rational, the supernatural, and the miraculous.

Tertullian, a perfect type of the early Christian philosopher, maintained: "*Credo quia absurdum est*," ("I believe it because it is absurd, because it is irrational and transcends my reason"). St. Augustine also claimed that faith was a virtue only when it was super-rational; and that there was no virtue whatever in faith, if it was completely supported and proven by reason.

It is a mistake to consider that Christianity was unique in its ethical and spiritual philosophy. Its ethical teachings can be found in Buddhism, Brahmanism, Confucianism, Shintoism, Zoroastrianism, and in all the later prophets and teachers in the Old Testament. Hillel and Shammai even anticipated Christ's statement of the Golden Rule. It is futile to claim for Christian ethics more originality than Christ claimed for it. Christ himself said that he came to restore and

to fulfill the teachings of the Prophets. The differentiating characteristic of Christian philosophy lay in its method and in its sanction; it proceeded by faith where reason faltered; and to the temporary skeptics and materialists, who denied personal immortality, Christianity responded with the central and important fact of the resurrection.

We may or may not believe in the physical or spiritual resurrection. That is beside the issue. The point is that Christ's resurrection was made the great practical and effectual answer to the materialists of his day, and was so utilized by the early founders, proselyters, apologists, and propagandists. We may pass by all the elements of virgin birth and immaculate conception. Those things were often claimed in antiquity. Some of the Caesars and Pharaohs, and many of the Oriental monarchs, claimed to be sons of God. These things are in no sense more novel or remarkable than the ethics of Christianity; and we shall concern ourselves with the psychics of Christianity in the next chapter. For the purposes of this present discussion, it should be pointed out that the personal resurrection of Christ was adduced as a testified fact, acceptably proving immortality and personal survival to contemporary doubters. And Christ said to the world: What I do, you also can do,—I am nothing without God the Father, and you also are His children. I am the way and you can also tread the same path.

Even physical resurrection, or rising from the dead, was not new. It was a more or less familiar idea at the time. Homer speaks of resurrection three times in the *Iliad*. Aeschylus speaks of it twice in his plays. Sophocles and Herodotus also speak of it. The Pharisees believed in physical resurrection. The Sadducees denied it. But never, before Christ, was resurrection made the nucleus and sanction for a complete ethical theory. We, today, may cling to Christian ethics independent of that miracle; but the attested fact of the resurrection was most important for the propaganda of Christianity, and served as an answer to the disintegrating and disruptive skepticism of the ancient world.

To St. Paul belongs the glory of having interpreted the possibility of personal resurrection and spiritual immortality in philosophic language. All the elements in the great tradition of ancient philos-

ophy become the weapons of propaganda and the machinery of exegesis in St. Paul; and in St. Paul, Christianity becomes a philosophical system. In St. Paul, faith becomes dogma; in St. Paul, Plato's ideal world becomes heaven. This earthly world becomes the vessel of corruption, the source of evil, and the playground of the devil. Plato's "methexis," or theory of participation, becomes the Christian theory of grace. Man belongs to both worlds. His body belongs to the world of matter and is therefore perishable, sinful, and corruptible. His soul belongs to the ideal world and is consequently immortal, incorruptible, and a part of God. At death, by the miracle of faith, the incorruptible may put off corruption.

The vision of Plato, put into the mouth of Socrates in the dialogue called the "Phaedo," reappears in the Epistles and the cryptic Book of Revelations; and for about fifteen centuries, until the time of the Renaissance, continues as the beatific vision of the mystics, and also as the official philosophy of the Church, the University, and the State for the whole of civilized Western Europe. In this period, the theory of personal immortality is more than a hope. It is a fundamental, irrefragable certitude. It is an assurance, revealed, accepted, and embraced beyond any necessity of rational proof, except in the furtive minds of infidels and atheists, who usually received short shrift at the hands of the Inquisitorial authorities. Any departure from this fundamental credo in official Christianity was promptly punished. The Dominicans finally developed the theory that heresy was a contagious disease, and had to be exterminated root and branch. In these times, in every sense of the word, you had to believe in order to be saved.

Christianity conquered this world with Platonic sanctions from another world. The old philosophical dichotomy or divisional dualism between appearance and reality, which initiates all metaphysical thinking, reappears in a new form. This apparent world of the senses is not the real world. This apparent world will be destroyed on the Day of Judgment. The world of grace, the spiritual world, alone has abiding reality; and the official sacraments from baptism to extreme unction become dedications, purifications, and inductions into the ideal or spiritual world.

St. Augustine is a thorough-going Platonist in his great book, *The City of God*. The whole argument and thesis of that book is drawn directly from Plato through St. Paul. The city of Rome had fallen vanquished at the feet of the barbarian invaders from the North. The authority of the whole Catholic Church was threatened, because Christians began to question God's omnipotence. They began to think that God could not be all-powerful if He could not preserve His own Holy City, Rome, from the incursions of the unbelievers. Then it was that St. Augustine maintained, with magnificent eloquence, that the geographical, earthly city of Rome was in no sense God's Holy City. St. Augustine claimed that the City of God was as imperishable as a Platonic idea, in that the real Holy City was a spiritual city, eternal as a thought of God. Furthermore, he held that the heresy and backsliding of any particular individual church in no way threatened the existence of the permanent ideal of the Holy Roman Catholic Church; any more than the death of an individual man involved the destruction of the permanent Platonic type of man. He argued that the Holy Roman Catholic Church, like the spiritual City of God, was a permanent, spiritual ideal; and nothing that could happen here on earth could modify or change its eternal perfectness. This is sheer Platonism. Salvation is only possible by an act of faith in the reality of the unseen. The sacraments become rungs in a mystical ladder reaching from earth to heaven.

➤ Apart from its method and technique of faith, the original Christian philosophy reduces itself to two cardinal principles:

I. The Christian dogma affirmed the immortality of the soul and personal, conscious survival, with rewards and punishments in a future life. This involved a huge, spiritual democracy of salvation.

II. The brotherhood of man. This theory had already been propounded by the Stoics and Cynics. The theory of brotherhood was most acceptable as long as the Christians remained as they originally were, a sort of Coxey's army of the outcast and politically disfranchised and degraded peoples, including Jews and slaves, publicans and sinners, and the mass of the socially disinherited and often the evolutionally unfit. If we read Gibbon's chapters on early Christianity, we can see where Nietzsche derived his conclusion that Christian

morality was the slave morality of the many weak, who were resentful of the aristocratic master morality of the few strong. But as soon as Christianity became the official religion of the mighty states of Western Europe, brotherhood was made a polite convention and disappeared as a practical weekday theory, until the modern Christian socialists resurrected it as a Biblical argument against modern industrial oppression.

In our scientific and mechanical age, it is difficult for us to orient ourselves into the cathedral attitude of the Middle Ages. The whole cosmos was then conceived as a sort of Gothic cathedral, dim, vast, and vaulted with arches aspiring upward to celestial grace. Devils haunted the fringes of contemplation, as gargoyles depended grinning from the roof. There was no organized science as we know it. There was endless and futile argument. There was no investigation. There was introspection and much scholastic disputation of texts. Instead of investigation of the world, there was revealed dogma and authoritative tradition. In the Dark Ages, there was no real interest in nature as nature, because the world of matter was considered the corruptible world; and there was no interest in man as man, because the whole interest of philosophy was other-worldly. This material world was called the "mistress of the devil."

Indeed, the architecture of medieval ecclesiasticism was Platonic; but the furniture of the mind of the Middle Ages was mainly Aristotelian and grounded upon the deductive canon of Aristotle, who became the patron saint of scholasticism.

For about fifteen hundred years, the Church maintained stoutly and devoutly that all truth had been authoritatively and once for all sacramentally revealed in the Bible. This was accepted as theological dogma. In accordance with that belief, the only function of philosophy became exegesis, exposition or application of this revealed truth to the daily lives, affairs, and duties of man. The whole service of philosophy was therefore only to expound and make explicit what was implicit in the revelations of the Testament; exactly as the function of the geometer is to make explicit in theorems what is implicit in the mathematical definitions, axioms, and postulates.

Aristotle's deductive method—the only part of Aristotle that

scholasticism commonly knew or utilized—was, accordingly, immensely serviceable to the theological and dogmatic Church. This is the official position taken by Thomas Aquinas in his masterwork, the *Summa Theologiae*, in which this most authoritative philosopher of the medieval Church calls philosophy the "*ancilla theologiae*," the handmaiden of theology. This sounds very medieval indeed, but it is well to remember that the *Summa Theologiae* is the classic manual for Catholicism to this day. The complete works of Thomas Aquinas were given a new imprimatur and again officially published under the authority of Pope Leo XIII as late as 1883.

During the great religious movement of the Crusades, and almost at the same time, when Western Europe marched eastward along the northern shore of the Mediterranean to the Orient, in order to rescue the sepulcher of Christ from the possession of the Moslem infidel, distinguished Jewish and Arabian scholars and philosophers came from Bagdad, traveled westward along the southern shore of the Mediterranean and crossed into Spain, somewhere around Algeciras. The wealthy Moors were, at first, very hospitable to these exiles from the East, and, with their help, founded the great university at Cordova. These Jewish and Arabian scholars and philosophers carried with them some books of Aristotle hitherto unknown to medieval theology and scholasticism. We refer, of course, to those books wherein the inductive method and canon of Aristotle are expounded. The inductive method is the scientific method useful for the discovery of new truth. But this side of Aristotle had not been missed; because scholasticism maintained that it was already in the possession of all necessary and inclusive truth. Dogmatic theology needed no new truth and, therefore, needed no inductive method. It wanted no science. Any departure from the accepted dogmas was looked upon as heresy; and heresy became increasingly dangerous with the birth of the spirit of inquiry and investigation that leads to the discovery of new truth.

This spirit of free inquiry was fostered in the early days of the University of Cordova. The Jewish and Arabian thinkers, under the influence of the inductive Aristotle, made this university one of the few cradles in Europe wherein the modern scientific spirit could

germinate and fructify. While dogmatic ecclesiasticism was adoring the deductive Aristotle as the "Master of those who know" in most of the other centers of learning, in Cordova, the Jewish and Arabian philosophers were expounding the inductive method and canon of this same Aristotle. And this inductive method and the scientific habit of inquiry which it propounded and fostered first challenged and then ultimately shook to its foundation the entire fabric of ecclesiastical authority. So it can be truthfully and paradoxically said that Aristotle was both the spiritual builder and the spiritual destroyer of the institution of scholasticism.

But here in Spain, under the princely dispensation of the rich Moors, we again observe the tragic and vicious systole and diastole of our progress. The splendid noonday of hospitable liberality in secular and religious matters, for which Cordova was originally famous, soon became darkened and overcast with the inevitable night of fear, intolerance, and persecution. The liberalism in the secular and spiritual realms that welcomed such great philosophers and thinkers as Avicenna and Averroes later hardened into a retrogressive rigidity; and the philosophers, as in ancient Greece, were forced again to flee into exile. Such was the fate of the most celebrated philosopher born in Cordova, Moses Maimonides, the greatest Jewish thinker, scholar, and writer of the Middle Ages. He and his family were obliged to flee to Africa on account of the persecutions of the Almohades.

The main use of mathematics in the Middle Ages, apart from the practical computations in the business of daily living, was in calculating the recurrence of feast days and fast days, high days, and holidays in the calendar. But it so happened that many of the Moorish philosophers at the University of Cordova began as mathematicians or physicians. As mathematicians, these explorers into the unknown invented algebra. But notwithstanding the fact that Cordova for a while enjoyed the reputation of being a focal center for progressive culture and speculation, mathematics was still regarded with very grave suspicion by the medieval mind. It was considered black magic. The following story will illustrate the suspicion and fear in which mathematics was held.

There was a very great German monk by the name of Hildebrand, who later became Pope Gregory VII, one of the greatest organizing minds in the medieval Catholic Church. Hildebrand was almost defeated in his election to the papacy, because it was openly stated in the College of Cardinals that Hildebrand in his youth had attended the University of Cordova and had studied "unholy mathematics."

Obviously, this is not the atmosphere in which science of the outer world can progress. But the Middle Ages provided a succession of great and mystical contemplators of the inner world. Bonaventura, Thomas Aquinas, Thomas à Kempis, Jakob Boehme, and Ruysbroeck are all master mystics and intuitionists. They all devote themselves to a tireless exploration of the wonderland within.

For about fifteen hundred years the thoughtful world lived vertically, probing deep and aspiring high and spinning philosophical webs as they still do in India. They were very subtle and recondite about their souls. They were very ignorant of external nature.

In the orchestration of tendencies that finally swelled into the prelude to Humanism and the overture to the Renaissance, we must now refer to a historical event that was of immense importance in the civilization of Europe. With the fall of Byzantium in 1453, a handful of Greek scholars and philosophers made their way to northern Italy. They were the grand inheritors and propagandists of the Hellenic culture and tradition. They came bearing gifts of great price, because they carried the flaming torch of Greece to darkened Europe. Men like Pletha, Bessarion, Georgius of Trebizond, Theodorus Gaza, Rudolf Agricola, and Laurentius Valla. These men stir up a yeasty ferment and provide the fertile soil in which Humanism was soon to take root and flourish. Then there arose among them great teachers, like Pico della Mirandola and Marsiglio Ficino, who became the official Platonist for the magnificent Medici. This constellation of pagan apostleship brought to the somnolent Christian world the annunciation of a new dawn; and Europe slowly awoke from its acedia and lethargy to the sun of the Renaissance. Europe roused herself like Milton's eagle "mewing her mighty youth and kindling her undazzled eyes at the full midday beam."

With the Renaissance came the rediscovery of man and his relation

to this world, a relation which had been for centuries neglected in theology's passionate preoccupation with salvation and other-worldly considerations. The lovely spirit of Greece revived and threw a deathless rose into the lap of history. Then came also the new scientific utilization of old inventions, like the compass and the astrolabe which Marco Polo brought from China, and of new inventions like the microscope and the telescope; and the emphasis of attention was placed upon the exploration of external nature instead of upon the soul.

Toward the end of the Sixteenth Century there came this enormous change of emphasis, and with it a profound change in the entire climate of opinion. The external world or the material world, which for so many years was abominated as the "mistress of the devil," slowly became the object of man's most careful scrutiny.

Observation takes the place of revelation. The laboratory supplants the monastery; scientific method supplants dogmatic tradition; and the period of modern philosophy slowly begins.

The medieval dogmatic attitude to life had deprecated the external corruptible world of nature so much, that in sheer compensation, practical science and philosophy became excessively materialistic and pantheistic. Francis Bacon and Campanella, Giordano Bruno, Descartes and Spinoza, Kepler, Galileo, Copernicus, Newton, Gassendi, and later, Hobbes, La Mettrie, Condillac, Locke, and Hume are all either materialists or pantheists; and they all come into dangerous conflict with the organized dualism of the Church.

The rise of the scientific spirit and the influence of the Copernican astronomy caused as great a revolution in the theological cosmology of the sixteenth century as the Darwinian theory of evolution caused in our modern world. If man was humiliated at discovering that he and his spiritual destiny were not the prime and central concern of this infinite universe, there still remained a sort of pantheistic pride in being a part of a cosmos so majestic and so magnificently grandiose. The old theological dualisms, good and evil, God and the devil, mind and matter, spirit and body, gave ground before the great rationalistic, unifying pantheisms. The world was no longer the "mistress of the devil"; matter was not evil; but everything became

equally divine in the view of these great heretics, particularly Spinoza. The "spiritual body," the "ethereal organism," and the soul became myths for the scientific philosophers of the type of Bacon, Giordano Bruno, and Campanella.

The reactionaries, then as now, refused to see the world in the light of the new modern science and philosophy. It is difficult for us to believe that the legislature of the State of Tennessee decided, by a majority of one vote, that the theory of evolution could not be taught in any schools supported by state funds. We also witnessed the anachronistic William Jennings Bryan speaking to crowds over the Chataqua circuit, maintaining vociferously and with booming iteration that he had more faith in the rock of ages than in the age of rocks, and that no one could make a monkey out of him! It was rather a work of pitiful supererogation; since the modern scientists felt that Mr. Bryan was saving them the trouble.

But let us return to the sequence of history and pick up the thread of some orderly development.

In this new romantic, almost voluptuous, rediscovery of the wonders of nature and human nature that came with the Humanistic movement and the Renaissance, we find a passionate rejection and revolt away from the cubiced asceticism that characterized the Dark Ages.

Guido Cavalcanti, Dante, Petrarch, and Boccaccio write of human earthly love with the same incandescent spiritual passion that inspired mystic and heavenly love. And they all abandon Latin, the language of the liturgy, the vulgate and scholasticism, in favor of Italian, the ordinary speech of the common man. Dante writes a treatise *de vulgari eloquio sioe idiomate* justifying this change in the vehicle of expression. And soon the Bible itself is translated into the various secular languages, so that its contents cannot much longer remain the monopoly of scholars and the priestly caste.

The religious movements culminating in the Crusades had widened the incredibly narrow provincialism of the medieval mind. Now a secular impulse to travel arose. This also expanded that mind with the shock of salutary enlargement. Men like Columbus, Marco Polo, Vasco da Gama explored the earth and the heavens of the macrocosm

and also that most baffling of all things, the human microcosm. Here also Aristotle was a serviceable guide.

We have already noted that, according to Aristotle, the soul is the entire vital principle of any organism. It is, to use his own magnificent synthesis, the entelechy or sum total or confluence of all the powers and purposes implicit within the organism. In plants, says Aristotle, the soul is confined to the mere nutritive and reproductive potentialities; in animals, it is also a sensitive and locomotor capacity; in man, it is as well the power of reason and thought.

It would seem, in Aristotle's view, that the soul, as the sum of the powers of the body, cannot exist apart from the body. Body and soul are as form and wax, separable only in thought, but, in reality, they both form one organic whole. The soul is not inserted into the body like the quicksilver poured by Daedalus into the images of Venus to make stand-ups of them. A personal and particular soul can exist only in its own body.

Nevertheless, according to Aristotle, the soul is not a material entity, as Democritus would have us believe; nor can it wholly perish. Part of the rational power of the human soul is passive. It is bound up with memory, and dies with the body that carried and experienced what it remembered. But the "active reason," the pure power of thought, is independent of memory and incapable of decay. This "active reason" is the universal, as distinguished from the individual, element in man. What survives is accordingly not the personality, with its impermanent and fickle affections and passing desires, but mind in its most abstract and impersonal form. In short, Aristotle destroys whatever is personal in the soul, in order to endow the rest of us with immortality. The immortal soul is pure thought.

It is here at this point that there arises the selective tradition which maintains that immortality is not a common inheritance, which comes to all who die in faith; but rather that immortality is something to be earned and achieved as a reward for completely fulfilling one's entelechy. Immortality is a reward to be meted out according to the realization of one's capacities. This idea of selective immortality, originating in Aristotle, runs like a golden thread through the speculations and splendid creations of the Renaissance, down through Mil-

ton, Goethe, Tennyson, and Ibsen to the present time. In this same tradition of selective immortality, Emerson writes in his essay on Worship: "Of immortality, the soul when well employed is incurious. It is so well, that it is sure it will be well. It asks no questions of Supreme Power. . . . 'Tis a higher thing to confide that if it is best we should live, we shall live,—'tis higher to have this conviction, than to have the lease of indefinite centuries and millenniums and aeons. *Higher than the question of our duration is our deserving. Immortality will come to such as are fit for it, and he who would be a great soul in future, must be a great soul now.*² It [immortality] is a doctrine too great to rest on any legend, that is, on any man's experiences but our own. It must be proved, if at all, from our own activity and designs, which imply an interminable future for their play."

As this chapter is not designed to be a history of philosophy, we must again resort to seven-league boots and omit much fascinating speculation; as we can deal only with those philosophers who speculate directly upon the subject of the soul, psychics, and the hope of immortality. As psychical research was a very late candidate for admission into the society of respected and respectable sciences, we shall find that the questions of psychics are often absorbed into the larger philosophical speculations concerning appearance and reality. We shall also discover that some philosophers in the great tradition have had prophetic flashes which have anticipated and influenced later scientific research and conclusions. And just as in the examples of evolution, dreams, and psychoanalysis, to which reference has already been made, we shall again discover that our poor human mind has only a meager number of explanations in its repertory with which to account for the bewildering complex of mystifying problems that assail our faculties. The phenomena are many and various and our theories to account for them are pitifully few.

We have stated that early sixteenth-century science and philosophy were in the main materialistic or pantheistic. Sixteenth-century materialism particularly was an instinctive and healthy compensatory revolt away from the difficult disciplines of asceticism that plagued the theological mind. The materialists stated bluntly, then as now,

² The italics are mine.—L. K. A.

that the soul was a myth and the spiritual life was its mythology; that consciousness was a function of a compound or composite organization of atoms, localized in the brain. This consciousness was dependent upon the existence of a physical brain. Consequently, the denial of immortality became for them a logical necessity. For them, nothing survives the decay and disappearance of the brain, unless the intervention of Providence is invoked, as in the doctrine of physical resurrection; and thus both the body and the brain, together with consciousness and personality, are restored to existence. In this way without being pondered on too deeply, immortality as a credo of faith and a sanction for ethical rewards or punishments in a future life continued to control men's thinking.

But then came the great materialistic determinists, like Hobbes and Gassendi, and the pantheistic determinists, like Giordano Bruno and Spinoza. From the premises of materialistic determinism, Hobbes and Gassendi could argue that if all our actions are predetermined for us, how can any virtue or vice on our part attach to them? And the pantheists could, with equal logic, maintain that if God is omnipresent, omniscient, and omnipotent, knowing in advance everything that we shall do, and having also the power to make us do it or withhold us from doing it, how can any of our actions have any ethical content whatever? This difficulty of discovering a place for man's ethics in a world governed by an omnipotent God is as old as Job, who asks: "Why doth He yet find fault, for who has resisted His will?" In accordance with these speculations, immortality, with a schedule of rewards for the good and punishments for the bad in a future life, disappears as a logical necessity for men's thinking; until Kant, at a much later date, revives it in his *Critique of Practical Reason*.

The question of the immortality of the soul became a very mortal question in the middle of the Seventeenth Century. At that time the synagogue in Amsterdam was shocked out of its religious complacency by a treatise attacking the belief in immortality. It was written by Uriel à Costa, a Portuguese Catholic philosopher who had been converted to Judaism. The outraged synagogue retorted sharply to this heresy and demanded a public retraction and penance. Uriel à Costa

was obliged to lie on the threshold of the synagogue while the members of the congregation walked over his prostrate body. Uriel à Costa, stung beyond endurance by this public humiliation, returned to his home, wrote a summary of his position, retracted his retraction, blazed out a thunderous denunciation of those who had persecuted him, and then shot himself.

Attached to this synagogue was a school in which students were trained for the rabbinate. The most brilliant and promising among the scholars was young Baruch Spinoza, who doubtless, as a member of the synagogue, witnessed the pageant of humiliation staged by furious orthodoxy for the punishment of Uriel à Costa. The elder philosopher was fifty-six. Spinoza was fifteen. Nine years later, when Spinoza was twenty-four, the same synagogue summoned him to answer the Elders on the same charge of heresy. This God-intoxicated philosopher, the greatest pantheist in the whole history of speculation, whom Renan calls "the greatest Jew in modern times," was accused of saying that God might have a body—as a pantheist, Spinoza identified God and the world—that angels might be hallucinations; that the soul might be merely life; and—heresy of all heresies—that the Old Testament said nothing of immortality.

Spinoza had been the favorite scholar of the synagogue and was the brilliant hope of the Jews among his contemporaries. Because of this, the Elders tried to be most lenient. They offered Spinoza an annuity that would insure his support for life, if he would retract enough of his heresy to save their faces and maintain, at least, a formal adherence to his synagogue and loyalty to his faith. Spinoza refused. He was accordingly excommunicated with all the somber maledictions, execrations, and anathemas which the impressive and dramatic formalities of the ritual provide. Henceforth, for the rest of his life, Spinoza was a man cut off from Judaism. But what the Jews rejected, the world later inherited.

In his life as well as in his writings, Spinoza is the highest and purest type of philosophic mind. His purged and impersonal objectivity lights up the high peaks of contemplation with a calm lambency. His pantheism is the most majestic statement in the history of philosophy of the vision that all is God, and that the world of

mind and the world of matter are only two attributes, modes, or aspects of divine manifestation. But, beyond these two attributes—matter, which manifests itself in extension, and mind, which manifests itself in thought—there are infinite other attributes and modes in which an indefinable God, which is the substance of the world, may reveal itself. Spinoza refuses to define God; because he holds that to define God is to limit God.

Like Averroes and Maimonides, Spinoza first maintains that immortality is impersonal. As parts of the divine pantheistic whole, we cannot perish. Indeed, in his *Ethics*, Spinoza states that: "The human mind cannot be absolutely destroyed with the human body, but there is some part of it which remains eternal." Spinoza is not very definite here; but he seems to indicate that the part which survives and remains eternal is the part that is aware and capable of conceiving things *sub specie aeternitatis*, or is in the habit of looking at this life in the vision of eternity. This reads like an echo of Plato.

Then again, in the same treatise, Spinoza makes a distinction that Emerson and Santayana will later make. He distinguishes eternity from endlessness and everlastingness. Spinoza writes: "If we pay attention to the common opinion of men, we shall see that they are conscious of the eternity of their minds; but they confuse eternity with duration, and attribute it to imagination or memory, which they believe will remain after death." Here, Spinoza, like Plato and Aristotle, seems to deny the survival of personal memory. Spinoza adds on this point: "The mind can neither imagine nor recollect anything save while in the body."

In his attitude toward future rewards and punishments after death, Spinoza is as downright in his rejection of that consolatory hypothesis as the most aloof stoic. Spinoza writes: "Those are far astray from a true estimate of virtue who expect for their virtue, as if it were the greatest slavery, that God will adorn them with the greatest rewards; as if virtue and the serving of God were not happiness itself and the greatest liberty." And the final proposition of this great thinker's *Ethics* reads: "*Beatudo non est virtutis praemium, sed ipsa virtus . . .*" which, being translated, means "Blessedness is not the reward of virtue, but virtue itself."

The lofty pantheism of Spinoza permeates and radiates through much subsequent philosophic and humanistic writing. Goethe, the profoundest philosophic poet in the great tradition, regards Spinoza as the most important formative influence upon his thinking. Our own oracular Emerson is steeped in Spinoza's lofty and luminous speculation, when he writes in his journal: "I believe I shall sometime cease to be an individual, that the eternal tendency of the soul is to become Universal, to animate the last extremities of organization." In the same spirit Thoreau writes: "Sometimes as I drift idly on Walden pond, I cease to live and begin to be."

This Spinozistic identification or fusion of the individual soul with the whole of nature, but without loss of personality, animates the hope of many philosophical poets. Hallam Tennyson writes of his father: "Throughout his life he had a constant feeling of spiritual harmony existing between ourselves and the outward visible universe, and of the actual immanence of God in the infinitesimal atom as in the vastest system. He would say: 'The soul seems to me one with God; how, I cannot tell.' " * And again, in a letter to a friend, Tennyson himself writes: ". . . All at once, as it were, out of the intensity of the consciousness of individuality itself, individuality seemed to dissolve and fade away into boundless being; and this, not a confused state, but the clearest of the clearest, the surest of the surest, the weirdest of the weirdest, utterly beyond words, *where death was almost a laughable impossibility—the loss of personality, if so it were, seeming no extinction, but the only true life.*" ⁸ And on another occasion, Tennyson said: ". . . There are moments when . . . I feel and know the flesh to be the vision, God and the spiritual the only real and true. Depend upon it, the spiritual is the real . . . you never, never can convince me that the I is not an eternal reality, and that the spiritual is not the true and real part of me." The English physicist, Tyndall, relates that Tennyson described such moments to him as a sort of trance. "This trance, he [Tennyson] claimed, was a union with God such as that described by Plotinus and Porphyry, and is the

* From Hallam Tennyson: *Memoirs of His Father*. By permission of The Macmillan Company, Publishers.

⁸ The italics are mine.—L. K. A.

best argument against materialism and in favour of personal immortality."⁴

Spinoza has given the most closely reasoned and crystallized statement of a pantheistic vision which is as ancient as philosophy itself. Pantheism inspires the old Hindu poet who wrote:

Know in thyself and All one self-same soul;
Banish the dream that sunders part from whole.

It makes incandescent the magnificent speculations of Giordano Bruno. And in its latest and grandest avatar in Spinoza, this vision animates all the modern poets and philosophers who believe that a divine unity permeates and embraces all things; and that the individual is a conscious part of that totality, animated by and made aware through participation in this sole and single divine substance. In this contemplation, the individual can truly say:

. . . My passing makes a door
Through all things. I am not humble nor elate,
But heir to wonders, part of all, no poor
And wretched suppliant pleading for my state.

I am neither slave nor free, but am aware
That all that is outside and all within
Have the same rhythm, suffer, speak and share
A destiny that makes all things akin.
Whenever I contemplate, it is a prayer;
Whenever I separate, it is a sin.⁵

The next authoritative voice that was raised against the scientific and philosophic materialists, the dualists, sensationalists, and skeptics of the day was that of Gottfried Wilhelm Leibnitz; and his *Monadologie* has a great deal of direct bearing and importance to say upon the question of the soul and its destiny.

The English common-sense empirical tradition of Locke still clung to a naïve sensationalism and held bluntly that all knowledge and

⁴ See Edward Mims: *Great Writers as Interpreters of Religion*.

⁵ Anspacher: *Slow Harvest*.

all ideas of every kind come through the senses; and that the mind is only a *tabula rasa*, a blank sheet of paper, upon which experience writes itself by means of the senses. This apparently simple, practical, and downright theory is opposed and challenged by an equally downright and uncompromising declaration in Leibnitz, who maintains that no knowledge and no ideas of any kind come from the outside or through the senses; but that, on the contrary, all knowledge is innate. Locke and Leibnitz thus represent the pendular extremes and the antipodal opposites in philosophy. They are both doughty champions. Locke still remains the authoritative voice of practical empiricism and the pragmatic tradition of common sense, old as materialism, sensationalism, and skepticism; new as the fine modern restatements in Herbert Spencer, the pragmatists, and the behaviorists. Leibnitz still remains the inspiration of the great tradition of idealism in modern philosophy, which maintains that the mind creates its own cosmos and carries with it a cosmic memory, which it is constantly engaged in renewing and realizing. Through Kant, Leibnitz becomes the fountain source of Fichte, Hegel, Schelling, Schopenhauer, and others in this stream of tendency. This kind of idealism is as old as the later mystical Plato and Plotinus; it is as new as Royce, the Cairds, the modern mystics, and parts of Bergson and Santayana.

Leibnitz maintains that the whole cosmos is composed of what he calls "monads." These monads are correlated in the cosmic scheme, in this best of all best possible worlds, by what he calls "pre-established harmony," which is his phrase to describe a sort of metaphysical and stabilizing Providence. God is the monad of monads: the Arch-monad.

Leibnitz says further that the monads are indivisible and simple and are consequently indestructible. There is no argument for survival. It is rather a necessary corollary of his theory. He asserts that the human soul is also a monad; so, as monads are indestructible, the immortality and persistence of the human soul are implied.

The monads remain constantly what they are. Leibnitz does not regard man as a product of what will later be regarded as Darwinian evolution; but Leibnitz teaches that the monad develops and transforms itself internally. He writes: "I believe that the souls of men

have pre-existed, not as reasonable souls but as merely sensitive souls; which did not reach the superior state of reason until the man whom the soul was to animate was conceived."

Leibnitz further states that the soul has no windows by which anything can enter or pass out. That is his way of saying that everything in the human consciousness is innate. The statement that the soul has no windows is the greatest possible frontal attack upon empiricism and sensationalism. It cuts all the ground from under the common-sense belief in the senses by saying that nothing comes from the outside, but that all ideas are born with us. Leibnitz adds: "The monad is self-sufficient, independent of every other creature, embracing the Infinite, and expressing the universe." The monad is a microcosm expressing, reflecting, and concentric with the macrocosm. On the question of immortality and survival, Leibnitz asserts specifically and categorically that souls or human monads have pre-existed and will exist forever. But he also concludes that the future life cannot be incorporeal, because the development (not evolution) of the soul runs parallel to that of the body. No souls, human or animal, can ever be discarnate. God alone, because he is pure action, is entirely without body. Death is only a turning point, the end of a sort of chapter or phase in the eternal, never-ending internal history and development of the human monad. Our philosopher contends that as plants and animals, however humble, are also monads, they are also eternal and immortal.

Leibnitz is called upon to reconcile or to explain away many contradictions in a system that, at first glance, seems so straightforward and uncomplicated. Many times, he seems to make distinctions where others would find differences; as, for example, the distinction he is obliged to make between what he calls development or transformation on the one hand and evolution on the other. Possibly, as he believes the soul has no windows, he is obliged to reject all that modern evolution means by adaptation to environment; because he does not believe that anything from the outside can penetrate or modify the monad. And yet, in his *Theodicy*, he maintains the principle of continuity and asserts that there is a complete continuity which removes all the gaps that are supposed to exist between the

mineral and vegetable kingdoms, and the vegetable and animal kingdoms.

Descartes and the Cartesians maintained that animals were automata and thus left a chasm between animals and men. Leibnitz's conception of continuity refuses to recognize that chasm. He maintains that brutes are merely imperfect men and that plants are imperfect animals. Leibnitz states in his *Nouveau Essais*, which he writes in reply to Locke's essay, that: "There are no absolute oppositions in nature; rest is infinitely minute movement; darkness is infinitely little light; perception in the plant is an infinitely confused thought; the parabola is an ellipse, one of whose foci is infinitely distant." He even contends that perception is universal, and that, though animals do not think, still "there are infinite degrees of perception, and perception is not necessarily sensation." In this way, and modern science verifies these statements, we find Leibnitz earning the title he still enjoys as the philosopher of universal conciliation.

The teaching of Leibnitz continued in honor in Germany down through Christian Wolff and dominated the German tradition until the time of Kant. Then, in a modified form, it inspired later German idealism. The tradition of Locke's empiricism continued in honor in England and boasts of such great champions as Newton, Shaftesbury, Hutcheson, Adam Smith, Hartley, and Priestly. Voltaire carried the philosophy of Locke to France. The robust common-sense practicality of Locke's empiricism, his materialism, his individualism, and skepticism appeal to the inherent practicality and skeptical clarity of the French mind. The French adore a philosophy which can be verified in their own experience and therefore has the true avouch of their own senses. They do not rest comfortably in the kind of vague, misty, speculative conclusions in which the German mind revels, but which, to the French, seem to deprecate reality.

The empiricism of Locke is like a seed that falls on fertile ground in France; and a long line of French empiricists, materialists, and sensationalists apply the principles of Locke to their various departments of inquiry. In this succession stand Condillac, La Mettrie, Diderot and the Encyclopedists, Helvetius, Cabanis, and Condorcet. In the hands of these men in France, the Lockian philosophy enters

the great humanistic tradition culminating in Anatole France, and departs from the exclusive field of metaphysics. These men are historians, mathematicians, moralists, and political writers.

If the followers of Leibnitz seem to obliterate the common-sense material world as we know it; the followers of Locke in England, with the possible exception of Berkeley, become more and more materialistic and skeptical, until they culminate in the destructive skepticism of Hume, which obliterates everything. British philosophy, for a long time, continues its protest against innate ideas and insists flat-footedly that philosophy must abandon all transcendental problems. The British "common-sense philosophers" maintain that the soul exists, if you like, but we do not know whether it is material or immaterial. God also, exists, if you like; but we know and can know nothing of His nature.

David Hume is, in theory, the most thorough-going philosophical and dismissive skeptic in modern times. Berkeley takes Locke's sensationalistic formula that "there is nothing in the mind except what comes through the senses"; (*"Nihil in intellectu quod non fuerit prius in sensu"*) and dismisses the whole material world. Berkeley holds that when we think we touch, taste, smell, hear, or see anything in the outer world, we are deluded. What we really see, or sense, are our own sensations, which we naturally project outwards. We see, not the grass in itself, but only the greenness of the grass. We see not the cloud in itself, but only the blackness or grayness of the cloud. We never get to any substance (*sub-stans* or *upokeimenon*) below qualities. We sense only the qualities. We feel, not the table itself, but only the smoothness or the hardness of the table, and so forward with all the senses. Therefore Berkeley develops the formula "*esse est percipi*," or, "to be is to be perceived." In addition, he concludes that the universe continues to exist, because it is being constantly perceived in the eye of God. In this way, for all practical purposes, the world of matter is dismissed. Then along comes David Hume and, with the same sensationalistic formula and utilizing the same procedure, he dismisses the world of mind. Hume's skepticism leaves nothing in the world that is ultimately accessible to man's faculties.

Hume fancies himself to be an obliterate skeptic. He is, as far as scholastic and metaphysical dogmas are concerned. But his constant effort lies in substituting criticism for dogmatism. He believes that we should first make a critical inquiry and appraisal of the nature and limitations of the human understanding, before we become involved in premature and conclusive metaphysical dogmas.

As can easily be expected, Hume rejects all positive religions. He realizes, however, that man is incurably religious; but he himself finds it impossible to regard religion as anything but a "sick man's dreams" or "the playful whimsies of monkeys in human shape." He gives the doctrine of immortality very short shrift. He looks upon it as an enigma, a riddle, and an inexplicable mystery. We shall find these same attitudes reflected, in almost the same words, in the later great agnostic, Huxley, who, though he deals more tenderly and a little more modestly with the problems of man's spiritual aspirations, still refers to religion as a "helpful illusion."

Descartes, Locke, and Berkeley all began by an analysis of the human faculty. Hume applied criticism to all their conclusions, and elevated criticism into a philosophic method. By means of criticism, Hume demolished many dogmas. Immanuel Kant began by being a follower of Hume, but ended by utilizing criticism constructively to reveal and establish the entire functioning of the human mind.

Kant begins by asking some fundamental questions: What access have we to the universe? How much, if anything, can we really know? What is our equipment for knowing anything? His answers to these questions are found in his three great *Critiques of Pure Reason*, *Practical Reason*, and *Judgment*. Kant's conclusions establish him as the founder of modern psychology and modern epistemology. And the tantalizing old problem of appearance and reality, that persecutes the philosophical mind, receives a new statement and possibly a new solution in Kant.

To recapitulate for a moment, it will be remembered that, at the time of Kant, speculation had arrived at a deadlock. One school, the empiricists and sensationalists, descending from Locke said: "All knowledge comes through the senses and nothing is innate." And, on the other hand, the idealistic school, descending from Leibnitz, main-

tained that: "Nothing comes through the senses and all knowledge is innate." It will be noted that this latter attitude is again a far echo of Plato, who held that knowledge was remembrance, and also of Socrates who said that his teaching was midwifery, bringing to birth and explicitness thoughts that were latent and implicit in the human mind. At any rate, the opposition between the empiricists and idealists seemed irreconcilable until Kant found a way out. Kant said, in effect: "Yes, the empirical world, the world of appearance, comes through the senses." True, Locke is correct so far. But Kant maintained with the school of Leibnitz that there were certain inborn faculties in the mind, innate "categories," which do not come to us through the senses; for example, the ideas of time, space, and causality. These ideas or categories are born with us, as part of the structure of the mind. They are innate and are *a priori* forms of cognition, antedating all experience. We cannot help seeing things except in terms of space and time. And we cannot help relating phenomena except in terms of causality. The content of our knowledge comes through the senses. The form of our knowledge is innate. This last statement, which is the distillation of Kant's epistemology, represents the forced, shotgun marriage of Locke and Leibnitz. Kant was the justice of the peace who insisted upon putting these two violent irreconcilables into the same marriage bed.

The mind is born with spectacles. Therefore, as we cannot see the world except through these innate congenital spectacles, we can never know what the world in itself, or the world of things-in-themselves really is, independent of time, space, and causality. All we can possibly get in experience is the phenomenal world of appearance, the world of the senses, which comes to us already wrapped up in, and with the imprint of, time, space, and causality. What we get in experience is an artifact, a product. What the world really is, independent of these wrappings of time, space, and causality, is not accessible to the human faculty.

Kant accordingly called the world of the senses the phenomenal world; and the other world, the world of "*Dinge an sich*," the world of things-in-themselves, behind and transcending the senses, he called the noumenal world.

In Kant, the old Platonic dualism between appearance and reality, matter and mind; that dualism which in Christian speculation was called the corruptible and the incorruptible, the world of the senses and the world of the soul, the world of the devil and the world of God, this old protean dualism reappears in Kant as the world of phenomena and the world of noumena. In other words, there is, on the one hand, the world of phenomena accessible to the senses and experience; and, on the other hand, there is the transcendental, noumenal world which lies beyond experience and is inaccessible to the human senses. For example, we look into the world and see color. Color is a phenomenon. Noumenally, it can be proved that color is only a mode of motion, and that there is no such thing in the world as color without the collaboration of the human eye. What the noumenal world-in-itself really is, independent of our perceptive collaboration, we can never know. We can at best speculate. We have no supersensual eye with which to compare our idea of the world with the world as it is in itself. We know that sound is also vibration, another mode of motion; so there may be no such thing in the universe as sound without the intervention or collaboration of the human ear, which interprets or manufactures out of vibratory motion what we call sound. The noumenal world-in-itself may be held in a stricture of cosmic silence. Continuing the same train of speculation, Kant maintains that the brain is a phenomenon. The soul is a noumenon.

Man belongs to both the noumenal and the phenomenal worlds. That is why he is afflicted with antinomies on all ultimate problems. There are always, at least, two answers to all fundamental questions. Being both phenomenon and noumenon, man confronts the sphinx without the single answer to any riddle that will liberate him from his obsessive ignorance. And, tragedy of tragedies, the sphinx itself may be a noumenon that is congenitally incapable of asking a phenomenal question or recognizing a phenomenal answer when it is given. To instance one of these problems, which has immediate relevance to the subject matter of this book: As a phenomenon, man is predetermined: He does what he *must* do, because the physical, bodily, material man is only a link in the infinite chain of regressive

causality, wherein everything that happens is an effect of what went before and a cause of what comes after. But, as a noumenon, man is free and is a responsible ethical agent. On his material, bodily side, man belongs to the physical world of regressive causality, and there is no place for any freedom of the will. But on his noumenal side, Kant maintains that man is not subject to the iron law of necessity. Man is free until the moment when he sacrifices his noumenal freedom by projecting himself into the chain of phenomena.

Kant later calls the soul the highest human category and maintains that the soul is the form or matrix which contains the sum total of all the inner experiences of the individual. Kant also says that the soul is immortal.

Kant's phenomenon and noumenon are the latest masquerade in which the old protean mummers called appearance and reality disguise themselves. It is as if the philosophers were dramatists, who, in their different systems of philosophy, wrote different dramas with differing characters; but in some queer way the actors turn out to be the same actors, only with different names. And ultimately it always turns out to be the same drama. To carry the analogy further, critics tell us there are only about six plots and thirty-six situations, which keep repeating themselves constantly in the whole of dramatic literature down the ages. Likewise, in the history of philosophy, there are only a few systemic forms and only a limited number of classic explanations.

The two most constantly recurring systems are monism and dualism. The dualistic explanation of phenomena is constantly followed by the monistic explanation. A dualist, like Descartes, is inevitably followed by a pantheist-monist, like Spinoza, or by Leibnitz with his infinity of differing monads, all harmoniously sustained by the monad of monads which is God. This happens always in the history of philosophy, because the human mind does not rest patiently in dualism; unless there are theological fetters, strong as ball-and-chain, to keep it there. Paradox of paradoxes, the human mind does not stand comfortably on two feet. It likes to balance itself on one, or on infinity, which is ultimately the same thing.

Our logic demands that either one irreducible thing, or else an

infinity of such, lies at the basis of phenomena. All other assumptions seem arbitrary. And as soon as a philosopher posits any definite number of explanatory postulates between one and infinity, the burden of proof lies heavily upon him. If two, why not ten? And if ten, why not the pessimist's inevitable choice of thirteen irreducible elements? So, after the Kantian dualism of noumenon and phenomenon, the idealists and transcendental monists, Fichte, Schelling, and Hegel appear. They all maintain that the noumenal world alone exists. They all obliterate the phenomenal world. Hegel, for example, holds that the only cosmic absolute is the creative idea and the process by which this absolute, creative idea externalizes itself and evolves from unconsciousness in the world of matter, through varying degrees of consciousness in the vegetable and animal kingdoms, up to self-consciousness in man. In the human soul, says Hegel, the cosmic process becomes self-conscious; and the human soul is consequently eternal and immortal, because the whole process is eternal and immortal.

Opposed to the Hegelian school and its vertiginous flights of cosmic speculation are the great scientific monists, who also reject the Kantian dualism of noumenon and phenomenon. But, as Hegel rejects Kant's phenomenal world, these men reject Kant's noumenal world. They maintain that the phenomenal, empirical world is the only reality. In their ranks may be counted the great modern biologists and scientists: Wallace, Darwin, Huxley, Tyndall, Herbert Spencer, Weissmann, Mendel, and Haeckel, whose volume, the *Riddle of the Universe*, represents a fine popular statement of biological monism. All these men believe in some form of evolution; and they all apply the theory of evolution to the phenomenal world, the world of matter, exactly as Hegel applied the theory of evolution to the noumenal world of idea.

With the distinguished exception of Alfred Russel Wallace, who later became a spiritualist, these men hold out very little hope for personal survival or immortality. They maintain that man is an animal and, as such, is part of biological evolution. They also contend that man's consciousness is only developed instinct and is a function of the brain and, therefore, disappears when the brain ceases to func-

tion. For most of them, the soul is only a theological fable, invented for the purpose of making man morally responsible. When they are not skeptics, savage like Nietzsche, or urbane like Anatole France, these men are at best tolerant agnostics.

Midway between the materialistic monists and the transcendental idealists stands the caustic, bitter, but penetrating Schopenhauer. Darwin's *The Origin of Species* appeared in 1859. Schopenhauer died in 1860, but as far back as 1819 he published his magnificent speculations in his volume, *Die Welt als Wille und Vorstellung* (*The World as Will and Idea*). In this book, Schopenhauer concludes that the will is the noumenal absolute. The will is the cosmic urge behind the whole procession of phenomena. It is interesting to reflect that this great pessimist arrived at his conclusion forty years before Darwin and the evolutionists wrote about the will-to-live and the struggle for existence. Here again, we see an instance of how lightning anticipates thunder and how the proleptic inspiration of a philosopher anticipates the pedestrian progress of science. Schopenhauer accordingly maintains that the will is the "*Ding-an-sich*," the thing-in-itself that underlies all phenomena and appearance. If he had known Darwinian evolution, he would have added that the intellect is not primary in animate creation, but is something developed and spliced on to the will at a very late period, in order to enable the will better to adapt itself to an environment. For Schopenhauer, accordingly, consciousness is a temporary realization and individuation of this cosmic will. Death annihilates the individual's consciousness; but the essence of the being, his will, is not affected. The will goes on forever. The immortality and the indestructibility of the unconscious will are the sources of Schopenhauer's and von Hartmann's pessimism. They both maintain that life is an evil and that immortality extends the evil infinitely into eternity.

Schopenhauer, with never-failing brilliancy, sustains the thesis that, from the standpoint of the individual, life is a complete and utter failure. And many unhappy or frustrated people may agree that Schopenhauer's pessimism is fully justified; if we consider life as it actually is, to be the summit and apex of evolution. For many, the sum of life's pains is so far in excess of the sum of life's pleasures,

and in each successive rebirth, says this relentless pessimist, we become more sensitive and therefore suffer more in this worst of all worst possible worlds. For Schopenhauer, the value of life consists in learning not to desire it. As for dreams of a future conscious life Schopenhauer adds: "Man, having placed all misery and pain in Hell, has found nothing to put into Heaven but monotony." In the midst of these dark thoughts of endless suffering, one may easily see why Schopenhauer emphasizes pity or compassion as the cardinal virtue.

The pale, traditional sanctions of theology were futile to withstand the assaults of modern monistic philosophy and the onslaughts of modern materialistic science. The Church, which clung with a sort of frenzied fanaticism and boastful obstinacy to the old stage-machinery of a geocentric universe, an anthropomorphic, personal God, Providence, miracles, revelation, propitiation, original sin, vicarious atonement, and divine intervention through the influence of patron interlocutory saints, issued in vain its thunderous anathemas against the atheistic and comfortless materialism of modern science. The victory remained with science and monism. The idea of an old-fashioned and finally created, static world has been supplanted by the idea of an evolving world. The sentiment for theology has continued; but the medieval sanctions for the belief in its cardinal canons have departed so completely that higher criticism is attempting today to make new interpretations of the old dogmas in the light of modern progress, and to fill the old doctrinal bottles with the heady wine of new science.

Schopenhauer and von Hartmann come, at times, very close to modern psychology, which also says that the conscious faculty is only a small, emergent part of a larger subjacent or ambient unconscious. Modern psychologists and psychical researchers apply the scientific, inductive, Baconian method not only to an exploration of the phenomenal, conscious faculty, but also to a scrutiny of the noumenal, psychic unconscious. And, through that, they try to penetrate to the deep wonderland beyond the ordinary human faculty and to the world of hidden reality inaccessible to the usual five senses.

In his address accepting the presidency of the Society for Psychological Research, Henri Bergson, one of the great names in recent philosophy, said in substance: "I have sometimes wondered what would have happened if modern science, instead of setting out from mathematics and bringing all its forces to converge on the study of matter and physics, had begun by a consideration of mind and soul: if Kepler, Galileo and Newton, for instance, had been psychologists instead of mathematicians and astronomers . . . We should certainly today have had a psychology of which at present we can form no idea . . . We should have passed from mind, properly so-called, to life. We should have sought behind the sensible forms of living beings, the inward, invisible force of which the sensible forms are only the manifestations."

In that statement of Bergson, we discern the most modern attitude to the questions of psychology. Modern psychical research is also attempting to look behind the apparent forms of all living beings and see the inward, invisible reality, the force which activates them. Exactly as the modern physicist is looking behind matter to study the energy that manifests itself as matter, so also, by investigating the wonderland within us in our unconscious, modern psychology and psychics are attempting to get some idea of this ambient world of energy outside.

Bergson anticipates much of the new psychology in his conviction that the area of our consciousness is much greater than the circumscribed intellect would have us believe. Recent psychology, under the inspiration of Freud, Jung, and Adler, is exploring the unconscious; and we also know that most psychic phenomena are manifestations of the unconscious. So there is a peculiar double relevance in one of the directives for philosophy that Bergson lays down: "To explore the most sacred depths of the unconscious, to labour in the subsoil of the consciousness: that will be the principal task of psychology in the century that is opening. I do not doubt that wonderful discoveries await it there."⁶

⁶ From Ruhe and Paul: *Henri Bergson*. By permission of The Macmillan Company, publishers.

Mechanistic materialism⁷ is the natural and obvious philosophy of an era so deeply indebted to science as was the latter half of the nineteenth century. Men embraced it then as enthusiastically as they welcomed this same philosophy after Bacon and particularly after Locke. Mechanistic materialism seems to have all the sane, practical, and common-sense answers to all problems; and the *System of Synthetic Philosophy* of Herbert Spencer represents the most cogent, comprehensive, and encyclopedic expression of it. Mechanistic materialism, or what may later be called physicalism, interprets everything in terms of physics, mechanics, and chemistry. It exalts the world of so-called matter and energy at the expense of everything else. It makes intellect, mind, or thought a function of the physical brain, and reduces consciousness to being a helpless observer of actions it can neither initiate, control, influence, direct, or understand. Consciousness is merely an epiphenomenon. It abandons all freedom of the will in favor of determinism. It banishes all convictions about metaphysical ultimates into the limbo of the unknown and unknowable. Mechanistic materialism discounts emotions as mere desires, discredits intuitions as vague dreams and wish fulfillments, and discards the soul or spirit, immortality, and the ultimate foundations of religion as imaginative or fantastic conceptions, growing out of the early fears and hopes of men in the far-away infantilism of the race, and continuing in esteem because of man's inertia, his fear of change, or because, at some time, these unreal ideas may have been useful as props to his courage. This was the philosophy of materialism and physicalism that Bergson valiantly attacked, particularly in its attempt to explain life.

In his *Creative Evolution*, Bergson states categorically that "in reality, life is no more made of physico-chemical elements than a curve is composed of straight lines." Life is not a product, it is the activating energy itself that creates and runs all the living bodies which the materialists call machines. This *élan vital*, this vitalizing principle, is the creative urge itself that opposes the static conception

⁷ It will be necessary to find a new term to express what was formerly connoted by the old term "materialism," since modern physics has so completely dematerialized matter.—Author.

of matter and eludes and abandons the security of instinct, until it arrives at the freedom and adventure that are part of consciousness. And for Bergson, consciousness and freedom are implicated, one in the other. Indeed he says: "Finally, consciousness is essentially free; it is freedom itself: but it cannot pass through matter without settling on it, without adapting itself to it: this adaptation is what we call intellectuality; . . ." He further states that "Everything is obscure in the idea of creation if we think of *things* which are created and a *thing* which creates . . . There are no things, there are only actions . . . Now, I have every reason to believe that the other worlds are analogous to ours, that things happen there in the same way. I know they were not all constructed at the same time, since observation shows me, even today, nebulae in the course of concentration. Now, if the same kind of action is going on everywhere, whether it is that which is unmaking itself or that which is striving to remake itself, I simply express this probable similitude when I speak of a centre from which worlds shoot out like rockets in a fire-works display—provided, that I do not present this centre as a *thing*, but as a continuity of shooting out. God, thus defined, has nothing of the already made; He is unceasing life, action, freedom. Creation, so conceived, is not a mystery; we experience it in ourselves." *

Bergson's *élan vital* manifests itself throughout the whole grandiose gamut of the creative process we call the cosmos. It jets out galaxies, constellations, nebulae, worlds, and planets. It likewise manifests itself in all forms of life, inorganic and organic, quicksilvering infinity, and ultimately contrives special organs for specialized functions, like the intellect, in order to help it better to adapt itself to changing conditions that it itself creates. The *élan vital* then utilizes the human intellect and science, the secondary creation or invention of the intellect, to further invent techniques and tools to extend and magnify the power of the human being over his present environment and to create new environments. This cosmic process is known through or by direct intuition of truth, and not through or by the intellect; although the intellect can organize the results of intuition. Bergson consistently puts the proud intellect into a very second-

* Henri Bergson: *Creative Evolution*. Copyright Henry Holt and Company.

ary, commentative place. The intellect is not primarily creative. Intuition is the safer and more affirmative guide. Intuition is primary. The intellect is easily stymied in antinomies and perplexities.

This creative process, this *élan vital*, is always pushing out, reaching for, and ultimately creating heavens that exceed its grasp. This *élan vital* has already devised or created instinct, organs, and the reproductive process, in order to insure the growth, survival, and permanence of the species. It may also ultimately achieve immortality to insure the survival and permanence of the individual.

At this point, Bergson makes his most arresting statement. It can be found at the end of his chapter on "The Meaning of Evolution." He writes: "Thus, to the eyes of a philosophy that attempts to reabsorb intellect in intuition, many difficulties vanish or become light. But such a doctrine does not only facilitate speculation; it gives us also more power to act and to live. For, with it, we feel ourselves no longer isolated in humanity, humanity no longer seems isolated in the nature that it dominates. As the smallest grain of sand is bound up with our entire solar system, drawn along with it in that undivided movement of descent which is materiality itself, so all organized beings, from the humblest to the highest, from the first origins of life to the time in which we are, and in all places as in all times, do but evidence a single impulsion, the inverse of the movement of matter, and in itself indivisible. All the living hold together, and all yield to the same tremendous push. The animal takes its stand on the plant, man bestrides animality, and the whole of humanity, in space and in time, is one immense army galloping beside and before and behind each of us in an overwhelming charge able to beat down every resistance and clear the most formidable obstacles, perhaps even death."⁸

Knowing of Bergson's profound interest in psychical research, it is permissible here to implement his philosophic anticipation and his final speculative hope with some of the authoritative conclusions based upon the scientific evidence provided by psychical research. Bergson daringly anticipates the possible ultimate victory of life over matter, even to the triumph of personal and individual immortality over imper-

⁸ Bergson: *Creative Evolution*. Copyright Henry Holt and Company.

sonal death. Given infinite time, all things are possible in the unwearying inventiveness, the endless contriving, the eternal outpushing, and inexhaustible creativeness of the *élan vital*.

So in the midst of the parching aridity of the intellectualistic desert, which abandoned the soul of man to perish of thirst, Bergson, a modern Moses, strikes the rock with the wand of intuition, and the living waters again gush forth. Bergson's predecessors among the intuitionists were mainly mystics like Plotinus, Tertullian, Hugo of St. Victor, Ruysbroeck, Thomas à Kempis, Jakob Boehme, and Pascal. These mystics, for the most part religious, were called upon to deal with the fleshpots, the carnal man, and the temptations of this world. But Bergson, this latest Paladin, girded himself to sally forth in single combat against all these ancient enemies and, in addition, to challenge all the authority and formidable panoply of modern science, buttressed in cynicism, armed in skepticism, and intrenched in all the comforts that the mechanical god of gadgetry could devise.

- Against the cynical conclusions, the defeatist surrenders, and sceptical dismissals of mechanistic materialism, evolutionary animalism, and deprecating physicality, with all the gadgets, comforts, consolatory fleshpots, and perplexities, Bergson again establishes the validity of the great fundamental and instinctive hopes and aspirations of mankind. He gives high philosophic sanction to many of the convictions that materialism had almost destroyed, but without which, life is bereft of significance, purpose, and grandeur. Bergson is a tremendous affirmer, a yea-sayer. He again validates convictions that mankind has always and everywhere treasured: *quod semper, quod ubique, quod ab omnibus*.

We have decided to deal with Santayana at this point because, although he comes later than William James chronologically, he stems directly from continental philosophy.

George Santayana is in the great tradition of system makers. Like Plato, Aristotle, Thomas Aquinas, Spinoza, Leibnitz, and Spencer, he, as a philosopher, aims to include and synthesize the *omne scibile*; and, as a poet, he has brushed all departments of knowledge with iridescent wings, leaving everything his mind has touched glowing and warm with powdery gold. In his Prospero-like contemplation,

all life suffers a sea change into something new and strange. Never since Dante wrote has there been such lofty courtesy in philosophic issue and disputation. His prose is a cloth of gold brocade. He carries the high aristocratic tradition of literature and philosophy into every controversy. He is a most gracious opponent and states his differences with the quality of a grand seigneur. In this respect his essays on Bergson and Bertrand Russell in *Winds of Doctrine* are masterpieces of appraisal. In opposing, Santayana clarifies the theories of his opponent instead of derogating them.

Never since Plato poetized in philosophy has there been such surprising, swift, almost breath-taking beauty in imagination and expression. As a poet, Santayana writes with the deep relevance to first and last things that is the privilege of the philosopher. As a philosopher, he possesses the darting, flashing, synthesizing imagination that is the franchise and birthright of the poet. Santayana is both poet and philosopher. He is as austere and stoical in the skeletal structure of his thinking as Puritanism itself. In the expression of his thought, he is oftentimes as rich, sensuous, and palpitating as the most responsive lover to the caresses of his beloved. Indeed, he has a poet's almost amorous dalliance with the expression of an idea. For example, as a successor of Hume and Kant, Santayana is familiar with all the skeptical conclusions to the problem of knowledge. He knows the perplexity and confusion that overwhelm us, when criticism discovers us listening again to the blandishments and persuasions of seductive, conventional common sense. Santayana smiles playfully at that situation, when he writes that "criticism surprises the soul in the arms of convention."⁹ Santayana never laughs. He smiles enigmatically, making a ritual of the gracious acceptance of the insoluble elements of life, even when he is attempting to organize life into a system, as he does in his five volumes on the *Life of Reason*.

In his introduction to *Scepticism and Animal Faith*, Santayana does not insist upon anyone's agreement with his premises or conclusions. He writes: "I am merely attempting to express for the reader the principles to which he appeals when he smiles."⁹ When we smile

⁹ George Santayana: *Scepticism and Animal Faith, passim*. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; Constable & Co., Ltd., London.

we have already agreed and accepted. This is very unusual but insinuating urbanity in a philosopher and is as refreshing as spring after the wintry harshness of Schopenhauer. And in his *Introduction*, and *Reason in Common Sense*, the very essence of urbane tolerance is expressed in his definition of fanaticism as "redoubling your effort when you have forgotten your aim." *

Santayana, like Huxley, is modestly content to take nature by the hand and follow whither she leads. He will accept the animal faith by which he lives from day to day. He then adds that he is a decided materialist, but that he does not know what matter is in itself.⁹ He accordingly accepts Democritus and Aristotle as his patron saints in the great tradition of philosophy. The materialism of Democritus and the mechanistic theory of regressive causality propounded by Aristotle constitute the web and woof of his thinking.

In such a theory of the world, there is little place for the soul or any room in which spiritual aspiration can fulfill itself. He admits that the soul may possibly exist and is "akin to the eternal and ideal." But he then promptly defeats any hope of its permanence or survival by saying that there is nothing imperishable. "Whatsoever, having once arisen, never perishes, would be *immortal*. I believe there is nothing immortal.

"Whatsoever exists through a time infinite in both directions is *everlasting*. Matter, time, the life of God, souls as Plato conceived them, and the laws of nature are commonly believed to be everlasting. In the nature of the case this can be only a presumption.

"... No doubt the spirit and energy of the world is what is acting in us, as the sea is what rises in every little wave; but it passes through us; and, cry out as we may, it will move on. Our privilege is to have perceived it as it moved."¹⁰ In such passages, and there are many such, we find this sensitive Epicurean skeptic writing as tenderly as the elegiac mood in which Catullus writes his "*Vivamus, mea Lesbia, atque amemus.*"

* George Santayana: *Reason in Common Sense*. Charles Scribner's Sons.

⁹ George Santayana: *Scepticism and Animal Faith, passim*. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; Constable & Co., Ltd., London.

¹⁰ George Santayana: *Scepticism and Animal Faith, passim*. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; Constable & Co., Ltd., London.

And in a later volume, Santayana maintains that ". . . The only facts observed by the psychologist are physical facts . . . The soul is only a fine quick organization within the material animal . . . a prodigious network of nerves and tissues, growing in each generation out of a seed."¹¹

Considering Santayana's high refinement of response and acute sensitivity, one might expect to find him escaping from the crass realism of the cosmic process and the clangorous discords of life into some philosophic refuge of mysticism. Santayana loathes the confusion, the pressure, and the haste of modern life. He is a personification of the old Spanish proverb which tells us that hurry is the failing of fools. He is a withdrawn and aloof aristocratic personality as far as his personal life is concerned. But in his philosophy, he always remains the sternest rationalist and most relentless of materialistic skeptics. However, he is always most scrupulously compassionate, because he himself suffers from the nostalgia of wanting to believe in all the things his critical reason has discredited. For example, he has this to say of spirit:

". . . A man ought to be very proud of this dubious spark in his embers, and nurse it more tenderly than the life of a frail child. Nevertheless I think that those who deny the existence of spirit, although their language is rash and barbarous, are honestly facing the facts, and are on the trail of a truth. Spirit is too near them for them to stop at it in their eagerness to count their visible possessions; and when they hear the word used, it irritates them, because they suppose it means some sort of magical power or metaphysical caloric, alleged to keep bodies alive, and to impose purposes on nature; purposes which such a prior spirit, being supernatural and immortal, could have had no reason for choosing. Such a dynamic spirit would indeed be nothing but an immaterial matter, a second physical substance distinguished from its grosser partner only in that we know nothing of it, but assign to its operation all those results which seem to us inexplicable. Belief in such a spirit is simply belief in magic; innocent enough at first when it is merely verbal and childish, but becoming perverse when defended after it has ceased to be spontaneous. I am

¹¹ Cf. George Santayana: *Reason in Common Sense*, *passim*. Charles Scribner's Sons.

not concerned with spirit of that sort, nor with any kind of nether influences. The investigation of substance and of the laws of events is the province of physics, and I call everything that science may discover in that direction physical and not spiritual. . . . I do not know what matter is in itself; but what idealists call spirit, if it is understood to be responsible for what goes on in the world and in myself, and to be the 'reality' of these appearances, is, in respect to my spiritual existence, precisely what I call matter; and I find the description of this matter which the natural sciences supply, much more interesting than that given by the idealists, much more beautiful and much more likely to be true. That there is no spirit in the interstices of matter, where the magicians look for it, nor in the heart of matter, where many metaphysicians would place it, needs no proof to one who understands what spirit is; because spirit is in another realm of being altogether, and needs the being and movement of matter, by its large sweeping harmonies, to generate it, and give it wings. It would be a pity to abandon this consecrated word to those who are grubbing for the atoms of substance, or speculating about a logic in history, or tabulating the capers of ghosts; especially as there is the light of intuition, the principle of actuality in vision and feeling, to call by that name. The popular uses of the word spiritual support this definition of it; because intuition, when it thoroughly dominates animal experience, transmutes it into pure flame, and renders it religious or poetical, which is what is commonly meant by spiritual." *

This long quotation reveals Santayana's seductive contradictions at their best. He first reduces spirit to "an immaterial matter." He tilts like a brave champion against those like Hegel who would utilize spirit in a logic of history. He scorns the psychical researchers who attempt to discover spirit in "tabulating the capers of ghosts." He will not allow the use of the word spirit to those "who are grubbing for the atoms of substance." Neither will he "abandon this consecrated word" to magicians and metaphysicians who don't know where to look for it. But then, Santayana discloses himself as a forlorn mystic, exiled by modern science when he maintains that "spirit is in another

* George Santayana: *Scepticism and Animal Faith*. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; Constable & Co., Ltd., London.

realm of being altogether, and needs the being and movement of matter, by its large sweeping harmonies to generate it and give it wings." * Then, although he has devoted a wonderful essay in *Winds of Doctrine* to demolishing Bergson's theories concerning the *élan vital* and intuition, in the above quotation our champion of materialism and skepticism justifies the popular uses of the word spiritual and exalts "the light of intuition and the principle of actuality in vision and feeling," † as if he were the eloquent Bergson himself.

The contradictions in Santayana are possibly the result of an almost encyclopedic knowledge and a very exquisite eclecticism. His inconsistencies are, however, like discords in a noble symphony. They are like the bridges of modulation over which the orchestral music climbs and lifts itself to a more poignant key. Santayana's contradictions make him tremendously provocative and usually resolve themselves into some greater harmony, some finer relevance, or some more inclusive beauty.

Santayana's analytical reason is frequently in opposition and contradiction to his synthesizing imagination and to the principles to which he himself appeals "when he smiles." As a rationalist skeptic, his reason does brave service for modern science and Protestantism, which was the mother of modern science; but his heart and his imagination smile an acceptant, though enigmatic, Mona Lisa smile at Catholicism and the attitudes of his inherited mystical, possibly animal, faith. We who love Santayana and savor his spacious mind are sometimes bewildered and arrested by the incongruous attitudes we suddenly discover in him. It is as if we were being shown through a most magnificent old cathedral at twilight. The sunset glamour is subdued to a stained-glass radiance. There are subtle nuances in the chiaroscuro. There are no bleak lights nor dingy blackness. All is warm with human use. The lofty arches are dim with cloudy grace and shadowy aspiration. The vesper litany is incrusted with the living deposit of centuries of ritual. Far off liturgical music reverberates with familiar echoes from the nave. The verger, who is conducting

* George Santayana: *Scepticism and Animal Faith*. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; Constable & Co., Ltd., London.

† George Santayana: *Winds of Doctrine*. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; Canada: J. M. Dent & Sons Limited.

us, stops at the important shrines and niches, and reverentially goes through all the highly etiquette movements and genuflections. We admire the integrity of such unquestioning faith, and then suddenly he tells us that he's been studying Ortega y Gasset and possibly Unamuno, and that Ortega, particularly, has many upsetting things to say about the irruption into modern life of the mass men to whom this regimenting Church appeals. He shakes his head, mumbles, crosses himself, and then proceeds. Seeing that he is obviously sincere, we ask him why, feeling as he does, he continues to serve the Church? The verger replies: Yes, he ought to leave the Church, but then, who is to decide which side is true? The old or the new? The new is so crass, so brash, so hurried, and so ugly. The old is so leisurely, so beautiful; he loves it. It's in his blood—and what would you?

The limitations imposed by the subject matter of this book force us to exclude much fascinating speculation in this philosopher. Santayana is an Epicurean aristocrat who writes like a most refined mental gourmet, savoring philosophical ideas and clothing them in most poetical expression. We must limit ourselves to his statements concerning the questions raised by psychical research, immortality, appearance and reality, and all manner of psychical manifestation, tending to prove the existence of another kind of reality and another environment that the ones apparent to our reporting senses. But, in passing, it is obvious that Santayana with his aristocratic inclinations would favor a selective immortality; if he believed in it at all, which he emphatically does not. He would favor a highly selective immortality, because he looks with disfavor on any aspect of egalitarian democracy. He fully agrees with Plato that democracy is wrong, because it desires equality between things that are equal and things that are not. Neither does Santayana subscribe to a plutocratic aristocracy, buttressed in a false eminence by the power of accumulated wealth, wherein the luxurious, economic, social, and political liberty of a few is paid for by the industrial servitude of the many. In *Reason in Society*, Santayana speaks for a timocracy, or a government by the highly selected men qualified by achievement and merit. It would, of course, be an aristocracy, but not a hereditary class of aristocrats. As in Plato's *Republic*, the governing class would be open to every qualified citi-

zen, but closed only to incompetency; no matter how well such incompetency could provide itself with wealth or recruit votes. Santayana realizes that vote-getting is a different thing from political vision.

On the question of immortality, Santayana has many and varying responses. In his essay on Bergson he says: "Bergson talks a great deal about life . . . ; and yet death, together with birth, is the natural analysis of what life is . . . What is this *élan vital* that a little fall in temperature would banish altogether from the universe?"¹² Santayana, in his tragic view of life, evidently pays little attention to that aspect of the *élan vital* which Bergson emphasizes: namely, its constant renewal and its inventing conditions, presumably even the temperature for its continuing manifestation. Bergson's *élan vital* runs not only through organic life, but also through inorganic nature.

In *Reason in Religion*, Santayana, as a brilliant skeptic, refuses his assent to many of the elements of traditional orthodoxy. But he turns from them with a long, lingering, backward, and reluctant glance. He is full of the Lucretian *lachrymae rerum*, he laments the rational necessity of abandoning the haven of faith and the secure paraphernalia of salvation: the dogmas, the keys, the book and the bell, the incense, and the beautiful symbols. His rational skepticism can no longer accept them; but his reason still sees the deep need in the human heart, in response to which all these doctrines, litanies, and liturgies originally arose, a need which will still require to be satisfied when all the old paraphernalia is discredited. Doctrinal orthodoxy came in answer to a profound, legitimate human need for it, and that is why "religion is so profoundly moving and, in a sense, so profoundly just."

Santayana is accordingly severe with the ruthless superficial iconoclasm that, armed with a little shortsighted science, fails to penetrate to and show respect for that human feeling of dependency on something beyond its frail will, which is the source of valid religious feeling. Santayana then maintains that religion, with its faith in the supernatural and its techniques of propitiation, is the off-

¹² George Santayana: *Winds of Doctrine*, essay on Henri Bergson. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; Canada: J. M. Dent & Sons Limited.

spring of man's fear. He says "faith in the supernatural is a desperate wager made by man at the lowest ebb of his fortunes." * And then, because of his inveterate anthropomorphic tendency, man canalizes this primitive, fearful animism and creates gods in his own image and a corresponding mythology with its saga of miracles. Santayana then adds: "Do we marshal arguments against the miraculous birth of Buddha, or the story of Chronos devouring his children? We seek rather to honour the piety and to understand the poetry embodied in these fables . . . Matters of religion should never be matters of controversy. We neither argue with a lover about his taste, nor condemn him, if we are just, for knowing so human a passion . . . But while we acquiesce in his experience, and are glad that he has it, we need no arguments to dissuade us from sharing it. Each man may have his own loves, but the object in each case is different. And so it is, or should be in religion." ¹³ As a rationalist, Santayana has the tolerant reason to discern the reason for irrational things.

On the question of the immortality even of the gods, Santayana writes: "The Greek gods, to be sure, always continued to have genealogies, and the fact of having been born is a bad augury for immortality; but other religions and finally the Greek philosophers themselves conceived unbegotten gods, in whom the human rebellion against mutability was expressed absolutely." ¹⁴ There our philosopher puts his finger upon the crux of the matter, as a modern rationalistic skeptic sees it: Immortality is the human rebellion against mutability; and, to such a mind, the fact of having been born is a bad augury against the persistence or perdurance of personality after death.

In *Reason in Society*, Santayana, the perennial bachelor, has this further comment to make on immortality. Speaking of parental piety, he says: "On seeing heirs and representatives of ours already in the world, we are inclined to give them place and trust them to realize our foiled ambitions. They, we fancy, will be more fortunate than we . . . We commit the blotted manuscript of our lives more

* George Santayana: *Reason in Religion*. Charles Scribner's Sons.

¹³ George Santayana: *Science in Religion*. Charles Scribner's Sons.

¹⁴ *Ibid.*

willingly to the flames, when we find the immortal text already half engrossed in a fairer copy.”¹⁵ As the ethical culturists claim that our good deeds and good works constitute our immortality; so Santayana here maintains that children are the parents’ immortality.

The whole of the thirteenth chapter in *Reason in Religion* is devoted to a discussion of the subject of immortality and the belief in a future life. Santayana knows that a doctrine of immortality usually becomes the favorite expression of religion.¹⁶ Then he advances to the argument. “If hereafter I am to be the same man improved I must find myself in the same world corrected. Were I transferred into a cherub or transported into a timeless ecstasy, it is hard to see in what sense I should continue to exist . . . to recognize his friends a man must find them in their bodies, with their familiar habits, voices, and interests . . . When, however, it is clearly seen that another life, to supplement this one, must closely resemble it, does not the magic of immortality vanish? Is such a reduplication of earthly society at all credible? And the prospect of awakening again among . . . children and dotards, among wars and rumours of wars, still fettered to one personality and one accidental past, still uncertain of the future, is not this prospect wearisome and deeply repulsive? Having passed through them once and bequeathed them to posterity, is it not time for each soul to rest? The universe doubtless contains all sorts of experiences, better and worse than the human; but it is idle to attribute to a particular man a life divorced from his circumstances and his body.”¹⁶ Some of the philosophical conclusions reached by William James and some of the well-attested facts assembled by modern psychical research could be brought to answer and possibly confute many of the questions here propounded. And in all ultimates, it is a question of what is and not what we think ought to be.

. But Santayana devotes his final chapter in this same volume to considering the conditions of what he calls “Ideal Immortality.”¹⁷ He begins by taking very high ground. He is impersonally human and soundly scientific. He admits that “. . . something pathetic and

¹⁵ George Santayana: *Reason in Society*. Charles Scribner’s Sons.

¹⁶ George Santayana: *Reason in Religion*. Charles Scribner’s Sons.

¹⁷ *Ibid.*

incomplete will always attach to a life that looks at its own termination. The effort of physical existence is not to accomplish anything definite but merely to persist forever. The will has its first law of motion, corresponding to that of matter; its initial tendency is to continue to operate in the given direction and in the given manner. Inertia is, in this sense, the essence of vitality . . . Every free activity would gladly persist forever . . . In endowing us with memory, nature has revealed to us a truth utterly unimaginable to the unreflective creation, the truth of mortality. Everything moves in the midst of death, because it indeed *moves*; but it falls into the pit unawares and by its own action unmakes and disestablishes itself, until a wonderful visionary faculty is added, so that a ghost remains of what has perished to reveal that lapse and at the same time in a certain sense to neutralize it. . . . As it is memory that enables us to feel that we are dying and to know that everything actual is in flux, so it is memory that opens to us an ideal immortality . . . The happy filling of a single hour is so much gained for the universe at large, and to find joy and sufficiency in the flying moment is perhaps the only means open to us for increasing the glory of eternity . . . Unconsciousness of temporal conditions and of the very flight of time makes the thinker sink for a moment into identity with timeless objects. And so immortality, in a second ideal sense, touches the mind . . . Since the ideal has this perpetual pertinence to mortal struggles, he who lives in the ideal and leaves it expressed in society or in art enjoys a double immortality. The eternal has absorbed him while he lived, and when he is dead his influence brings others to the same absorption, making them, through that ideal identity with the best in him, reincarnations and perennial seats of all in him which he could rationally hope to rescue from destruction. He can say, without any subterfuge or desire to delude himself, that he shall not wholly die; for he will have a better notion than the vulgar of what constitutes his being. By becoming the spectator and confessor of his own death and of universal mutation, he will have identified himself with what is spiritual in all spirits and masterful in all apprehension; and so conceiving himself, he may truly feel and know that he is eternal.” *

* George Santayana: *Reason in Religion*. Charles Scribner's Sons.

✓ This is impersonal immortality in its highest selectivity, expressed with the proud reticence of Plato or the irrefragable logic of Spinoza. Given the premises of materialism and skepticism, on this ultimate question of individual personality after death, Santayana closes with this magnificent but mournful negation.

It was quite in the logic of history that the philosopher who should reflect and express the essentially robust, pioneering, downright spirit of America should be a clarifying positivist. William James is as rootedly American as Santayana is unrootedly continental; and William James is as straightforward and practical as Santayana is provocative and elusive. James represents the shrewd thoughtful New Englander, functioning normally in the present rough-and-tumble demands of an aggressive and competitive democracy. James is a gladiator, battling for clarity, who descends into the dusty arena of common life and grapples with its vast confusion and tumbling incoherency. James represents the entelechy of the best in the common man and his philosophy is a full realization of common sense. Santayana personifies the aristocrat of reason in an irrational world. There is a cordial hearty hand shake in James. There is a genial bow, but something of *noli me tangere* in Santayana.

It is well to remember that William James began as a physician, became a psychologist, and ended as a philosopher. He clings to the observable fact. He is familiar with the physiological basis of psychology. For him there is no problem of knowledge, nor is there any noumenal world hiding forever inaccessible behind the phenomenal world. There is the "content of consciousness" which is the "stream of consciousness" upon which ideas float; and phenomena are all there is; and there isn't any more. And yet no one better than James knows how to humble the pride of the arrogant intellectualists and penetrate to the heart of phenomena.

James' exceptional combination of practical and clarifying qualities as physiologist, psychologist, and philosopher is well revealed in his short discourse entitled *Human Immortality*. This essay has such a direct bearing upon the questions of immortality and survival that we quote from it rather fully. James begins by urging the overconfident materialistic skeptic who dogmatically denies survival:

"I beg you to agree with me in subscribing to the great psycho-physiological formula: *Thought is a function of the brain.*" But James then continues: "The question is then, Does this doctrine logically compel us to disbelieve in immortality? . . . I must show you that the fatal consequence is not coercive, as is commonly imagined; and that, even though our soul's life (as here below it is revealed to us) may be in literal strictness the function of a brain that perishes, yet it is not at all impossible, but on the contrary quite possible, that the life may still continue when the brain itself is dead. . . . When the physiologist who thinks that his science cuts off all hope of immortality pronounces the phrase, 'Thought is a function of the brain,' he thinks of the matter just as he thinks when he says, 'Steam is a function of the tea-kettle,' 'Light is a function of the electric circuit,' 'Power is a function of the moving water-fall.' In these latter cases the several material objects have the function of inwardly creating or engendering their effects, and their function must be called *productive* function. Just so, he thinks, it must be with the brain. . . .

"But in the world of physical nature, productive function of this sort is not the only kind of function with which we are familiar. We have also releasing or permissive function; and we have transmissive function. . . .

"The trigger of a cross-bow has a releasing function: it removes the obstacle that holds the string, and lets the bow fly back to its natural shape. . . . Similarly, the keys of an organ have only a transmissive function. They open successively the various pipes and let the wind in the air-chest escape in various ways. . . .

"My thesis now is this: that, when we think of the law that thought is a function of the brain, we are not required to think of productive function only; *we are entitled also to consider permissive or transmissive function.* And this the ordinary psycho-physiologist leaves out of his account. . . .

"Kant expresses this idea in terms that come singularly close to those of our transmission theory. The death of the body, he says, may indeed be the end of the sensational use of our mind, but only the beginning of the intellectual use. 'The body,' Kant continues, 'would

thus be, not the cause of our thinking, but merely a condition restrictive thereof, and, although essential to our sensuous and animal consciousness, it may be regarded as an impeder of our pure spiritual life.'¹⁸

"F. C. S. Schiller of Oxford defends this transmission theory at some length in *Riddles of the Sphynx*."¹⁹

It is well to remember that Bergson also referred to matter as a "dam," an obstruction, and something of an impeder.

James' *Principles of Psychology* reveal him to be an illuminating, practical positivist, long before he elevated his conclusions into his philosophy of pragmatism. He does not believe in final objective truth. He says: "The true . . . is only the expedient in the way of our thinking, just as the right is only the expedient in the way of our behaving." * He means, of course, expedient in the long reckoning and the long view of total good, not the shortsighted expediency that can justify any immediacy. He is neither dogmatic and intransigent, married to philosophic convictions of the past; nor is he a weak-kneed compromiser, flirting with the present. James' theory of pragmatism makes the goodness, the usefulness, and possibly even the beauty of an idea the criteria of its truth.

In accordance with this belief, truth is no longer anything absolute, final, and forever valid. Rather is truth what happens to an idea or attaches to it in the process of continual correction and verification. Pragmatism, accordingly, looks to the future and to the consequences or results of our acting in accordance with an idea. If the results are good, the idea is true. Truth applies to that opinion which will ultimately prevail as an expedient, helpful, and well-attested guide to good action.

We now approach a distinction that James makes between the tender-minded and the tough-minded temperaments; and this division may have some important relevance to the subject matter of this

¹⁸ See Kant: *Kritik der Reinen Vernunft*, second edition.

¹⁹ William James: *Human Immortality*. Houghton Mifflin Company.

* William James: *Principles of Psychology*. Copyright Henry Holt and Company.

book. According to James' view, the tender-minded temperaments are those who need the support of absolutes, whose quest for certainty leads them to embrace final and unchanging attitudes in religion, philosophy, and ethics. The ranks of the tender-minded are accordingly recruited from the utopians, the idealists, the religionists, the mystical monists, and the believers in the ultimate transcendental good toward which the whole creation moves. Their dependent need for belief is the greater part of their will to believe. In his estimate, the tough-minded fellows, on the contrary, are the independent realists, the hard-boiled materialists, the utilitarians, the factual empiricists, and the irreligious skeptics who smile at the mystical escapists and do not believe in any transcendental good, but are convinced that the cosmos is quite hostile to aspiration and offers no encouragement to optimistic hopes.

Personally, William James, like most of us, has both tender- and tough-minded elements in his intellectual make-up. As a pragmatist, he is very tough-minded in his realistic sense of fact and his healthy instinctive reliance upon appearance; and yet he is as tender-minded as any idealist in his opposition to fatalism, in his own volume on *The Will to Believe* and in his sympathetic analysis of the *Varieties of Religious Experience*.²⁰

He realizes that man is incurably religious and, like Terence, he can say: *Homo sum: humani nihil a me alienum puto.*" ("I am a man, and nothing that concerns a man do I deem a matter of indifference to me.") But man also believes that his will and his actions avail. However, in a monistic universe with an omnipotent, omniscient God, there is no area left in which man's will can validly operate. So, in place of a predetermined monistic universe, governed by a lonely omnipotent God possessing infinite powers, James definitely suggests "that a final philosophy of religion will have to entertain the pluralistic hypothesis more seriously than it has hitherto been willing to consider it."

James says unhesitatingly and pragmatically: "Meanwhile the practical needs and experiences of religion seem to me sufficiently met by

²⁰ William James: *The Will to Believe and Varieties of Religious Experience, passim.*

the belief that beyond each man and in a fashion continuous with him, there exists a larger power which is friendly to him and to his ideals. All that the facts require is that the power be both other and larger than our conscious selves. Anything larger will do, if it only be large enough to exist for the next step. It need not be infinite. It need not be solitary. It might conceivably even be only a larger and more godlike self, of which the present self would then be but the mutilated expression, and the universe might conceivably be a collection of such selves, of different degrees of inclusiveness, with no absolute unity realized in it at all.”²¹ James knows that this kind of polytheism, which, he says, has always been the religion of the common people, fails to guarantee the security that monotheism offers. He knows that some portion of this world and of humanity runs the risk of being lost when divine responsibility is thus divided.²²

James confronts this criticism very bluntly and holds that practical humanity has always been willing to take a sporting chance. He writes: “Common sense is less sweeping in its demands than philosophy or mysticism have been wont to be, and can suffer the notion of this world being partly saved and partly lost . . . Some men are even disinterested enough to be willing to be in the unsaved remnant as far as their persons go, if only they can be persuaded that their cause will prevail . . . For practical life at any rate, the *chance* of salvation is enough. No fact in human nature is more characteristic than its willingness to live on a chance. The existence of the chance makes the difference, as Edmund Gurney says, between a life of which the keynote is resignation and a life of which the keynote is hope.²³

Writing on religion, James declares that “the so-called order of nature, which constitutes this world’s experience, is only one portion of the total universe, and that there stretches beyond this visible world an unseen world of which we now know nothing positive, but in its relation to which the true significance of our present mundane life consists.”²⁴ Sir Oliver Lodge maintains that this whole brave

²¹ See William James: *Varieties of Religious Experience*.

²² See William James: *A Pluralistic Universe, passim*.

²⁴ William James: *The Will to Believe*. Longmans, Green & Co., Inc.

material world, that bulks so enormously on our attention, is only the loud-speaker of another world, about which we know very little.

These statements of unqualified conviction of the existence of an unseen world which gives significance to our present mundane life are of immense importance, particularly when they come from a philosopher like James and a scientist like Lodge, who are the personifications of earthy sanity. And, writing of the *Sentiment of Rationality* in the same volume, this resolute pragmatist achieves a definition of faith that puts him in the class of the great explorers: physical, spiritual, or psychical. It is a secular pendant to St. Paul's classic definition of faith as "the substance of things hoped for, the existence of things not seen." William James says: "Faith means belief in something concerning which doubt is still theoretically possible; and as the test of belief is willingness to act, one may say that faith is the readiness to act in a cause the prosperous issue of which is not certified to us in advance."²⁵ In this again we take the chance.

Motivated by that exploratory faith and with his accustomed pragmatic readiness to act, James joined the forces of the American Society for Psychical Research. In the early days, such a step took courage to face down ridicule and possibly loss of professional prestige; but, once convinced that there was a kernel of honest, psychical fact to be separated from the chaff of error, superstition, and charlatany that enveloped it, he unhesitatingly threw the weight of his enormous influence and the authority of his great name into the movement. James became the president of the American Society for Psychical Research, as Bergson later became president of the British Society. It is interesting indeed to reflect that James, a pragmatist and Lockian positivist, and Bergson, a mystical intuitionist, could cooperate to establish scientifically the reality of an ambient, spiritual world, in the existence of which they both believed, but because of antipodally opposite philosophical convictions and approaches. They begin at the base of the same mountain and meet at the summit by different paths.

With the authority of such great names, resonant with important

²⁵ *Ibid.*

accomplishments in the fields of science and philosophy behind it, psychical research achieved respectability. When the hard-headed, tough-minded, cash-valuing James became president of the American Society for Psychical Research, it could no longer be said that "According to newspaper and drawing-room myth, soft-headedness and idiotic credulity are the bond of sympathy in this Society, and general wonder-sickness its dynamic principle."²⁶ James himself became one of those whom Santayana lampooned for tabulating the capers of ghosts.

On this question, it may not be out of place to recall here one of the most frequently quoted passages in his works. James writes: "I firmly disbelieve, myself, that our human existence is the highest form of experience extant in the universe. I believe rather that we stand in much the same relation to the whole universe as our canine and feline pets do to the whole of human life. They inhabit our drawing rooms and libraries. They take part in scenes of whose significance they have no inkling. They are merely tangent to curves of history, the beginnings and ends and forms of which pass wholly beyond their ken. So we are tangent to the wider life of things."²⁷

The whole final chapter of James' superb series of essays in popular philosophy, published under the general title *The Will to Believe*, contains his evaluating summary of the purposes and accomplishments of psychical research to the date of his assuming the Society's presidency. He admits that he had been "wilfully taking the point of view of the so-called 'vigorously scientific disbeliever'" but, after investigating the phenomena and trance communications of Mrs. Piper, the most famous American medium, whom James sent to the British Society for Psychical Research for observation, he confesses with a frankness that is as honorable as it is unusual: "As a matter of fact, the trances I speak of have broken down for my own mind the limits of the admitted order of nature. Science, so far as science denies such exceptional occurrences, lies prostrate in the dust for me; and the most urgent intellectual need I feel at present is that science be built up again in a form in which such things may have a positive

²⁶ William James: *The Will to Believe*. Longmans, Green & Co., Inc.

²⁷ William James: *Pragmatism*, p. 299, *et seq.*

place. Science, like life, feeds on its own decay. New facts burst old rules; then newly divined conceptions bind old and new together into a reconciling law." *

It is in these words that James finally registers his conviction of the reality of a spiritual world and gives high philosophic sanction for continuing the research and exploration of this superphysical world. As a pragmatist, James looks forward to the accumulation of scientific facts, which will ultimately tell us more of this unseen world, in which we truly live, and move, and have our being.

We rest our estimate of James on his entire life of robust faith and will to believe, and not upon the fragmentary postscript of despair, which was found in his desk after his death. This one final disavowal was a momentary mumbling of pain, wrung from him by the last spasm of agony, in the inquisition of angina pectoris.

We have said that Bergson called the energizing principle of all life the "*élan vital*." But it makes little difference what we call this invisible force, this real, abiding, inner reality, this inexhaustible energy which we share with the cosmos. The evolutionists call it the "will-to-live," Schopenhauer and von Hartmann call it the "unconscious will." The more popular philosophical writers call it the "cosmic urge." Goethe long ago exclaimed: "*Wer Kann das Kind bei'm rechten Namen nennen?*" ("Who can call the child by its right name?") A quotation we have been called upon to repeat in consideration of the multiplying confusions of nomenclature.

The name is not important. They all mean the same thing. The latest sobriquet comes from Gustav Gélet. He calls it the "dynamo-psychism." Gélet meant what they all intend to convey. Gélet contends that the essential reality, underlying and transcending all phenomena, below and above, around and throughout all appearance and all manifestations, whether cosmic, planetary, animal, or human—the one underlying, indestructible, interpenetrating, and enveloping essential reality—is a creative dynamo-psychism, a force with dynamic will and some psychic element innate in it. It is a force which passes through the incarnations of evolution from unconsciousness, through consciousness to self-consciousness, and possibly

* William James: *The Will to Believe*. Longmans, Green & Co., Inc.

beyond that. Again we are confronted with the theory that the individual is a microcosm concentric with the vast universe, the macrocosm; as Leibnitz's individual human monad reflects the great cosmic monad. We may now repeat with a philosophic sanction some of the conclusions at which we arrived with the sanctions of science.

In the chapter on the "Present Verdict of Science on Psychic Manifestation," the point was made that each of our five ordinary senses is a specialization or canalization of some diffused primal sensitivity or irritability in response to some stimulus. This primal diffused sensitivity was, we assumed, doubtless a sense of touch. We then developed the idea that for primitive amoeboid life there was only one world, the world of tangible objects, accessible by impingement through a sense of touch and possibly a rudimentary sense of temperature. Then with the slow development, through infinite trial and error, there evolved the other senses: taste, smell, hearing, and sight, each sense opening and revealing a new and wider world, accessible only to that new specialized sense. Each successive world is also a remoter world than the one to which any former sense has access. In the ascending scale of revelation, sight is the noblest of the physical senses, because it is capable of revealing more of the world in size and distance than all the other senses. That is why the word vision carries with it all manner of spiritual connotations.

Standing on the authority of such thinkers as Spinoza, Schopenhauer, Darwin, Bergson, and James, philosophy today asks the same question that the scientists ask: Namely, why stop at five senses? William James assures us that, although he is an empiricist, "I firmly disbelieve that our human experience is the highest form of experience extant in the universe" . . . and he believes that "we are tangent to the wider life of things; . . . like our domestic animals in their relation to us . . . we are merely tangent to curves of history, the beginnings and ends and forms of which pass wholly beyond their (or our) ken." Our domestic pets may have no inkling of the significance of the scenes in which they take part. But psychical research assures the philosopher: "Yes, your speculation is correct. This physical life, reported empirically by the five senses, is only an arc in a larger curve that extends possibly to infinity in both directions." Psychical research

goes even further. It tells the philosopher that modern science is again verifying the validity of one of the oldest and profoundest flashes of intuition in the wisdom of the race—an intuition that has sustained the speculation of all the mystics and fundamental religious thinkers, as well as many of the scientists who are not blinded by their segment of specialization, but who, like James and Bergson, can think full circle.

Psychical research, in all modesty, can bear scientific testimony and can provide sufficient evidence to prove the existence of another special sense developed by the restlessly creative dynamo-psychism; and, by means of that sense, there is dawning upon us another, a phantasmal, a psychic dimension of life. We see it manifested from time to time in clairvoyance, in lucidity, in clairaudience, in telepathy, in precognition, and in various forms of cryptesthesia: all of which give us some sense of a larger, wider life and another order of existence to which our ordinary experience is only a tangent. We are accustomed to see this cunning Proteus, this protean reality, this dynamo-psychism manifest itself and emerge in strange ways behind appearance. For an illustration we must again take recourse to the butterfly.

Let us consider the biological phenomenon called "histolysis."¹⁴ We can observe the grand denouement of this drama in the spring in any garden. This is what happens. A caterpillar winds itself in its cocoon, its chrysalis. This cocoon is like Houdini's magic cabinet. The cocoon serves to isolate and insulate the caterpillar from natural selection and from any necessity of adaptation to its environment.

Then inside of this cocoon occurs the amazing, stupefying process called histolysis. All the larval organs disappear! All the organs of the caterpillar are reduced to an amorphous, formless jelly, a sort of viscous emulsion, having no discernible structure. Then, by some miracle of reorganization, directed by some mysterious dynamism, energized by some obscure force, this formless and apparently dead emulsion transforms itself into the completed insect, a butterfly. It is now a thing with wings, adapted to an absolutely different environment, the air, and fitted for a totally different mode of life, as alien and remote from the crawling, factual, earth-bound life of the grub

or caterpillar as are discarnate spirits, if there be any, to us in this life.

The old Greek name for butterfly is Psyche, and the butterfly was, to the Greeks, the symbol of the soul.

Now, let us imagine a supernormal, queer caterpillar, or if you like, a caterpillar gifted with psychic powers, meeting an ordinary caterpillar. Imagine this psychic caterpillar trying to explain histolysis, or attempting to describe the unfettered, glittering, and liberated life of the winged butterfly, to the skeptical, common-sense, club-man caterpillar crawling contentedly on his undulating stomach and enjoying the cabbages of this world's garden.

What would the common-sense, the club-man caterpillar reply to the psychic caterpillar? He'd say: "Oh, yeah, sure! That's all right if you like to believe it. But as far as my observation goes, this jolly, conscious life of mine ends with my coffin, the cocoon. I don't know anything about wings. But just tell me, why do they have to make 'em in the dark? I've heard about butterflies, sure! And I understand that they come back and haunt the garden. When I've been bilious, you know, not feeling up to scratch, and haven't relished my food, or when I have had bad liquor, yes, I've seen things too, flickering about in the air. Confidentially, my wife, she tells me she sees things. But I don't pay much attention to women. They're queer and nervous anyway. So permit me, please permit me to enjoy my cabbage."

PART FIVE

Religion and Psychics
The Bible as a Psychic Document



*All we have willed or hoped or dreamed of good shall exist;
Not its semblance, but itself; no beauty, nor good nor power
Whose voice has gone forth, but each survives for the melodist
When eternity affirms the conception of an hour.
The high that proved too high, the heroic for earth too hard,
The passion that left the ground to lose itself in the sky,
Are music sent up to God by the lover and the bard;
Enough that he heard it once: we shall hear it by and by.*

—ROBERT BROWNING

IN CONSIDERING RELIGION AND ITS RELATION TO PSYCHICS, WE wish to avoid any involvement in doctrinal, sectarian, or dogmatic discussions. We prefer not to be limited in our remarks by any particular faith or form of controversial creed. We wish rather to deal with religion as the sane and normal response of the human spirit to all that we know of cosmic law, that is, to the known phenomena of the whole universe, regarded as an intelligible whole.

Religion can then be scientifically defined as man's reverent contemplation of the whole cosmos, seen and unseen, and of himself as a conscious and aspiring part of that totality.

Where prose ends, poetry begins. Where words end, music begins. Where exact knowledge ends, faith begins. Where exact science ends, a cosmic sense begins. And this intuitional cosmic sense of the universe, regarded as an intelligible whole, is what enlightened modern people mean by a religious sense.

We wish, if possible, to investigate the workings of the religious sense and the religious mind. The religious mind is primary. The theological mind is and always has been secondary. The religious mind is the seer mind. The theological mind is the sayer mind. The theological mind is credal. So, Moses, Isaiah, and Christ were primary minds; Saint Paul, Saint Augustine, and Calvin were secondary minds. That is to say, the first trilogy was religious where the second was theological.

The theological mind rationalizes the intuitions of religious genius into a creed or a dogma or a system. The religious mind has the

habit of spacious visions and flashes. It speaks in imagery, parable, and emotion. The religious mind is, therefore, frequently vague, un-systematic, and oracular. It is visionary, mystical, and allegorical. The religious mind is full of pregnant meanings, which the theological mind reduces to a rational system, an organization, and a dogmatic creed. G. Lowes Dickinson has well said that to trust humanity to naked reason is to run the risk of anarchy. But to trust it to dogmatic ecclesiasticism is to incur the certainty of petrification.

We wish in this chapter to devote most of our attention to a study of the tender and inspired religious founders, and not so much to the acrimonious and contentious theological successors.

The veritable histories of Buddha, Zoroaster, Confucius, Lao-Tse, Moses, and Christ are shrouded in a mystical and rather fabulous past. But in most cases, and particularly in the case of Jesus, there is enough evidence upon which we can base an inquiry into the working of the religious mind, exactly as we studied the creative mind in art. From such an inquiry we can co-ordinate conclusions with what we already know in psychical research. In other words, we can investigate religious genius as a psychic phenomenon, exactly as we have already investigated creative genius in art, literature, music, mathematics, science, and philosophy.

In our study of creative genius in art, we find constant intuitions and reiterated affirmations of the existence of another mind beyond, below, or within the unconscious of the creator; a sense or supersense in the unconscious that affirms the existence of another dimension of life and another, a supersensual or superphysical, environment, with which this mind of genius, in its fortunate moments of inspiration, comes into contact and communion.

Great religious inspirations utilize the same supersense in the unconscious. Creative genius in the religious field uses the same psychic wonderland within to apprehend the existence of a wonderland or another dimension of life without. Emerson adumbrated an intuition of this truth when, in his essay on the "Oversoul," he speaks of the "varying forms of that shudder of awe and delight with which the individual soul always mingles with the universal soul."

Christianity calls this psychic sense within us the "soul" or the

"spiritual body"; and the whole Christian litany is a psychic ritual of release. This litany is a mechanism of ritual designed to release the emergence and functioning of this supersense, this soul within us, and to assure us of its contact with a supersensual or a spiritual world without.

The whole Christian liturgy is also full of psychic suggestions and symbols, affirming the existence of a spiritual world without to which this psychic sense within us has access. It is our purpose here, as it has been throughout this volume, to attempt to unify all human experience, all expression of the human spirit, of which religion is only one. And, in this chapter, we propose to study religion and its manifestations as psychic phenomena and parts of the whole; with William Blake

To see the world in a grain of sand,
And a heaven in a wild flower;
Hold infinity in the palm of your hand,
And Eternity in an hour.

We shall discover that religious genius possesses every hallmark of the psychic sensitive. Indeed, it would be strange if this were not so. This is particularly true of Christ.

We realize that we are on very controversial ground when we seek to apply the methods of science and psychical research to the scrutiny of such a fanatically guarded precinct as religion.

Intrenched and organized dogmatic religion has always resented and resisted the sober and disinterested methods of science.

Theology looks mainly to revelations in the past. Science marches toward the future. Theology, by the inexorable necessities of its own existence, relies upon the preservation of a *status quo*. It relies on the past and, in its utter belief that all truth has been once and for always revealed, it clings to an apostolic succession upheld by an ingrown tradition and an invariable orthodoxy. Theology regards change as an abhorrent heresy; whereas, on the contrary, the very spirit of science is exploration, the questioning, and testing of all accepted truths, old or new, and the discovery of newer truths: which all means a possible irreverent abandonment of the past and progress into the future.

Theology has claimed the monopoly of revelation as a miraculous and mysterious avenue to truth. Theology has insisted upon preserving its monopoly of revelation intact, uninfringed by any lesser authority of inspiration or communication, and untrespassed by any scientific method. Theology has usually preferred the miraculous "signs and wonders" of revelation, forgetting that Christ himself deprecated them in his ironic retort to the nobleman of Capernaum. Christ said to him scornfully: "Unless ye see signs and wonders ye will not believe."

Perfect examples of that unfortunate, religiosified attitude of mind are the papal encyclical *Quanta Cura* and the *Syllabus Errorum*, both pronounced and promulgated in 1864. Darwin's work on *The Origin of Species* had appeared in 1859. Five years later, these theological masterpieces of obscurantism appeared. They are magnificent summaries and syntheses of practically all the conclusions of modern scientific progress to that date, gathered together in order to condemn them as errors and deliver them over to the faggots of reactionary inquisition.

Pope Pius IX had already established his claim to infallibility ten years earlier, but now, panoplied in that authority, he passed irreversible judgment upon most of the views that established the foundation of nineteenth-century progress; claimed for the Church the direction and supervision of all culture and science, and of the whole educational system; rejected all the hard-won liberties of worship and conscience, credal, ecclesiastical, and political; rejected entirely and specifically the very idea of tolerance; and claimed for the Holy See a complete independence from secular control in any department. Pius IX finally declared: "It is an error to believe that the Roman Pontiff can and ought to reconcile himself to, and agree with, progress, liberalism, and contemporary civilization."

In this blasting manifesto of reaction and fulminating denunciation of the spirit of free inquiry, Pius IX, fearful of progress, showed himself to be at heart a sheer dogmatic obscurantist. He may have been alarmed at the possibility of atheism consequent upon little knowledge; but he condemned all enlightened science as heresy and demanded that we abandon it and return to the darkness of medieval-

ism under the threat and pain of excommunication. This was the last convulsive effort to fasten the fetters of authoritative obscurantism upon the feet of progress.

The ultramontanists and the conservatist party rejoiced in the encyclical and syllabus; but, in justice to the invaluable contributions that this Church has, from time to time, made to our western civilization, we ought make mention of the courageous protest against the doctrine of infallibility and the encyclical and syllabus of 1864 that was promptly provoked in the camp of the liberal Catholics, who saw in it a declaration of war against all religious liberty, democratic government, and the whole of modern civilization. It is, however, regrettable to record that the spirit of ultramontanism and obscurantism triumphed over the liberal efforts of Lord Acton, Döllinger, and others in the old Catholic party.

Theology has mainly clung to the miraculous and the divine, and to the interventionist theory that broke the uniform laws of nature. But to science the uniqueness of any phenomenon is suspect, unless and until it becomes an index pointing to the existence and operation of a higher and more inclusive law. That is to say, in an orderly universe, under known and suitable conditions, any credible occurrence must be capable of recurrence.

The more modern theologian has relaxed the inflexible rigidity of his dogmatic faith and is making elastic accommodations to modern scientific progress; indeed, he is even engaged in making notable contributions to that progress in the laboratory. Where theology is impositional, arrogant, and dogmatic, true religion like true science is modest, tentative, and humble.

The modern world does not desire faith before knowledge or as a substitute for knowledge. It desires faith only as a shining reinforcement of knowledge, after knowledge has reached the limits of its powers and exhausted itself.

Modern science is discerning the emergence of great, cosmic, spiritual laws whose uniformity is more majestic and more august in the establishment of another dimension of life and a spiritual universe than any unique or divine violations of these laws could possibly prove.

It has been said that the test of tolerance is to be tolerant even to intolerance; so no philosophic mind with an informed sense of history and an awareness of human nature can possibly resent or deplore the method of revelation and the technique of dogmatism that the Church insists upon. Dogmatism is a necessary, inevitable part of the rhythm of human progress. That is to say, dogmas have an important and irreplaceable function, particularly in the domains of morality and faith. Dogmas are a discipline of exploration into the unknown. They are charts of guidance, like parallels of latitude and longitude, in our spiritual universe. Dogmas supply that support for belief for which mankind could not afford to wait.

Primitive man was a completely helpless and insecure creature. He was totally unadapted to his environment. Indeed, the very presence of intellect in man is rather proof positive of the fact that man, of all his biological antecedents, is born the least equipped. It takes him years to achieve maturity. Primitive man was prey not only to the elements but even more was he prey to the superstitious terrors of his own imagination and ignorance, which invested every falling leaf, every noise, every rock, every wind, every shadow, and all natural phenomena with hostile significance and intent. With very little objective sense and, of course, with none of that organized experience which we call science, poor, superstitious, fearful man was obliged to answer the fateful question: "What must I do to be saved?" Man was obliged to orient himself in a tremendous cosmos, before he had any very exact scientific knowledge of that cosmos. He could not wait to learn to swim. He was thrown into the water.

Dogmatic beliefs came in direct response to the human need for belief. These dogmatic beliefs act as down-brakes to human progress only when their authority outlives their usefulness. And that has happened many times in history; and that has usually made the warfare between science and religion.

It might, at this point, be useful to adduce a pertinent and picturesque illustration of this statement from medieval history. In the Dark Ages there was a very authoritative tradition, amounting almost to dogma, to the effect that as a primary condition for salvation a Christian must be buried in the cemetery of the very church in which

he had been baptized. This tradition originally served a useful purpose. It kept people from becoming vagabonds; it helped to enforce the civic duties of the community and family life; it encouraged religious worship and, in addition, it availed to keep people home at a time when it was dangerous to venture beyond the safe and familiar boundaries of the village. The roads and forests were infested with brigands and wild beasts.

This custom had so much to recommend it for so many years that it accordingly became sanctified as a tradition. Indeed, this attitude of mind by degrees had acquired so formidable a grip upon the thought and habits of men that it took all the authority of the Pope himself to break it, in order to recruit soldiers for the Crusades. This tradition also kept the medieval mind narrow, introverted, and provincial. As the world moved forward, this tradition made for parochial prejudices, for organized timidity, and suspicion of all strangers, and would ultimately have made exploration and adventure impossible. The time arrived, therefore, when this belief and tradition stifled progress. As long as the village pattern prevailed in and determined the minds of men, a Columbus, a Magellan, a Vasco da Gama, or a Marco Polo remained impossible. This sanctified insularity then became a down-brake on progress, because its authority, as a tradition, had outlived its usefulness.

The same story might be told of nationalism. There was a time, shortly after the Reformation, when chauvinistic nationalism was a necessary attitude in order to insure survival among the hostile and bellicose European states. But modern historical, political, social, scientific, and economic developments in the last century have made blind chauvinism a completely old-fashioned and outmoded attitude. In the modern world, internationalism has become an evolutionary necessity; and nationalism, as a policy, attitude, or dogma has outlived its usefulness.

In the same way, many of the old religious or theological dogmas have been invalidated by modern progress. We may say, generally, that most of the dogmas or beliefs which concerned or depended upon the geocentric theory of the universe have been superseded by the discovery that our universe is heliocentric. Likewise, most of the

dogmas that depend upon special creationism have been largely superseded by the theory of evolution. But it so happens that sometimes modern science verifies the intuitions of the early religious mind in the same way that modern science, as we have shown in an earlier chapter, corroborates the intuitions of the early philosophers. In many instances, we even find that the intuitional core of the early religious myth is perfectly sound and persistent in human experience; but that the overlay and incrustation superimposed upon it is false and anachronistic.

Bacon, long ago, wrote: "A little philosophy inclineth man's mind to atheism, but depth in philosophy bringeth men's minds about to religion." It is one of the purposes of this chapter to indicate how the greater knowledge and the deeper philosophy founded on the data of psychical research may possibly resolve some of the ancient conflicts lingering still between science and theology, and thus bring men's minds about to religion again.

Science today confidently announces with Christ: "I come not to destroy but to fulfill." Tennyson also takes the same attitude when, after studying Darwin, Huxley, Tyndall, and the modern evolutionists, he exclaims: "Faith were science now did she but arm her with the weapons of her time." The meaning of this is clear. It simply means that faith could recapture the mind and heart of the world; if she only would arm herself with the scientific weapons of her time. But traditional theology still continues to fight a losing fight, because she is armed with the same old cumbersome and outmoded weapons of dogmatic medievalism.

It detracts nothing from the greatness of Christianity to show that the psychic phenomena concerned in its foundation are scientifically true, accurate, and verifiable. Rather the contrary. As a matter of fact, we are becoming increasingly convinced that the New Testament records statements which have no meaning whatever, unless we interpret them in the light of, or with the implications of, psychic phenomena.

In this way, the greater truth and knowledge that Jesus foresaw and Bacon wrote about are coming in the guise of modern science to incline man again to religion, and to fortify man's confidence in the

consolations of religion for this world and his aspirations toward the next.

If modern science substantiates some of the so-called miracles of the New Testament, they are surely, by this token, no less miraculous. If modern science justifies our faith in the spiritual environment of this world, does it not all the more encourage us to follow the testamentary intuitions and religious assurances and consolations concerning another world?

The long warfare between agnostic science and credulous religion might come to a real peace, if we would only realize that science works with the supraliminal, analytical, critical, conscious mind, and that religion draws its conclusions and inspirations from the same reservoir of intuition in the unconscious, which we have hitherto investigated in art, in science, and in philosophy.

Unfortunately, the quarrel between science and theology is likely to continue, unless science becomes more chivalric and gallant, and theology less arrogant and fanatical. If religion is properly defined as man's total response to all that he knows of the cosmos and a vision of his aspiration and his destiny as a part of that totality, surely man's future, whatever and wherever it may be, is vitally and essentially a part of that contemplation, perhaps the most important part. This is a tragic fact, however, that theology, which assumes to be the rationale of religion, has continued as an old man in a cradle and has allowed science to take over its responsibility to the future. We have said it before and we say it again that theology makes a boast of clinging to the old; and science is always advancing to reveal and welcome the new. Theology looks longingly to the age of paradisaic innocence in the past. Science puts Eden into the future, when man's increasing knowledge and control of physical and spiritual laws will give him truest dominion.

The scientific method of approach, so new to mankind, is destined to spread until it becomes as dominant for the future as religion was in the past. Faith itself, for its own preservation, will ultimately be obliged to shift her ground from the brief past of man to his endless and evolving future. Man has been physically upright for about five hundred thousand years. Man has attempted, with rather indifferent

success, to be spiritually upright and honest for about five thousand years.

Looking backward over man's brief historical past, we find that there have always been reputed contacts between the seen and unseen universes. Psychic phenomena are not new. They have been continuous in their manifestation throughout the ages. The subjection of such phenomena to scientific investigation, as we understand and use the term, is comparatively recent.

Man's mind and spirit have always been crowded with the pageantry of apparitions. Early history and tradition are haunted by all manner of psychic contacts, manifestations, and invasions. The shaman, the priest, the medicine man, or the Pythian priestess at Delphi—by whatever name these intermediaries between the seen and unseen worlds were called—were the custodians of the mysterious apparatus of ghosts and auguries.

The Bible, in particular, is full of psychic phenomena. These phenomena have been interwoven with much myth and overlaid with the deposit of Oriental exaggeration. They have been arabesqued with all manner of allegorical imagination. But, if we look deeply enough for it, we can see that the true kernel of a psychic phenomenon is often present.

We must penetrate not only the original mythopoeic imagination to get at the literal fact; but we must often work through the incrustation of allegorical and recondite interpretation and exegesis, that also has become part of the Biblical tradition, until the initial psychic occurrence, valid in itself, is rescued from the cloud of fancy with which it has become occulted. We must also remember that the legends of the Bible were written to be accepted literally and factually by the ordinary man.

The organized churches of today adjure us to walk by faith and not by scientific fact through the labyrinth of Biblical legend. But this is not what the early Church did. The early Church utilized psychical facts as literal testimony and persuasion.

Let us, therefore, approach the Bible in the spirit of the early worshiper. Let us look at the Bible factually and realistically, rather than

allegorically. And then let us see what we can find in the light of psychical research.

Many of us are prejudiced against mediumship, a prejudice which is frequently justified by the abuse of credulity at the hands of charlatans. But the fact of true mediumship is incontestable in the Bible; and we should therefore approach the question of mediumship in the Old and New Testaments with the same sincerity and simplicity with which it was originally regarded.

According to all tradition, Moses was trained by the Egyptian adepts. It is impossible for us to say exactly what Moses did; but we may fairly conclude that Moses must have had some power and done some things that surpassed the tricks of the magicians and the Houdinis that Pharaoh engaged to exceed and discredit him; or else Pharaoh would never have listened to Moses and allowed the children of Israel to get away.

In Exodus vii: 8-12 we find the following:

8 And the Lord spake unto Moses and unto Aaron, saying,

9 When Pharaoh shall speak unto you, saying, Shew a miracle for you: then thou shalt say unto Aaron, Take thy rod, and cast it before Pharaoh, and it shall become a serpent.

10 And Moses and Aaron went in unto Pharaoh, and they did so as the Lord had commanded: and Aaron cast down his rod before Pharaoh, and before his servants, and it became a serpent.

11 Then Pharaoh also called the wise men and the sorcerers: now the magicians of Egypt, they also did in like manner with their enchantments.

12 For they cast down every man his rod, and they became serpents: but Aaron's rod swallowed up their rods.

So we see that the conjuror's boast, that he can imitate by magic everything that the so-called medium does by supernormal power, is at least as old as the Bible.

The Churches, in the main, have set their faces against psychical research and spiritualism in particular; and yet the Bible itself, the very foundation upon which the Church rests, is full of valid psychic experience. The Hebrew prophets provide us with many instances

and much testimony that can only be understood when it is interpreted as veritable psychic experience. Indeed, recourse to professional psychic guidance, fortunetellers, soothsayers, interpreters of dreams, omens, and portents assumed such alarming proportions that the priests and prophets frequently warned their people against fraudulent seers. The following words of Ezekiel xiii: 17-19, 22, and 23 are a characteristic fulminating denunciation of the false diviners and those who have recourse to them.

17 Likewise, thou son of man, set thy face against the daughters of thy people, which prophesy out of their own heart; and prophesy thou against them.

18 And say, Thus saith the Lord GOD; Woe to the women that sew pillows to all armholes, and make kerchiefs upon the head of every statue to hunt souls! Will ye hunt the souls of my people, and will ye save the souls alive that come unto you?

19 And will ye pollute me among my people for handfuls of barley and for pieces of bread, to slay the souls that should not die, and to save the souls alive that should not live, by your lying to my people that hear your lies? . . .

22 Because with lies ye have made the heart of the righteous sad, whom I have not made sad; and strengthened the hands of the wicked, that he should not return from his wicked way, by promising him life:

23 Therefore ye shall see no more vanity, nor divine divinations: for I will deliver my people out of your hand: and ye shall know that I am the Lord.

In I Samuel ix: 6-9, we discover Saul in consultation with his servant concerning a proposed visit to a seer of repute:

6 And he said unto him, Behold now, there is in this city a man of God, and he is an honourable man; all that he saith cometh surely to pass: now let us go thither; peradventure he can shew us our way that we should go.

7 Then said Saul to his servant, But, behold, if we go, what shall we bring the man? for the bread is spent in our vessels, and there is not a present to bring to the man of God: what have we?

8 And the servant answered Saul again, and said, Behold, I have here at hand the fourth part of a shekel of silver: that will I give to the man of God, to tell us our way.

9 (Beforetime in Israel, when a man went to inquire of God, thus he spake, Come, and let us go to the seer: for he that is now called a Prophet was beforetime called a Seer.)

This last verse serves to establish the honorable genealogy of the seer. He is the forerunner of the prophet.

The seer in this episode is no less a person than Samuel himself, a fact which is revealed later in the same chapter:

18 Then Saul drew near to Samuel in the gate, and said, Tell me, I pray thee, where the seer's house is.

19 And Samuel answered Saul, and said, I am the seer: go up before me unto the high place; for ye shall eat with me to-day, and to-morrow I will let thee go, and will tell thee all that is in thine heart.

The implication of the very name Samuel is psychic. Indeed, it indicates a psychic appointment, for the name is "Schmoo-el" ("the called of God"). Samuel heard psychic voices as clearly as did Socrates and Jeanne d'Arc. The Old Testament tells us definitely that Samuel, Moses, and Elijah all returned after the death of their mortal, physical bodies and talked with living men concerning events to come.

In II Samuel xxiv: 11, we see that the great King David was in the habit of consulting a professional seer by the name of Gad who was attached to the royal household.

In II Kings xix and xx, King Hezekiah, in great distress on account of reverses in the war with Assyria, consults Isaiah in his capacity as a recognized professional seer and medium. The use of what we today would call psychics, clairvoyants, and mediums was so general in Old Testament times that the people had constantly to be warned against impostors. On this point we have already quoted Ezekiel at length. Isaiah himself speaks of fraudulent mediums as "wizards, who peep and mutter."

Perhaps the most famous psychic and mediumistic encounter in Biblical history is that of Saul and the Witch of Endor, after the death of Samuel.

In I Samuel xxviii: 3-20, we read:

3 Now Samuel was dead, and all Israel had lamented him, and buried him in Ramah, even in his own city. And Saul had put away those that had familiar spirits, and the wizards, out of the land.

4 And the Philistines gathered themselves together, and came and pitched in Shunem: and Saul gathered all Israel together, and they pitched in Gilboa.

5 And when Saul saw the host of the Philistines, he was afraid, and his heart greatly trembled.

6 And when Saul inquired of the LORD, the LORD answered him not, neither by dreams, nor by Urim, nor by prophets.

7 Then said Saul unto his servants, Seek me a woman that hath a familiar spirit, that I may go to her, and inquire of her. And his servants said to him, Behold, there is a woman that hath a familiar spirit at En-dor.

8 And Saul disguised himself, and put on other raiment, and he went, and two men with him, and they came to the woman by night: and he said, I pray thee, divine unto me by the familiar spirit, and bring me him up, whom I shall name unto thee.

9 And the woman said unto him, Behold, thou knowest what Saul hath done, how he hath cut off those that have familiar spirits, and the wizards, out of the land: wherefore then layest thou a snare for my life, to cause me to die?

10 And Saul sware to her by the LORD, saying, As the LORD liveth, there shall no punishment happen to thee for this thing.

11 Then said the woman, Whom shall I bring up unto thee? And he said, Bring me up Samuel.

12 And when the woman saw Samuel, she cried with a loud voice: and the woman spake to Saul, saying, Why hast thou deceived me? for thou art Saul.

13 And the king said unto her, Be not afraid: for what sawest thou? And the woman said unto Saul, I saw gods ascending out of the earth.

14 And he said unto her, What form is he of? And she said, An old man cometh up; and he is covered with a mantle. And Saul perceived that it was Samuel, and he stooped with his face to the ground, and bowed himself.

15 And Samuel said to Saul, Why hast thou disquieted me, to bring me up? And Saul answered, I am sore distressed; for the Philistines make war against me, and God is departed from me, and answereth me no more, neither by prophets, nor by dreams:

therefore I have called thee, that thou mayest make known unto me what I shall do.

16 Then said Samuel, Wherefore then dost thou ask of me, seeing the LORD is departed from thee, and is become thine enemy?

17 And the LORD hath done to him, as he spake by me: for the LORD hath rent the kingdom out of thine hand, and given it to thy neighbour, even to David:

18 Because thou obeyedst not the voice of the LORD, nor executedst his fierce wrath upon Amalek, therefore hath the LORD done this thing unto thee this day.

19 Moreover the LORD will also deliver Israel with thee into the hand of the Philistines: and to-morrow shalt thou and thy sons be with me: the LORD also shall deliver the host of Israel into the hand of the Philistines.

20 Then Saul fell straightaway all along on the earth, and was sore afraid, because of the words of Samuel: and there was no strength in him; for he had eaten no bread all the day, nor all the night.

The familiar spirit referred to in this quotation has its counterpart in the so-called "control" of the modern medium. Here we see the Witch of Endor penetrating the king's disguise and discovering Saul's identity, exactly as Jeanne d'Arc discovered the Dauphin, and exactly as Mrs. Piper, on many occasions, penetrated every disguise and discovered who her consultants really were. To use the language of the motor salesmen, this episode of Saul and the Witch of Endor might serve as an early model of a spiritualistic and materializing séance.

So, we see that it is rather vain for any Church to condemn psychics; when the example and precept of the early prophets and the later apostles are full of what today would be called psychic experience and even downright spiritualism.

Let us turn now to the Book of Daniel and see this great prophet engaged in doing all the things that the Churches today condemn. Daniel is a great interpreter of dreams. Daniel sees visions himself, and has psychic experiences during prayer with "the man Gabriel." Daniel enjoyed a great career as a psychic. We remember that Daniel's friends were vulcanized in the fiery furnace and Daniel himself was lionized in the lion's den. But in addition, in Daniel, as in Joseph,

we find definite anticipations of Freudian dream analysis without benefit of Freud. Daniel, in particular, had the power of penetrating behind the manifest allegory of a dream and getting at the latent content. Indeed, Daniel was such a good medium that Nebuchadnezzar made him the "master of the magicians, astrologers, Chaldeans, and soothsayers."

We are all familiar with the story of the apparition of the hand at Belshazzar's feast. These are the facts according to the Book of Daniel. Belshazzar, Nebuchadnezzar's son, held a great feast; and during the feast "In the same hour came forth fingers of a man's hand and wrote . . . upon the plaster of the wall of the King's palace, and the King saw the part of the hand that wrote . . . the words *Mene, Mene, Tekel, Upharsin.*"

In this episode, it is important to note, as obviating the faintest suspicion of mercenary motive or selfish gratification on the part of Daniel—indeed Belshazzar offered him one third of his kingdom—with everything to lose and nothing to gain, before he interpreted these oracular words, Daniel summarily rejected the royal gifts. Then, at the immediate peril of his life, Daniel courageously spoke according to the pure spirit of prophecy that was in him, and revealed the meaning of the psychic message on the wall as follows: "*Mene*; God hath numbered thy kingdom, and finished it. *Tekel*; Thou art weighed in the balances and art found wanting. *Peres*; Thy kingdom is divided, and given to the Medes and Persians." Let it be here recorded to the honor of this king, who in all else had been found wanting, that in this one respect he fulfilled himself: namely, that he kept his word to Daniel, gave him one third of the kingdom, clothed him in scarlet, and hung a gold chain about his neck—though that very night he was slain.

Hallowed episodes of mediumship, such as this one in the great tradition, invested with all the sanctity of the Bible, furnish a refreshing contrast to the greedy palms of charlatany with which honest research is too frequently embarrassed and compromised.

After a description as definite as this from the Book of Daniel, even with the rare accompaniments of ectoplasmic hands or teleplastic phenomena and spirit writing, how can the Church take such a dog-

matic attitude against mediumship? Daniel does not ask us to believe it, but the Church does. And there it is, and it reads for all the world like a straightforward report from the pages of the Royal Chaldean Society for Psychical Research.

Why then does the Church condemn in modern times what it so willingly accepts, nay endorses with all its authority in ancient scripture.

Even automatic writing is referred to in the Old Testament. Automatic writing is perhaps the oldest recorded form of supernormal communication. We hear of it over two thousand years ago, in I Chronicles xxviii: 19, where we find these words: "All this [said David] the Lord made me understand in writing by his hand upon me. . . ."

As far as we can determine, all the prophets, when they spoke prophetically, spoke under the influence of a controlling voice. Sometimes this voice is attributed directly to God; but even when it is not, it is attributed to God by indirection through the inspired control or familiar spirit. The point is that the Old Testament is full of literal, factual descriptions of psychic phenomena which we encounter today in psychical research, and were literally believed in the days of the early churches and not condemned. We could multiply illustrations of psychic manifestation in the Old Testament *ad nauseam*. For the reader's sake we forebear so to do.

Now for the New Testament.

In approaching the evidence for psychic manifestation in the New Testament, let us, if we can, divest our minds as much as possible of any desire to interpret the Biblical stories according to our own denominational preferences, one way or another. Let us ponder these accounts in the large and literal spirit in which they were originally recorded and read. If we do this, we shall see for ourselves that the very foundations of Christianity are entirely psychic. Let us look at some of them.

In Matthew ii we are told that the angel of the Lord appeared in a dream to Joseph, of the house of Jesse, saying: "Arise, and take the young child and his mother, and flee into Egypt, and be thou there until I bring thee word: for Herod will seek the young child to

destroy him. . . . But when Herod was dead, behold, an angel of the Lord appeareth in a dream to Joseph in Egypt, saying, Arise, and take the young child and his mother, and go into the land of Israel: for they are dead which sought the young child's life."

A statement such as this puts our feet on very familiar ground in psychical research. We find it no greater strain upon our credulity than the Beresford story, or the touching account of Etienne Lerasle, or any part of the weird tales we have previously recorded. If Joseph or Matthew himself, for that matter, had access, say, to Sidgwick and Gurney's collection of phantasms, they would have discovered nothing unusual or incredible. It might be well, at this point, to recall the fact that Matthew was not a mystical poet, like John, who indulged in pardonable metaphor and exaggeration. Matthew was a hardheaded, hard-fisted, tax-collector, who was called upon to keep accurate accounts—and did. This story of Joseph and the Angel of the Lord is exactly what psychical research calls a monitory phantasm that invades Joseph's sleep. Calling it an angel is just using a religious vocabulary. The fact of the monitory invasion remains.

Even the great figure of Jesus Himself can be best understood when we regard Him as a high culmination of, rather than an exception to, a psychic law that has revealed its presence and activity frequently before His advent and still continues to reveal itself in persons much less privileged.

Jesus was apparently thoroughly conversant with the workings of the subliminal mind. Putting religion aside, if we consider the life of Jesus, as we have considered the lives of Socrates and Jeanne d'Arc, we can see in Jesus a man who relied constantly and utterly upon the divinations, the inspirations, the promptings, and intuitions of His disciplined unconscious. Jesus had visions of insight and flashes of spiritual wisdom which enabled him to create the most poetical and pregnant moral allegories in the history of the human race.

On his human side, Jesus can and ought to be studied as a psychic personality, the most powerful medium and perhaps the greatest psychic sensitive who has ever walked down the aisles of history. We venture to say that only in this way can the life and work of Jesus be completely understood and appreciated.

Jesus evidently had the powers of levitation, clairvoyance, clairaudience, lucidity, and the faculty of projecting phantasms. The pages of the New Testament are thronged with evidence of these powers. Jesus also achieved instantaneous cures by psychic suggestion to the subliminal consciousness of many people. On this side of his activity alone, we mean as a Healer, no modern psychotherapist has a greater technique, or can boast of more astounding success.

In a remarkable way, modern psychical research throws great light upon the work of Jesus and justifies a faith in his extraordinary powers and personality which skepticism had almost destroyed. Indeed, "Faith were science now did she but arm her with the weapons of her time." Modern science can prove that Jesus was, as a matter of scientific truth, the saviour of the souls of men.

It will reward us to examine Jesus as a psychic phenomenon, in the same way, for instance, that Andrew Lang studied Jeanne d'Arc. In this connection, we may remember that Lang, though he spent years in analyzing and scrutinizing every detail of authentic history and tradition concerning the psychic phenomena attributed to Jeanne d'Arc, refused, nevertheless, to be interested in Mrs. Piper of his own day and generation. Lang in no way discredited Mrs. Piper; rather the contrary. But he felt that modern psychic phenomena were a bit common. They had not the haloed sanctity of classic tradition behind them.

Many people indulge themselves in this same snobbish aloofness; but in arming faith with the weapons of her time, we feel it may be helpful to scrutinize the testamentary records in the light of our most modern psychic knowledge.

The first thing one notices about Christ is His reticence regarding His psychical and scientific principles. Perhaps Christ did not formulate these principals rationally and abstractly in His own mind. This is not uncommon reticence in valid psychic personalities. There are many reasons to justify this reticence, aside from the natural modesty and humility of the man himself. Jesus never claimed that He did anything by His own unaided power. On the contrary, He always said that it was not He but His Father working through Him to make manifest the glory of the Father. Jesus also made no claim to any

exceptional prerogative or unusual psychic power, insisting that what He did, any one—even the least of these—could also do.

And then, modesty aside, Jesus was very well aware that the world was not yet ready to receive the whole truth. In His last interview with His disciples, before His crucifixion, Jesus said: "I have yet many things to say unto you, but ye cannot bear them now."

He was also familiar with the appeal of charlatanry to the vulgar mind. Jesus said in many ways what He said to the nobleman of Capernaum: "Except ye see signs and wonders, ye will not believe." Jesus also foresaw the time when the "spirit of truth" would eventually discover and state the scientific laws pertaining to His doctrine and works. He said: "Even the spirit of truth . . . shall testify of me."

Now let us, in the spirit of modern scientific truth, observe how correctly Jesus formulated the conditions indispensable to the exercise of His psychic and therapeutic powers. The prime condition which Jesus insisted upon was faith. Faith, in this connection, might be defined as a shutting out of the little, rational, deterrent, analytical, conscious mind and embracing an attitude of utter reliance, a lying back on the power and potency of the unconscious. A classical instance of His technique is recorded in Matthew ix: 28-30: "And when he was come into the house, the blind men came to him: and Jesus saith unto them, Believe ye that I am able to do this? They said unto him, Yea, Lord. Then touched he their eyes, saying, According to your faith be it unto you. And their eyes were opened; and Jesus straitly charged them, saying, see that no man know it."

In the words "according to your faith, be it unto you," we see Jesus actively appealing to the co-operation of the unconscious in the blind men. This is the time-honored technique of healing, utilized alike in all healing cults from Christ to Coué. In the words "See that no man know it," Jesus enjoins the newly healed patient not to discuss his cure, and thereby subject himself to the derogatory and depreciating skepticism of the unbelieving, which might work to his harm and undo all the benefit he had received at the hands of Jesus.

In this very connection, we may observe the meticulous care with which Jesus insisted upon excluding every adverse suggestion from doubters or skeptics, as in the case of the raising of Jairus' daughter.

Jesus comes to the house of Jairus. He says to Jairus: "Be not afraid; only believe." We are told that "He suffered no man to follow him, only Peter, James and John." Note that He kept the doubting Thomas away. He excludes the doubters, the wailers, and the scorners.

He takes Jairus and the mother and enters the room where the damsel was lying. He quiets their fears by saying: "She is not dead, but sleepeth." He takes the damsel by the hand and says unto her: "*Talitha cumi*" which is, being interpreted, "Damsel, I say unto thee, arise." And straightway the damsel arose, and he charged them straitly that no man should know it, and commanded that something should be given her to eat.

The skeptics maintain that this case of Jairus' daughter was a pure case of trance or catalepsy, with which modern psychical research is very familiar. They also explain the raising of Lazarus in the same way.

Call this trance or catalepsy, if you prefer. But, whatever you may call it, observe the scrupulous caution with which Jesus creates the proper conditions and mental environment for successful psychic suggestion. Jesus removes, as far as possible, all adverse suggestion, overt and covert, and all telepathic communication of fear and doubt; and finally, by an energetic, commanding suggestion to the unconsciousness of the damsel, he restores her to consciousness.

We are familiar with the mathematical prodigy, who, by exercise of his subliminal intuition, is capable of reaching exact and verifiable conclusions, without the slow and laborious processes of numerical calculation. In a like manner, Jesus apparently possessed this subliminal faculty of direct and intuitive perception of spiritual truth and psychic law, independent of the slow and laborious processes of psychical research.

Exact science, by slow inductive processes, after nineteen centuries, can today verify the psychical laws in accordance with which Jesus was able to perform many of his otherwise inexplicable miracles.

Most of the founders of the great religions of the world have had these flaming and direct intuitions of psychic and spiritual laws, in accordance with which the subliminal mind of man, or his soul, has

acted and manifested itself. The records of Jesus, however, are the clearest and most cogent of any that we possess.

Even in his casual relations to ordinary life, Jesus manifested all the indicia and the hallmarks of a veritable mediumistic personality. In John iv, we are told that Jesus meets a strange woman at the well. He knows nothing about her, for she was a woman of Samaria. And yet Jesus promptly tells her that she has had five husbands and that the man with whom she is then living is not her husband. The annals of psychical research multiply such cases.

Jesus constantly appealed to external and objective psychic phenomena in this way; and Jesus knew that these psychic phenomena were necessary to prove the existence of His supersense and His belief in a spiritual world.

Jesus, accordingly, not only commended the internal witness of faith, but utilized objective apparitions, visions, voices, and various physical phenomena throughout His earthly career, and continued to use them in manifestations to His followers after His crucifixion.

The New Testament is full of the very things that psychical research is investigating today. And yet, on what logical principle does the Church accept the evidence of untrained publicans, bartenders, uneducated sailmakers, simple fishermen, and tax gatherers nineteen hundred years ago; while, in the same breath, she rejects the scrupulous evidence of trained specialists and professional scientific observers today? We need only to call upon the cloud of artistic, scientific, and philosophic witnesses named throughout this volume to testify to the facts.

In I Corinthians, Paul asks: "Have I not seen Jesus Christ our Lord? and last of all he was seen of me also, as of one born out of due time." And in the Acts of the Apostles, Chapter xxii, Paul tells how he had his conversion on the road to Damascus. This conversion was the result of a veritable psychic invasion, very definitely described and met with not infrequently in the annals of psychical research. Paul also tells us that, while he prayed in the temple at Jerusalem, he fell into a trance. "I was in a trance," says Paul, "and saw him saying unto me, Make haste, and get thee quickly out of Jerusalem: for they will not receive thy testimony concerning me."

The apostle Mark also tells how Christ "appeared unto the eleven as they sat at meat, and upbraided them with their unbelief and hardness of heart; because they believed not them which had seen him after he was risen." And then, at the end of his gospel, Mark says: "They went forth and preached everywhere, the Lord working with them manifesting and confirming the word with signs following."

These are factual records of what we today would call collective phantasms and materializations of the spiritual or etheric body.

In John xx, the materialized spirit of Christ appears to Mary in the guise of a gardener; and Mary speaks with this materialized Christ.

1 The first day of the week cometh Mary Magdalene early, when it was yet dark, unto the sepulchre and seeth the stone taken away from the sepulchre.

2 Then she runneth, and cometh to Simon Peter, and to the other disciple, whom Jesus loved, and saith unto them, They have taken away the Lord out of the sepulchre, and we know not where they have laid him.

3 Peter therefore went forth, and that other disciple, and came to the sepulchre.

4 So they ran both together: and the other disciple did outrun Peter, and came first to the sepulchre.

5 And he stooping down, and looking in, saw the linen clothes lying; yet went he not in.

6 Then cometh Simon Peter following him, and went into the sepulchre, and seeth the linen clothes lie,

7 And the napkin, that was about his head, not lying with the linen clothes, but wrapped together in a place by itself.

8 Then went in also that other disciple, which came first to the sepulchre, and he saw, and believed.

9 For as yet they knew not the scripture, that he must rise again from the dead.

10 Then the disciples went away, again unto their own home.

11 But Mary stood without at the sepulchre weeping: and as she wept, she stooped down, and looked into the sepulchre,

12 And seeth two angels in white sitting, the one at the head, and the other at the feet, where the body of Jesus had lain.

13 And they say unto her, Woman, why weepest thou? She

saith unto them, Because they have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid him.

14 And when she had thus said, she turned herself back, and saw Jesus standing, and knew not that it was Jesus.

15 Jesus saith unto her, Woman, why weepest thou? whom seekest thou? She, supposing him to be the gardener, saith unto him, Sir, if thou hast borne him hence, tell me where thou hast laid him, and I will take him away.

16 Jesus saith unto her, Mary. She turned herself, and saith unto him, Rabboni; which is to say, Master.

17 Jesus saith unto her, Touch me not; for I am not yet ascended to my Father: but go to my brethren, and say unto them, I ascend unto my Father, and your Father; and to my God, and your God.

18 Mary Magdalene came and told the disciples that she had seen the Lord, and that he had spoken these things unto her.

19 Then the same day at evening, being the first day of the week, when the doors were shut where the disciples were assembled for fear of the Jews, came Jesus and stood in the midst, and saith unto them, Peace be unto you.

20 And when he had so said, he shewed unto them his hands and his side. Then were the disciples glad, when they saw the Lord.

21 Then said Jesus to them again, Peace be unto you: as my Father hath sent me, even so send I you.

22 And when he had said this, he breathed on them, and saith unto them, Receive ye the Holy Ghost:

23 Whose soever sins ye remit, they are remitted unto them; and whose soever sins ye retain, they are retained.

24 But Thomas, one of the twelve, called Didymus, was not with them when Jesus came.

25 The other disciples therefore said unto him, We have seen the Lord. But he said unto them, Except I shall see in his hands the print of the nails, and put my finger into the print of the nails, and thrust my hand into his side, I will not believe.

26 And after eight days again his disciples were within, and Thomas with them: then came Jesus, the doors being shut, and stood in the midst, and said, Peace be unto you.

27 Then saith he to Thomas, Reach hither thy finger, and behold my hands; and reach hither thy hand, and thrust it into my side: and be not faithless, but believing.

28 And Thomas answered and said unto him, My Lord and my God.

29 Jesus saith unto him, Thomas, because thou hast seen me, thou

hast believed: blessed are they that have not seen, and yet have believed.

30 And many other signs truly did Jesus in the presence of his disciples, which are not written in this book:

31 But these are written, that ye might believe that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God; and that believing ye might have life through his name.

This same materialized spirit of Christ walks back to Emmaüs with two of the disciples, who, at first mistake Him for an ordinary wayfarer and invite Him to supper. Of course, these simple men know nothing of phantasms or materializations; and they naturally think they are talking to a resurrected physical body.

But Christ is not the only one of the psychic sensitives of the Bible who reappear in some spiritual or phantasmal form after their deaths. According to the Testament, Elijah, Moses, and Samuel all returned after the death of their mortal bodies and even talked with mortals. We have Christ's own testimony to this effect.

In Luke ix, we are told that Jesus "took with him Peter, John and James," not, observe, Thomas, the aggressive, active skeptic, "and went up into a mountain to pray." As usual, whenever Jesus expected some psychic manifestation, he did not invite the aggressive and active skeptic Thomas to join the party. Luke continues his factual narrative: "And as he prayed, the fashion of his countenance was altered, and his raiment was white and glistering." The Testament narrative proceeds very factually: "And behold there talked with Jesus two men, which were Moses and Elias; who appeared in glory and they spake of his decease which Jesus should accomplish at Jerusalem. . . . And when the voice was past, Jesus was found to be alone."

In this familiar narrative, indeed, so familiar that we fail to recognize, beneath the wonder of it, the thoroughly regular and expected procedure and accompaniments of the orthodox psychic séance, certain facts are worth our attention. First, there is the selection of the proper sympathetic audience and the exclusion of the active and hostile skeptics who might disturb and interrupt the proceedings. The essential atmosphere and rapport are established. Second, as the

séance progresses, we even observe, as the chosen disciples did, the usual psychic phenomenon of phosphorescence, which the narrator describes in the phrase "white and glistering." Such luminous and phosphorescent manifestation attends many psychic occurrences recorded in the lives of the Saints, and particularly in the case of Saint Francis of Assisi, during his famous vigil in the glowing cave, when he received the stigmata.

Returning to the Biblical narrative, we see here that actual, vocal, and objective communion with the departed "dead" was practiced by Jesus in the presence of Peter, John and James, before his crucifixion.

We have now adduced three cases of complete psychic materialization, very factually and literally described. One is from Mark, one from Luke, and one from John. In all these thoroughly witnessed and corroborated narratives of the return, first of Moses and Elias, and then of Christ himself, we find the spirit materializations so fully accomplished, so real, that they can converse and otherwise behave as if they were corporeal and mortal entities. Moreover, the descriptions tally so accurately with what occurs in the secular psychic materializations, say of Eva C., Stanislava P., and Marthe Eva, under test conditions, as reported by Professor von Schrenck-Notzing, Professor Charles Richet, Professor Gustav Gélet, and other eminently qualified observers, that the Biblical narratives, coinciding, as they do at all points with the pattern established by modern psychical research, acquire a new credibility, altogether apart from their religious connotations. These and other secular cases recorded in the proceedings of modern psychical research may, in the fullness of time, achieve a kind of religious connotation and sanctity, without in the least violating their scientific credibility.

The encouragement of this perfectly natural interchange of sanctities between the secular and the religious aspects of psychical manifestation would indeed be a consummation devoutly to be wished. It would serve to enrich both science and faith and to fortify our sense that life itself, however and wherever manifested, is sacramental.

We have quoted these phantasmal materializations in the New Testament at length, particularly the one of Christ as detailed in John xx, because they together constitute a fine pendant and comple-

ment to the Old Testament record of Saul in his graphically detailed séance with the Witch of Endor.

The great Faraday is on record as saying that "Nothing is too wonderful to be true." And, to all of us who demand full explanations of how or why any phenomenon occurs before we will credit it, Charles Richet, after years of scientific inquiry, in his carefully considered volume on *The Future of Psychology*, uses these words: "Only unusual phenomena astonish us. A thing appears true because we have often seen it, but not at all because we have understood it, for all natural phenomena are incomprehensible."

We may beg the whole question by saying that Jesus was exceptional or divine. That attitude, however, would not be applicable to the case of Saul and Samuel, both of whom were exceptional, but neither of whom was divine. Moreover, Jesus himself made no exceptional or divine claim. Jesus insisted repeatedly that "what I do, you also can do." And when Jesus enjoined us to have faith, he really meant that we should be aware of our supersense, that we should be conscious of the psychic wonderland within us and its definite contact with the psychic wonderland or spiritual dimension outside or beyond us.

Of course, there are limits to our credulity; but there must also be limits to our incredulity, or else exact science is impossible. For example, Columbus had to believe in the rotundity of the earth before he set out to prove it. Admiral Byrd had to believe in the existence of the South Pole before he went out to discover it. Somebody had to believe in the possibility of an airplane crossing the Atlantic before it could be accomplished. In the covenants of faith, there must be limits to our credulity; otherwise our sentiment of rationality is too violently compromised. So, in science, there must be limits to our incredulity, otherwise it is impossible to lay down the simplest hypothesis. We can make no progress in exact science without putting limits to our incredulity.

Of all the disciples and apostles involved in the organization of the Christian tradition, it was Paul alone who knew that, in order to establish the tradition as a new religion, it was necessary to set limits both to credulity and incredulity. In his own words, Paul says,

in the First Epistle to the Corinthians, "As a wise masterbuilder, I have laid the foundation." Paul also knew that before he could lay a satisfactory foundation upon which to build a superstructure of doctrine, he had to put an end to dusty disputations, to the multiplication of minor differences, to separatist traditions, and to the whole orgy of doctrinal disagreement. In this same Epistle Paul cries out further, "Now I beseech you, brethren, by the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, that there be no divisions among you; but that ye be perfectly joined together in the same mind and in the same judgment . . . And let all things be done decently and in order."

The last two urgent statements—and we could as easily find two hundred of them—make it quite obvious that the forever fire-breathing Paul was driven almost to distraction by these centrifugating sects. Paul's lifework was to unify and organize a single statement of belief (the resurrection of the spiritual body as opposed to the physical body), to which all Christians could subscribe. In this, he was constantly bedeviled not only by the civil authorities, who were simply doing what they considered their duty, but harassed by his own quarrelsome and contentious followers, who, with no excuse whatever, were doing their damndest to embarrass his efforts.

In his eloquent dramatic monologue, "The Three Taverns," Edwin Arlington Robinson puts this passionate and poignant reproach into Paul's own mouth:

There will be creeds and schisms, creeds in creeds,
And schisms in schisms; myriads will be done
To death because a farthing has two sides
And is at last a farthing. . . . The few at first
Are fighting for the multitude at last.*

Paul sees the necessity for introducing a structural skeleton, which would support and make organic the welter and jumble of moral allegory, hearsay, myth, miracle, and true philosophy of the master. Paul then discovers that he has a system right to his hand in the work of the philosopher Plato, which had been accepted as credible, and upon which the contentious followers could agree.

* From Edwin Arlington Robinson: *The Three Taverns*. By permission of The Macmillan Company, publishers.

As has been heretofore indicated, this inspired pagan provided the necessary dualistic categories and even the vocabulary into which the Christian tradition could be poured as into a mold. Plato's world of matter became the natural, corruptible world. Plato's world of ideas or mind became the spiritual or incorruptible world. Man shares in both worlds. His body belongs to the natural, material, corruptible world; his soul belongs to the incorruptible, immaterial, spiritual world; and by the miracle of faith in Christ the corruptible puts on incorruption.

I Corinthians xv: 42-55:

42 So also is the resurrection of the dead. It is sown in corruption; it is raised in incorruption:

43 It is sown in dishonour; it is raised in glory: it is sown in weakness; it is raised in power:

44 It is sown a natural body; it is raised a spiritual body. There is a natural body, and there is a spiritual body.

45 And so it is written, The first man Adam was made a living soul; the last Adam was made a quickening spirit.

46 Howbeit that was not first which is spiritual, but that which is natural; and afterward that which is spiritual.

47 The first man is of the earth, earthy; the second man is the Lord from heaven.

48 As is the earthy, such are they also that are earthy: and as is the heavenly, such are they also that are heavenly.

49 And as we have borne the image of the earthy, we shall also bear the image of the heavenly.

50 Now this I say, brethren, that flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God; neither doth corruption inherit incorruption.

51 Behold, I shew you a mystery; We shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed,

52 In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump: for the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed.

53 For this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality.

54 So when this corruptible shall have put on incorruption, and this mortal shall have put on immortality, then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written, Death is swallowed up in victory.

55 O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?

The reappearance of Christ after His crucifixion was a resurrection of His spiritual and not His physical body. These early apostles and disciples knew nothing of psychic phenomena, as we use the term today. This may explain why some of them insisted on a resurrection of the physical body. The "communion of the Saints" and the "cloud of witnesses" can also be interpreted as 'psychic materializations. These phrases have a meaning, if we see in them what Jesus intended to convey, and what Paul understood, namely, objective psychic entities; because we have seen that active and objective communion with the departed dead was practiced by Jesus Himself before His crucifixion. And the resurrection of Christ constitutes the great, central, objective, psychic fact in Christianity. Paul sees this with uncompromising clarity. Indeed, the whole of Paul's great First Epistle to the Corinthians, making a distinction between the natural body and the spiritual body, is concerned with this cardinal, nuclear psychic fact: that there is an incorruptible psychic body. Paul is emphatic, "that if Christ be not risen, then is our preaching vain, and your faith is also vain."

It should, however, be pointed out here that the idea of resurrection was in no sense new in Paul's time; and that it should not therefore be attributed to Paul as an original idea. Far more important for us is the utilization which he made of this ancient belief.¹ It is to the glory and greatness of Paul that he discerned in the Resurrection of Christ the key to Christianity.

Those who oppose the facts of modern psychical research might just as well destroy the foundations of Christianity; because the New Testament is a sheer record of psychic and spiritistic phenomena.

Indeed, instead of opposing psychical research, good Christians are specifically enjoined to try, that is, to test, the spirits. I John iv reads: "Beloved, believe not every spirit, but try the spirits whether they are of God: because many false prophets are gone out into the world." In other words, subject all spiritual phenomena to scientific scrutiny, according to the truth that is in you. Do not be ignorantly and superstitiously credulous. Be scientific researchers.

As the first great apostle, Paul always demanded positive and

¹ See page 224.

affirmatory faith. He was impatient with the timorous and the tentative believers. He had no use for the lukewarm, who were constantly torn between yea and nay. Paul, like Jesus, was a yea sayer. He wanted no followers among the compromisers who are fearful of rejecting or accepting. And this downright attitude of the vehement Paul is supported by the tender and mystical John, who, in Revelation, xxi: 8, classes the "fearful with the unbelieving." Modern psychical research, like early Christianity, suffers from this same ambiguous and equivocal attitude in the public. It is time for the convinced among us and the steadfast seekers after truth no longer to be fearful, but to stand up and be counted.

Perhaps the most remarkable séance in the entire New Testament is described in Acts ii:

1 And when the day of Pentecost was fully come, they were all with one accord in one place.

2 And suddenly there came a sound from Heaven as of a rushing mighty wind, and it filled all the house where they were sitting.

3 And there appeared unto them cloven tongues like as of fire, and it sat upon each of them.

4 And they were all filled with the Holy Ghost, and began to speak with other tongues, as the Spirit gave them utterance.

5 And there were dwelling at Jerusalem Jews, devout men, out of every nation under heaven.

6 Now when this was noised abroad, the multitude came together, and were confounded, because that every man heard them speak in his own language.

7 And they were all amazed and marvelled, saying one to another, Behold, are not all these which speak Galileans?

8 And how hear we every man in our own tongue, wherein we were born?

9 Parthians, and Medes, and Elamites, and the dwellers in Mesopotamia, and in Judea, and Cappadocia, in Pontus, and Asia,

10 Phrygia, and Pamphylia, in Egypt, and in the parts of Libya about Cyrene, and strangers of Rome, Jews and proselytes,

11 Cretes and Arabians, we do hear them speak in our tongues the wonderful works of God.

12 And they were all amazed, and were in doubt, saying one to another, What meaneth this?

13 Others mocking said, These men are full of new wine.

14 But Peter, standing up with the eleven, lifted up his voice, and said unto them, Ye men of Judea, and all ye that dwell at Jerusalem, be this known unto you, and hearken to my words:

15 For these are not drunken, as ye suppose, seeing it is but the third hour of the day.

16 But this is that which was spoken by the prophet Joel;

17 And it shall come to pass in the last days, saith God, I will pour out of my Spirit upon all flesh: and your sons and your daughters shall prophesy, and your young men shall see visions, and your old men shall dream dreams:

18 And on my servants and on my handmaidens I will pour out in those days of my Spirit; and they shall prophesy:

19 And I will shew wonders in heaven above, and signs in the earth beneath; blood, and fire, and vapor of smoke:

20 The sun shall be turned into darkness, and the moon into blood, before that great and notable day of the Lord come:

Anyone who has ever attended or participated in an authentic séance with a valid medium will readily recognize, in this vivid recital, many of the familiar psychic occurrences and accompaniments. There is first the psychic draught, "as of a rushing mighty wind and it filled the house where they were sitting . . ." Strange phosphorescent lights appear as "cloven tongues of fire." Even the derision of the spectators from the gallery has a familiar ring. Very evidently Peter, who has summoned the eleven together, is functioning as the medium.

In this séance we even encounter the phenomenon of xenoglossy, or "speaking with tongues," or using, in a trance state, languages, with which in their conscious waking states the participants are totally unfamiliar. This must have been quite a common phenomenon in testamentary times, because Paul devotes the entire fourteenth chapter of his First Epistle to the Corinthians to distinguishing xenoglossy from prophecy. Paul points out that xenoglossy may be a valid personal and private communication with God, but that it serves no useful purpose in the very practical business of conversion for propagation of the faith.

Modern psychical research has observed and recorded cases like those of Laura Edmunds, Mrs. Verrall and Mrs. Piper, all of whom,

in trance, used or wrote languages of which they themselves were completely ignorant.

Occasionally, in the trance state, modern mediums have been known to utter or write entirely new languages, which they themselves apparently invent.

We cannot escape the very obvious fact that there is a kind of scale in the hierarchy of possession, invasion, or obsession—all completely authentic—ranging from the highest invasion, that of the Holy Ghost, down to the most personal and private communications between the living and the dead.

On this lower plane, Professor Hyslop, in his *Contact With the Other World*, records a most remarkable case. It belongs in the category of xenoglossy, although here the tongue and pen are, so to speak, exchanged for the brush and pigments. This case concerns a very commonplace man, employed in New York City, as an engraver and goldsmith. His name was Frederic L. Thompson. One day Thompson called on Professor Hyslop and told him that he had visions and hallucinations, which he feared might threaten his sanity. He told Hyslop that ever since he had seen an exhibition of paintings by the well-known contemporary painter, Robert Swain Gifford, he had felt himself possessed by an utterly inexplicable and powerful compulsion to paint scenes involving a very unusual group of gnarled and wind-blown trees fronting the sea. He added that at the exhibition he seemed to hear a voice, apparently issuing from the invisible, say "You see what I have done. Can you not take up and finish my work?"

While occupied at his goldsmith's bench, Thompson often felt that he was Gifford. From time to time he would remark to his wife, "Gifford wants to sketch." He did not know even then that Gifford had been six months dead. Thompson left with Hyslop several sketches which he had executed under this hallucination or compulsion.

Sometime later, on being admitted to Gifford's studio by the painter's widow, Professor Hyslop was startled to discover a group of unfinished paintings, left behind by Gifford, which bore such an uncanny and accurate resemblance in detail and treatment to Thompson's sketches that he was compelled to admit that they must have been done by the same hand.

son's hallucinated sketches that they might almost have been tracings or copies made one from the other. In conclusion, it should be pointed out that Thompson had at no time enjoyed access to the Gifford studio, and had therefore never seen these unfinished paintings.

There are many other psychical aspects of the Thompson-Gifford case which we leave to the reader the excitement and delight of discovering for himself. Who is to say what actually happens in cases like this? We can only report them as they do happen. These cases are far more common than the man in the street realizes. Some such psychic invasion or possession may account for the tragic story of Thomas Chatterton and the Rowley poems, which he composed as a mere boy and in a language long disused.

Victor Hugo always maintained that at times he was very definitely possessed by the spirit of Molière, who, he insisted, guided his pen. Indeed, the spirit of Molière seems to have visited other living personalities. The distinguished and highly sophisticated French playwright Victorien Sardou, who was a convinced spiritualist, also claims to have been his host. Here in Sardou's own words is an account of his amazing experience with a copper engraving which he made of Molière's house. "Seated one day at my table I fell into a reverie. Unconsciously, I took up the graver and, impelled by secret influence, let my hand follow its own direction over the plate. The engraving you see is the result of several hours of purely mechanical toil. I could not of my own will make such a picture to save my life." And the engraving was a picture of the house of Molière.

In 1923, the British Society for Psychical Research became profoundly interested in a series of messages purporting to come from the spirit of Oscar Wilde. These communications came by automatic writing to three people, who frequently sat quietly together in the hope of receiving some such messages. None of these three was a literary person, and yet the automatically written communications reveal an amazing imaginative beauty of expression, full of wit and paradox, subtle pathos, and the drift of poetry throughout that is unmistakably recognizable as the work of Oscar Wilde. Indeed, any qualified critic would unhesitatingly ascribe these effusions to Wilde himself. They are so characteristic that some officials of the British

Society for Psychical Research wholeheartedly endorsed their validity.²

After these few excursions into the field of modern psychic phenomena, we should surely find the Bible less difficult to credit as a psychic document. The Bible is a veritable storehouse of psychic experiences of every description. It is permeated with spirit voices, spirit messages, visions, apparitions, xenoglossy, dreams, phantasms, trances, teleplasty (like the moving hand that wrote at Belshazzar's feast), materializations of the dead, spirit agency, and spirit control.

It surely is no detraction from the greatness of Christianity to show that the psychic phenomena concerned in its foundation are often scientifically accurate and verifiable, and sometimes repeated, even today, under scientific conditions. We are becoming reasonably certain that the New Testament records statements which have no meaning at all, unless they imply a knowledge and a description of psychic phenomena.

This is, of course, altogether apart from the ethical teachings of the Bible; but the ethics which Jesus taught were not in any sense new, even in his own time. Jesus claimed only to be a new witness to old truths. Even the Golden Rule, which is commonly attributed to Christ, was propounded by two very great Jewish teachers, Hillel and Shammai, years before Jesus enunciated it.³

A serious and open-minded interest in psychical research does not commit one to be either a spiritualist or a spiritist; any more than a serious interest in the Bible constrains one to be a Catholic or a Protestant. Many people interested in psychical research are not spiritualists. The best procedure in psychical research would seem to be to explore, as far as possible, the wonderland inside of us before we commit ourselves to a belief in spirits or entities hovering in the wonderland outside. We feel, however, bound to protest that the dogmatic and theological churches are historically and factually wrong when they resist psychical research, or when they take the attitude of Christian Science and call all spiritistic or psychic manifestations "malicious animal magnetism."

² Cf. *The Psychic Messages from Oscar Wilde*, Hester Travers Smith, pub. by T. Werner Laurie, Ltd., London.

³ See page 223.

We cannot justify these exclusive, dismissive, and condemnatory attitudes in any church, when we realize that Christianity, in its dogmas and assumptions, as well as in its practices, is a religion based upon an abundance of well-accredited psychic and even avowedly spiritistic phenomena; and when, indeed, the lives of its founder, his disciples, its saints and devotees are full of the very kind of phenomena that psychical research tries today to investigate and to understand.

For example, how can the most orthodox fundamentalist Christian refuse to believe in telepathy, when he practices it every day in his prayers? If prayer originally meant anything, and if it means anything now, it means an intercommunication between spirit and spirit, between my soul and God, or between my soul and the spirit of the Virgin or Christ or some patron interlocutory saint. Prayer will ultimately become our constant and integrated appeal to the unseen, and a making of ourselves into a conduit for the manifestation of its power and majesty. Prayer will ultimately become, as Christ intended it to be, a reverent contemplation, an orientation, and a purging of our small, clever, conscious activities into the amplitude of an all-embracing spiritual universe. This kind of prayer, so new and yet so old, will not be a hectic impulse of our fear, clamoring for self-suggestions to our courage; nor will it be a Pharisaical vain repetition of literal and liturgical creeds. Prayer will then become an overflowing, constant, and conscious communication between us and the ever-present source of all life.

The conscious mind wanders through experience. The unconscious seems to draw directly upon some source. Reason and faith are both highways to the infinite. One is long, adventurous, and arduous. The other is swift and intuitional. But the universe, the cosmos, is what it is; and revelation, at its best, can do no more than reveal it.

Another example of a sterile negativism is the obstinate refusal of some devout Christians to believe in psychic suggestion. But how can such Christians refuse to see that the annals of Christ are full of psychic suggestion, that all of Christ's healings were done by psychic suggestion, and that the whole Christian ritual, from music and incense, stained glass to architecture, reeks with suggestion?

Again, how can a Christian refuse to believe in telekinesis and levitation, when psychic levitation and telekinesis are the only ways to account for several of the miracles, like the moving of the stone from the sepulcher, or Jesus walking on the water? Crookes and Sergeant Cox with D. D. Home, and many qualified observers with Eusapia Paladino, have recorded these same phenomena in modern times, and under test conditions. Study also the experiments by Professor Crawford with Miss Goligher.⁴ This ought not to be construed as a discrediting of the Biblical statement. Rather the contrary. It should be welcomed as corroboration. Of course, if we wish, we can call all these things "miracles" and instances of divine intervention, and accept them strictly as such. But whatever we call them, they are still psychic phenomena not any less miraculous because they continue to happen. The annals of psychical research confirm many of the things that the devout take upon faith. The sad paradox in this situation is that psychical research does not question the faith of the devout; but the devout, alas, think it evidence of their faith to question and discredit psychical research.

Again, how can a devout Christian refuse his belief to phantasms of the dead, when Jesus appeared to His disciples on the way to Emmaüs? How can the Catholic Christian refuse to believe in psychometry, when he believes that the bones and relics of the saints possess such abiding curative potency, as at Lourdes and St. Anne de Beaupré?

Many well-attested mediumistic phenomena are analogous to what is reported in the transfiguration and the reappearance of Moses and Elias (Elijah). We have seen that apparitions and materializations have their factual place in the records of the New Testament. And as for objecting to a belief in discarnate spirits, we maintain that such a belief is at the very inexpugnable foundation of Christianity. What also is the meaning of the testamentary phrase "a cloud of witnesses," than that we are literally surrounded by a cloud of spirits? John the Baptist was commonly supposed to have been Elias (Elijah) rein-

⁴ See *Experiments in Psychical Science*, by W. J. Crawford, D.Sc., pub. by Watkins, London. See also *Thirty Years of Psychical Research*, by Charles Richet.

carnated and risen from the dead. Jesus makes this plain enough in Matthew xi: 14, when he says, "And if you will receive it, this is Elias which was for to come." Or in the language of modern spiritualism, John the Baptist was the spirit of Elijah reincarnated. If words mean what they mean, that is precisely and literally what Jesus intended to convey. Jesus was not in the habit of saying what he did not mean; and nothing but a definite, factual, literal interpretation is possible for those very definite, factual words. In Jesus' statement there is not a qualifying adjective on which doctrinal differences can erect a controversy.

Paul was an epileptic; but, in spite of his affliction, he was also a tremendous psychic personality and very subject to psychic invasion. His dramatic experience on the road to Damascus was not an epileptic but a psychic seizure. It was valid illumination in the highest sense. On that occasion, he became clairvoyant and clairaudient. He became a new man, a convert with an overwhelming sense of mission and divine appointment which enlisted, for the service of Christ, all his natural vehemence. This kind of psychic seizure is by no means unusual. Ecstasy, trance, possession, stigmata, and hypnotic anesthesia fill the annals of the saints.

It surely is no detraction from the greatness of Christianity to show that the psychic phenomena concerned in its foundation have scientific counterparts, true, accurate, and verifiable in the annals of psychical research today. If modern psychical science can substantiate some of the occurrences of the New Testament, that ought not subtract from their validity and credibility. Quite the contrary. If modern science justifies our faith in the spiritual environment of this world, the orthodox Churches ought not object; particularly when it can be proved that, on the bare records, Christianity is a religion founded on psychic and spiritistic manifestations, which the disciples utilized for the entirely commendable purposes of argument, persuasion, and general propagation of the faith.

In order to preserve its monopoly, however, the dogmatic Churches have become more skeptical of psychical research than many of the scientists themselves, from whom we might expect just such a nat-

ural skeptical response. Many eminent and thoughtful churchmen realize that Christianity, in its inception, in the life of Jesus and also in the lives of the disciples and apostles, is founded on psychic phenomena, which can be understood and appreciated only when they are frankly accepted as such. Otherwise, Christianity is only a serving of tables and a restatement of the old Hebrew ethics; and has very little, if anything new, to add to them:

The long warfare between agnostic science and faithful religion might come to some real peace, if we would only realize that science works mainly with the supraliminal, the analytical, critical, conscious mind; whereas religion draws its conclusions from the deeper and vaguer intuitions of the unconscious. The religious mind is, in other words, exactly like the mind of genius in art, in literature, and in music, in mathematics or in philosophy. We also find an approach to the religious mind in science, when it reaches for its grand, inclusive generalizations, in such a manifesto as this, written by Robert A. Millikan and signed by fifteen of the most prominent and representative scientists of our country: "The purpose of science is to develop a knowledge of the facts, the laws and processes of nature. The even more important function of religion is to develop the conscience, the ideals, and aspirations of mankind. Each of these activities represents a deep and vital function of the soul of man, and both are necessary for the life, the progress, and the happiness of the human race." The creative religious genius utilizes the same supersense in the psychic wonderland within; and by means of that psychic sense, makes contact with and affirms the existence of a psychic dimension in the cosmic wonderland outside of us.

We may put aside the question of the divinity of Jesus. We do not even raise that question. We may relegate all theological disputatious incredibilities to the seminaries, which like to discuss these things. And simply on the bare factual records of the Testament, we can see Moses and Samuel, Isaiah, Joel and Elijah, Ezekiel and Jesus as typical men of genius, working in the sphere of creative religious intuition. The bare factual testimony of the Bible shows all of these prophets to be men gifted with a tremendous power of subliminal

uprush and inspiration directly from the unconscious. And these inspirations exalted their smaller, conscious faculties to planes of vision inaccessible to their unaided conscious minds.

The psychic-sensitive in creative religion, as distinguished from the static monologist in religion, does not speak of a subliminal uprush or an auxiliary light or psychic invasion. He uses a religious vocabulary and speaks of being "filled with the holy ghost" or "thus saith the Lord," when his psychic sense is aroused to supernormal activity. And what Jesus means by the "spiritual world" is exactly what the scientist means by the supersensual world, and what the philosopher today, following Kant, calls the noumenal world. It is a world that exists in another dimension than time and space. It is a world of eternity, accessible by a supersense in the unconscious, which is different from the world that the brain and the usual five senses report. It is a world which religion describes as a world of "grace," a world that is intuitionnally perceived when we are in the condition of grace. It is a world spiritually discerned by means of the soul or the spiritual supersense in us.

If we can look upon creative religious genius as a psychnic manifestation, we bring it right in line with the manifestations of genius in all other departments. We cannot help being skeptical of exceptions. If we put creative religious genius into the class of other great genius, religion itself might receive consolatory assurances and support from the very scientific methods that her theologians but yesterday condemned. Science and psychical research are indeed proving constantly that Christianity and, of course, Judaism from which it derives, of all philosophical religious systems, have the soundest psychical basis. Psychical research is providing a new faith in the existence of an unseen and transcendent universe; a faith which ratifies and corroborates Faith. Psychical research says to the religious philosopher: "We give you the greatest possible sanction for your ethics. We demonstrate that another dimension of life really exists. We are trying to prove and gathering evidence to prove, and in some measure succeeding in proving, that what you call a spiritual world actually exists: a world of independent and abiding reality, not a world that we are obliged to accept in blind faith. We bring you evidence: a

cloud of witnesses to testify that man is not only a planetary and transitory being; we are trying to show that even now, in his unconscious, man has a wonderland of power and conduits of approach to another environment, different from and inconceivably greater than the corporeal, physical environment to which his little, clever, conscious mind adapts him. We bring you evidence of a hidden world within us; and this hidden world within has revealed to us an invisible world without."

What more did Jesus Himself claim? The universe is as it is; and revelation from any source, whether artistic, scientific, philosophic, or religious, can do no more than reveal it.

Life comes, we know not whence; and life vanishes, we know not whither. To grasp the whole of life's manifestations, material and natural or psychic and spiritual, we are obliged to follow life into an unseen world in both directions. Yet psychical faith bids us believe that there, too, in that unseen world, we shall find continuity and conservation. Psychical faith bids us believe that the past and future of that force of life or consciousness—that dynamo-psychism, which we discern for a moment in our terrene life—is still subject to universal law.

Thus the faith of science joins forces with the intuitions of religion in the grand postulate of continuity and universal order. In this effort, modern psychics is seeking to provide the preamble for all great religion. It is, indeed, profoundly true that "faith were science now, did she but arm her with the weapons of her time."

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